March 7, 1936

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Collier's

THE N NAL WEEKLY

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Only the Best is Good Enough for Baby!

BABY is the most important member of any household. His health should be—*must be*—protected at any cost! "Bargains" in food should not be for him—when absolute safety is so easy to buy and costs so little!

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WHEN your throat is sore or irritated, it is frequently a symptom that a cold is coming on . . . and that the irritation is caused by dangerous germs.

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This pleasant antiseptic, so bland, so safe, yet so powerful, does a wonderful clean-up job in the oral cavity. There it attacks and kills on the mucous membranes millions of germs associated with colds and sore throat.

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Tests show that those who gargled Listerine had fewer cases of sore throat than those who did not gargle with it.

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Those who gargled Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-users. When Listerine users *did* catch cold, the infections—for such they are—were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-gargers.

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Listerine

—the Safe antiseptic to fight colds

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

"THE trouble with most airplane designers," George said, "is they can't fly, or they're afraid to." George flew his own ships; tested even the trickiest of them, until it came to the pursuit plane for the Army, built to do better than three hundred—four seventy-five or five hundred in a power dive. He had a hunch about that: he knew the plane was going to kill him.

His younger brother, Sid, thought so too. So did Cynthia, George's fiancée. So what? So Sid took the ship up and tested her. He began the "High Dive" at twenty thousand feet and how he ended it is told in a brilliant short story by Leland Jamieson.

"HOW'S Your Father; How's Your Mother?" We're not just being polite; it's an important question, especially among the followers of Dr. Townsend. The old folks have taken on a new importance; they're being thought of more than ever before and their future is carefully guarded. Not selfishly—perish the thought! Give each of them two hundred a month and you thereby solve all the problems that afflict the nation. That's dogma: you mustn't question it. Otherwise you'll be thrown out of the meetings where Walter Davenport escorts you to inspect our latest economic fantasy.

OF all those who arrange others' lives for them, our favorite is Judy Dexter. Her methods are so direct and she herself so attractive. All she wanted to do was break her sister's engagement so that she could marry her sister's fiancé and her sister could marry— But you'd better get the whole thing straight in Stanley Paul's short story, "Losers' Choice."

NO one can tell you why, but the fact is that "Southerners Build the Bridges." Wherever steel fabric is being thrown across river or canyon or bay, you will find the lads from south of the Mason-Dixon Line doing the throwing. Frank J. Taylor takes you to see them risking their necks and having the time of their lives on the two biggest bridges in the world.

SUPPOSE you had to pay back thirty-seven lives. That was the problem that confronted "The Cruelest Man in the World." In a dramatic short story Quentin Reynolds shows you how and why he solved it.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Short Short Story. Sidney Herschel Small, Sax Rohmer and Bernard DeVoto make up the fiction list. There will be articles by Arthur Mann, Owen P. White and William C. Miller. Each a bull's-eye.

This Week

●

March 7, 1936

Cover by Barbara Schwinn

ELMER DAVIS
Man of Destiny. **He wanted his picture in the post office.** **Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Youth Won't Be Served. **The National Youth Administration meets the youth of the nation.** **Page 10**

SAX ROHMER
The Invisible President, Part II. **Insidiouser and insidiouser.** **Page 12**

BERNARD DeVOTO
Life Begins So Soon, Part VI. **Uproar on the campus.** **Page 14**

KATHARINE ROBERTS
She Acts Natural. **The face-saving of Merle Oberon.** **Page 17**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
On Top of the World, **by Richard Connell.** **Page 19**

LEONA DALRYMPLE
Hello, London! **Love at the overseas switchboard.** **Page 20**

JAMES ASWELL
Water Over the Bridge. **You can't make a farmer out of a silk hat.** **Page 22**

WILL F. JENKINS
Two in a Boat. **One of them a killer.** **Page 24**

T. R. YBARRA
Britain Lays It on the Line. **An empire on guard.** **Page 26**

JIM MARSHALL
It Can't Be Done, Can't It? **J. D. Ross, pioneering in impossibilities.** **Page 28**

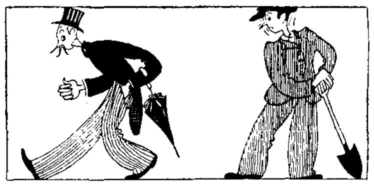
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Or one stride ahead.** **Page 32**

EDITORIAL
Keep It Clean. **Page 66**

●

Any Week

OUR talented associate, Mr. W. B. Courtney, recently returned from Europe and Africa, where he gathered a large consignment of truth about the argument between Mussolini and The Negus, stopped long enough in London on his way home to take in a couple of police courts (as a spectator). Came one irate British citizen to demand that restraint be placed upon one of his neighbors. "The neighbor I complain of," said the plaintiff, "is a gravedigger. Each morning he shakes his head at me and watches me out of sight."



FRIENDS of Mr. Austin P. Allen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have been commenting recently upon the change in his appearance. He insists upon explaining. "It's just my face that's changed," he says. "I'm wearing the same old suit and overcoat so it must be the somewhat different arrangement of my features. I go about these days registering surprise. For a couple of years I've been wearing a sort of resigned look due to a conviction that nothing but time, and lots of it, could cure our national ailments. And now suddenly dozens of professional patriots step up to the microphone and tell us that all we need is to elect them President and all will be well. They've known all along how to end the depression, how to make everybody prosperous and happy. But that doesn't surprise me. What has me looking different is why didn't they say so long ago and get busy?"

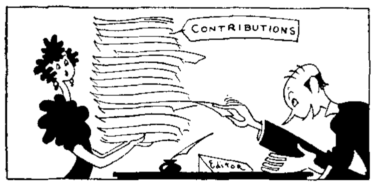
WHICH reminds us that Mr. Dick Hobel of Omaha, Nebraska, spent an evening in the home of a friend listening to Mr. Herbert C. Hoover's voice pour out of the radio for a half hour or so. Listening, too, was Mr. Hobel's friend's twelve-year-old son. When Mr. Hoover had quit speaking, the boy asked his father: "What was Mr. Hoover talking about?" The father suggested that the boy ask Mr. Hoover. And the lad did—on a post-card, limiting his communication to the brief request: "Please explain what your speech said and oblige yours respectfully." A week later the lad received a reply. It read: "Mr. Hoover requests that we thank you for your loyal and sympathetic appreciation and is happy to know that millions of stalwart Americans like yourself are prepared to restore our country to sane and honest standards."

MRS. ALMA JONAS of Los Angeles, California, is indignant. "You say that the Townsend Plan is a Something-for-Nothing scheme. Well, what if it is? Suppose the deserving old folks do get two hundred dollars a month without having to work for it? The country is full of rich people who do not have to work. What do they do to earn their income? All we want is for them to share their income with us by giving up everything over and above what they need."

FURTHERMORE, we're informed by Mrs. H. Crotty of Washington, D. C., that there is a serious housing situation in that seething city. Not enough houses and apartments to go around. "Of course," says Mrs. Crotty, "if our government got rid of even half the unnecessary employees on its pay roll there would be room enough. If it got rid of all of them the streets would be practically deserted."

NOW if Mr. Louis N. Lulworth of Dallas, Texas, were President he would do something corrective about several things. But first he would "make all political writers and speakers tell the public under oath who pays their salaries and bare the politics, business connections and social position of their employers. This," says Mr. Lulworth, "would not interfere with their right to write and speak bunk and lies but would tip off their readers and hearers."

BUT to Mr. Alexander H. Porter of Hohokus, New Jersey, this would be quite superfluous. Even we have been unable to fool Mr. Porter. "I have noticed with sorrow and regret," writes he, "your increasing inanity. . . . Most of your readers hope and believe that you do not have to think, your measly salary being earned by contributions similar to this one. . . ."



STARTLING intuition of that sort doubtless has contributed hugely to Mr. Porter's success in life. He should meet Mr. John J. Quill of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Says Mr. Quill, bless his heart: "Sometimes you show all the stupidity of a New Dealer and sometimes I think that after all you're just a young squirt and can't help the resemblance."

TRUTH is, we're just a little innocent.

Vol. 97, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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FRANK MURPHY of Plymouth has an office, of course, but you'll seldom find him in it.

He's a Plymouth assembly line superintendent . . . and you'll have to follow him down one of the busy, half-mile long "lines" if you want to meet him. Because that's the way he superintends: on his feet . . . on the job . . . out on the line.

Down that busy half-mile, hundreds of men complete three new Plymouths every minute.

To see that these beautiful new cars are built right, with accurate and careful workmanship in every detail, Frank Murphy is up and down that assembly line fifteen or sixteen times a shift . . . which is quite a piece of walking, incidentally.

On every trip, he takes a good long survey of the twelve or more "stations" where inspecting crews check every step of the assembling.

Frank Murphy has been on assembly lines for 16 years . . . "with Chrysler" since Chrysler Motors began. Out of hundreds of skilled workers who work on his assembly line, you find never a man who isn't Frank Murphy's friend.

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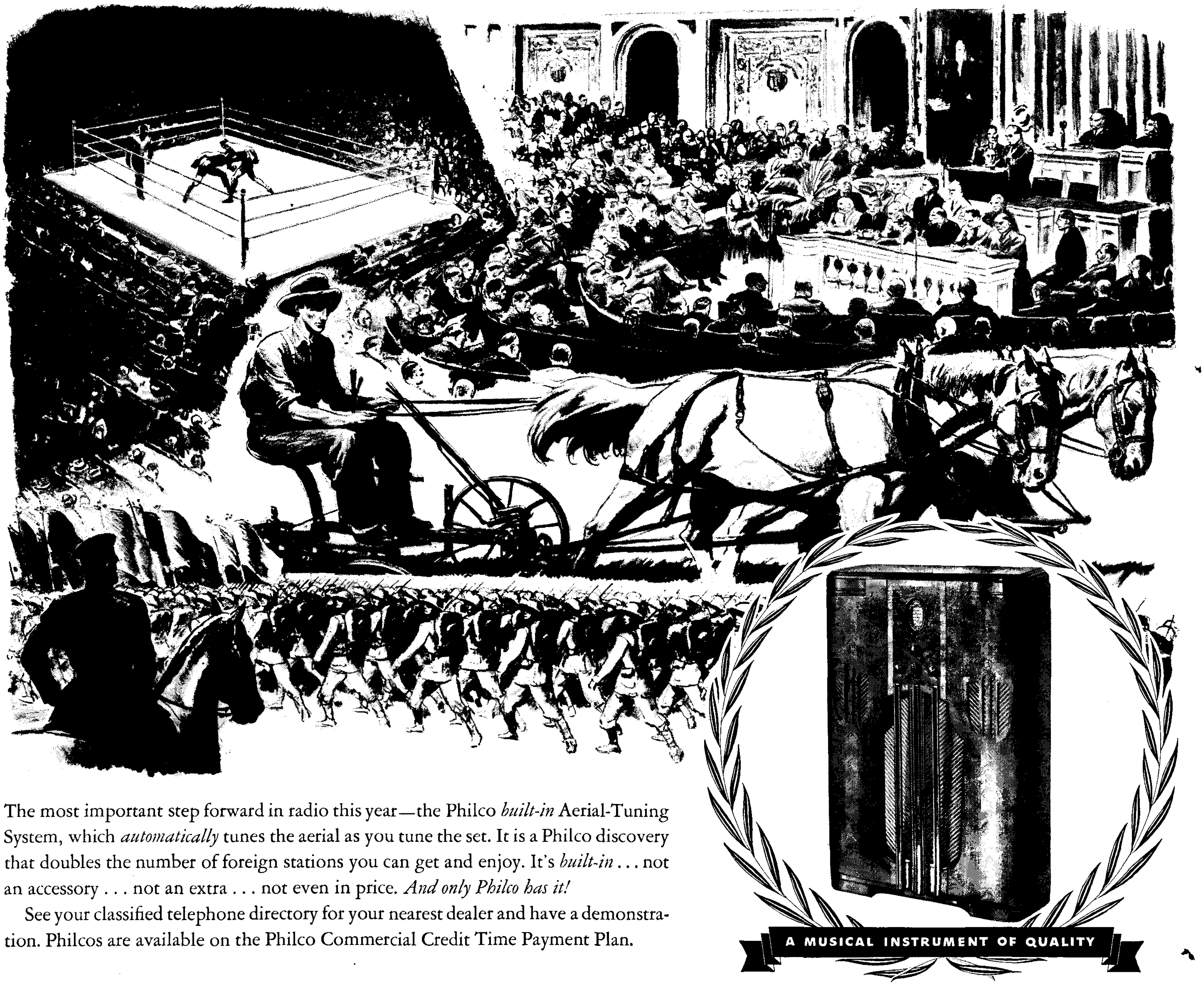
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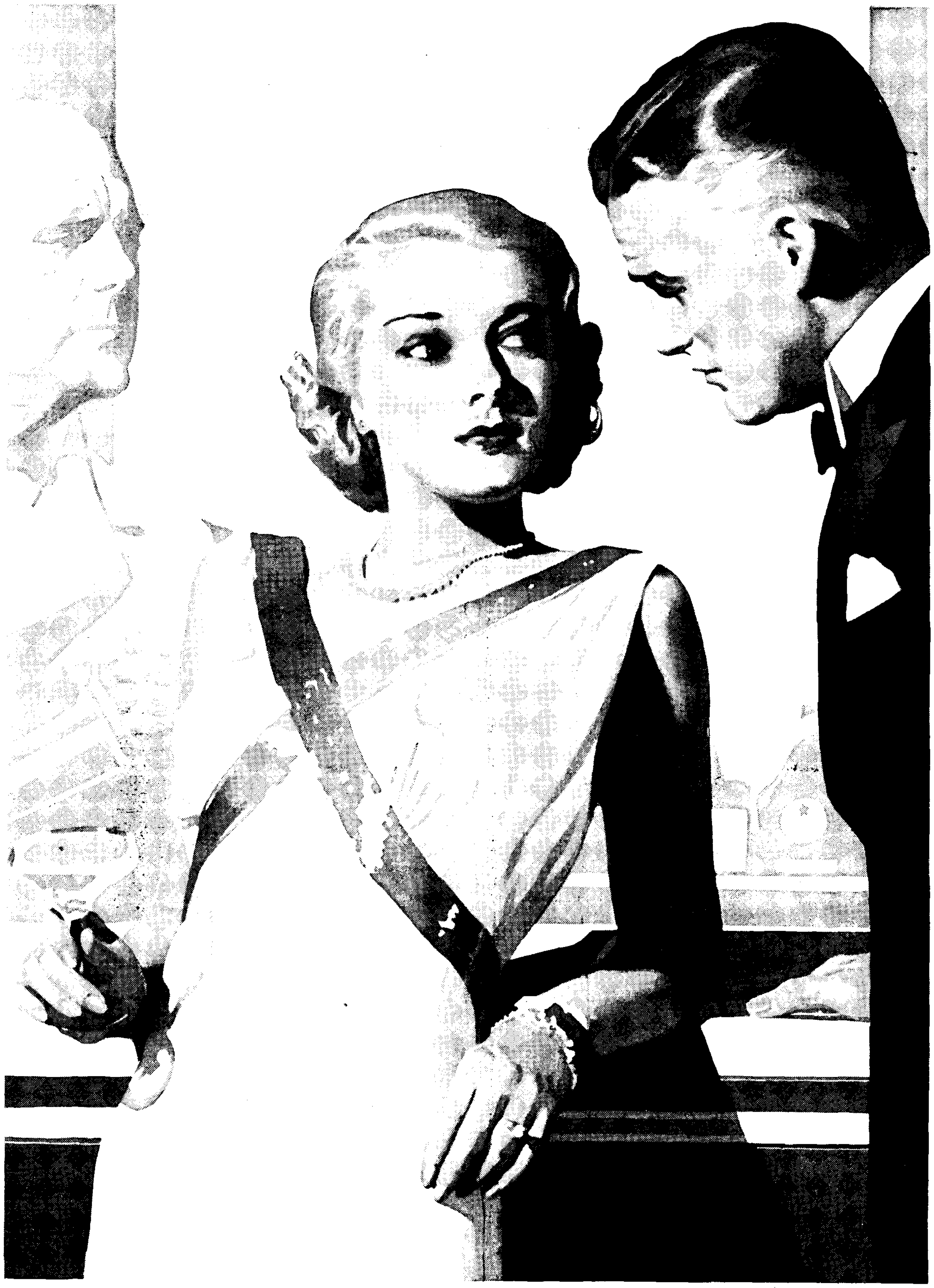
Man of Destiny

By Elmer Davis

A powerful story of modern pace and stress—the dramatic history of a life that was charmed

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



He went over and spoke to her, asked her to have a drink. They must have had a good many

HE LAY at the edge of the road as the red taillight of the car that had struck him vanished in the dusk. Unable to move, he was conscious of no pain, and of no great resentment; he had driven so long himself that he still regarded pedestrians as a species of crawling vermin, and could sympathize with a drunken driver who would blurrily realize that he couldn't afford to report an accident, blurrily hope that he hadn't really hurt the fellow. As he probably hadn't; this was only shock. But when you were hurrying for a bus on the main highway it was silly to be knocked down on an untraveled back road—and he had to catch that bus, had to connect with the train to Montreal. . . . Better get up; I ought to be all right, now. . . .

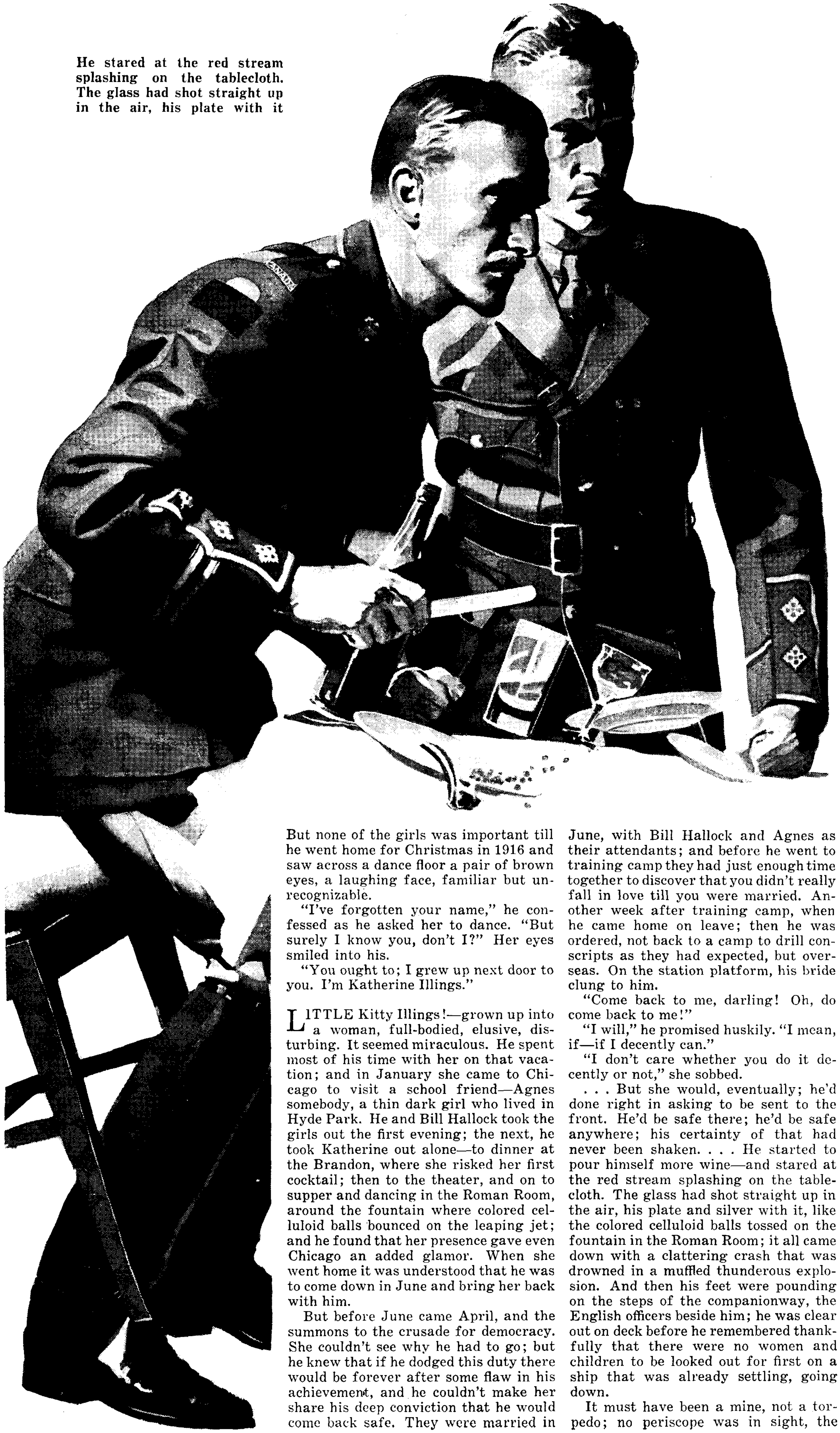
He came back to consciousness, dizzy, looking around for the man who had been bending over him—a man in black with a stodgily benignant face, under a cloudy blur of color. . . . A wave of sickening terror: I'm going to die. . . . He damned himself contemptuously; he had thought that before and he wasn't dead yet. Nor even hurt—only shaken. He couldn't die now, of all times; it wouldn't make sense. No need to lose his nerve just because some trick of memory had recalled that face—the stodgily benignant face of President William McKinley, under crossed flags, as he had seen it in the picture that hung in the post office back home. . . . That day too, he remembered, I thought I was going to die. . . .

IT HAD lived in his memory as the starting point, the beginning of self-consciousness, the moment when a child changed from a vegetable to a personality, powered with a driving faith that had kept him going ever since. Four years old he must have been—yes, it was the summer of '97—as he walked down Main Street, with the gilt star he had just earned by perfect attendance at Sunday school shining brightly on his blouse. And clinging tight to his mother's hand, for a little boy secure and loved at home never felt quite safe in this alien world of downtown—wagons rattling down the dusty macadam, horses pawing and stamping at the hitch racks, a bustle of strange grown-ups looming ominously in distorted perspective before eyes at half their height. With a tug of the hand his mother turned him into the post office, where the new picture instantly drew his eyes.

"No mail for you today, Miz Niles," said the postmaster. Then, peering through the wicket at the tiny figure beside her: "So this is the boy that got first prize in the kindergarten, hey? And a gold star from Sunday school too. Keep that up, sonny, and maybe you'll be President some day, and get your picture hung in the post offices just like Mr. McKinley's."

"I don't believe in encouraging children to be puffed up," said his mother primly. "But I hope my boy will be as good a man as Mr. McKinley."

Then, sudden as a cannon shot, came the brazen clangor of the fire bell. Instantly the town woke up; the boy let go his mother's hand and dashed out into the street, his fears forgotten in the excitement. He saw men running—volunteer firemen on their way to the engine-house; and then, standing in mid-street, heard warning shouts, the thunderous clop of hoofs. Down the street two horses came leaping, their harness flapping against their flanks—the city horses that pulled the sprinkling cart, unhitched at the sound of the bell and galloping homeward to be harnessed to the fire engine. In their looming bulk, huge, inexorable, this whole alien world was suddenly incarnate; the boy darted back toward the



He stared at the red stream splashing on the tablecloth. The glass had shot straight up in the air, his plate with it

sidewalk—and slipped, fell headlong, right before those thundering hoofs.

A torrent of simultaneous emotions, each one distinct, agonizingly poignant, as time stood still—the taste of dust, the hurt of a skinned knee; the vision of his mother rushing toward him, too late; her shrieks rising above the clop of hoofs, the maddening bong-bong-bong of the bell; the ultimate animal terror transcended, for the first time, by a human emotion: I'm going to die before I've had time to grow up! An iron-shod hoof above his face, blocking out the sky, relentlessly descending—

The hoofs had thundered past him, the peril was gone; his mother was snatching him up, hysterically sobbing, "Thank God, thank God!" And all his unrelated sense impressions fell suddenly into a pattern; all the emotions of that instant of raw reality, all he had been taught in Sunday school, fused into a sudden self-awareness, a glorious certainty. I am I, Joey Niles—safe even downtown. For God won't let me die; God wants me to be a man like Mr. McKinley, and to have my picture hung in the post office.

HE MUST have slept, and while he slept rain must have fallen; for he woke with the bone-biting sodden chill he had felt that afternoon on the raft.... If somebody doesn't pick me up soon I'll have to get up—if I can. But no use getting panicky; that time on the raft, too, I thought I was going to die....

The little steamer bounced and twisted on the choppy waves of the channel; and Captain Niles, sitting down to lunch, realized that in another hour he would be in France, that in a few days more he might be at the front, where men got killed irrelevantly—even men who had as much incentive to go on living as Joe Niles. Not that staff men were in much danger, but he was rather ashamed of a staff job like a civilian executive's, such as he had held all winter in an English cathedral town. Once you went in for this sort of thing you might as well go all the way; he was to report at an office in Bordeaux, but he had applied for transfer to a combat unit. Though he hadn't dared, yet, to write that news to Katherine.

He poured a glass of wine and looked round at the English officers at the other tables. Going back to the front was an old story with them; they must have long ago outgrown what he felt—a sulky annoyance with the war, as an interruption of something more important—something that hadn't had a decent chance to get started. He could smile now at the memory of the little boy who thought that God was preserving him for a destiny like Mr. McKinley's; but the faith burned into him that day had gone too deep to be uprooted, and his brilliant success in college had confirmed it. No small town could contain his future; Chicago was the field for Joe Niles.

Chicago.... A job in an advertising agency, with a pay check that grew steadily larger. A South Side apartment shared with Bill Hallock, who had roomed with him in college, and was getting a Ph.D. at the university now. Evenings of argument, over seidels of beer, with Bill's friends from the graduate school, about all the problems of the world. In those debates Joe Niles held his own, with the comfortable feeling that these scholars whom he could meet on their own ground envied his competence in practical affairs as much as the men in the office, none of them so well educated as he, envied his broader vision. There must be a spacious destiny before a man who lived between two worlds and was at home in both.

Chicago.... Saturday afternoons in the Linton Hotel bar; summer evenings with a girl at the Bismarck Gardens, winter nights among the lights of the Loop, when he took a girl to a theater. But none of the girls was important till he went home for Christmas in 1916 and saw across a dance floor a pair of brown eyes, a laughing face, familiar but unrecognizable.

"I've forgotten your name," he confessed as he asked her to dance. "But surely I know you, don't I?" Her eyes smiled into his.

"You ought to; I grew up next door to you. I'm Katherine Illings."

LITTLE Kitty Illings!—grown up into a woman, full-bodied, elusive, disturbing. It seemed miraculous. He spent most of his time with her on that vacation; and in January she came to Chicago to visit a school friend—Agnes somebody, a thin dark girl who lived in Hyde Park. He and Bill Hallock took the girls out the first evening; the next, he took Katherine out alone—to dinner at the Brandon, where she risked her first cocktail; then to the theater, and on to supper and dancing in the Roman Room, around the fountain where colored celluloid balls bounced on the leaping jet; and he found that her presence gave even Chicago an added glamor. When she went home it was understood that he was to come down in June and bring her back with him.

But before June came April, and the summons to the crusade for democracy. She couldn't see why he had to go; but he knew that if he dodged this duty there would be forever after some flaw in his achievement, and he couldn't make her share his deep conviction that he would come back safe. They were married in June, with Bill Hallock and Agnes as their attendants; and before he went to training camp they had just enough time together to discover that you didn't really fall in love till you were married. Another week after training camp, when he came home on leave; then he was ordered, not back to a camp to drill conscripts as they had expected, but overseas. On the station platform, his bride clung to him.

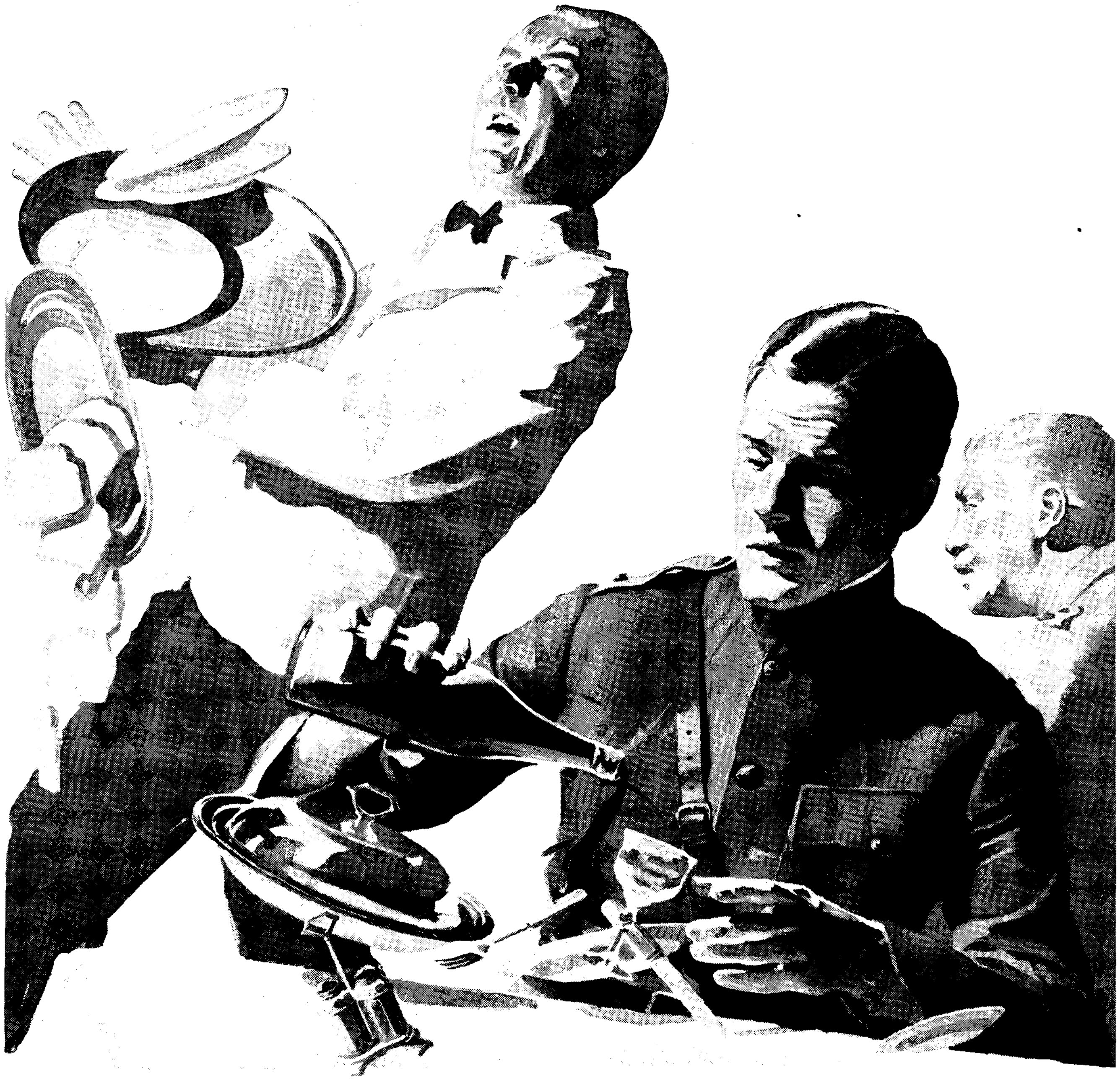
"Come back to me, darling! Oh, do come back to me!"

"I will," he promised huskily. "I mean, if—if I decently can."

"I don't care whether you do it decently or not," she sobbed.

... But she would, eventually; he'd done right in asking to be sent to the front. He'd be safe there; he'd be safe anywhere; his certainty of that had never been shaken.... He started to pour himself more wine—and stared at the red stream splashing on the tablecloth. The glass had shot straight up in the air, his plate and silver with it, like the colored celluloid balls tossed on the fountain in the Roman Room; it all came down with a clattering crash that was drowned in a muffled thunderous explosion. And then his feet were pounding on the steps of the companionway, the English officers beside him; he was clear out on deck before he remembered thankfully that there were no women and children to be looked out for first on a ship that was already settling, going down.

It must have been a mine, not a torpedo; no periscope was in sight, the



steamer sank on even keel, her bottom blown open. He ran to a boat that some of the crew were trying to swing clear, but before they could get it into the water, the water had come up to meet them, swirling about their legs, roaring over their heads. He had time for one long breath—in the swimming pool back home he could hold his breath under water longer than any of the other boys—before he went under, down and down, drawn by the resistless suction of the sinking ship. His lungs were tight in agony; he fought down a furious impulse to open his mouth and end that torture. But he must go back to Katherine if he decently could; and he couldn't die like this—it didn't make sense. . . .

A SURGE of water carried him upward; he broke the surface and gulped in a lungful of air with the reassurance he had once felt when a horse's hoofs passed harmlessly over his head. Then he realized that he was weak, sodden, chilled to the bone; all around him was a heaving chop of waves, under a sky too bleak for May—and not a boat in sight. He floated, dully despairing—and then, rocking crazily on the crest of a wave, came a life raft. Damning his heavy uniform, his leaden boots, he swam toward it; the one man on it—stout and elderly, in an American Red Cross uniform—reached down a hand to him, pulled him aboard with unexpected strength.

"Come on up, brother. It's maybe a little drier than down there."

But Joe was soaked already; he hardly noticed the waves splashing over them. They clung to the raft, rocking and tossing; the watery chill bit deeper into him till he suddenly thought, I might die here. No use resolving that he wouldn't, no use insisting that he was reserved for some spacious destiny; this was war, and if you died you died. . . . On the bronze plaque in the college chapel, inscribed with the names of service men, a gold star would mark the name of Joseph Bingham Niles, '14; the president would mention him in his chapel talk, as a young man of great promise untimely cut off. Untimely was right; he hadn't had a chance, yet, to show what he could do. And Katherine—Might as well be realistic about that; young widows didn't die of grief, even if they wished they could. Some day Katherine would marry again—but no other man could ever give her such happiness as she and Joe Niles had barely tasted before it was snatched away.

He hated dying now!—for a hundred reasons, but most of all for its irrelevance. He had asked to be sent to the front; he had done his duty, had been ready to take his chance. To be killed in action was the fortune of war, and you could feel that, dying, you perhaps helped to forward some cause greater than yourself. But to freeze to death on a raft—!

He glowered at his shivering companion.

"You'd think," said Joe between chattering teeth, "they'd have some patrol boats in this channel. Where's the British navy—or ours, for that matter? This is a hell of a way to die, if you ask me!"

"We're not dead yet," said the other man, but without much conviction. "At that," he added dryly, "I don't know but I'd about as soon have it this way as any other. There's cancer in my family. As soon now as any other time, for that matter. I've seen everything."

"But I haven't seen anything yet!" cried Joe in the resentment of youth. "I'm only a—a young man of promise. My son is a month old; I'll never see him, now—"

Joe Niles broke off in a gasp, lifted himself up, staring past the older man at a swirling cloud of black smoke, at the high, sharp prow of the destroyer arriving just in time.

AGAIN he must have slept—waking numb and ice-cold, with a paralyzing sense of helplessness. Yet above weakness and chill and fear he was aware of something else—the scent of wet autumn leaves, greenish-bronze, bronze-gold. It was pitch-dark now but he could see them, the leaves that littered the glistening sidewalk of that street in Evanston where he had paced up and down in a drizzling twilight—saying goodby to Agnes Hallock. . . .

That was in October, 1927, just before he moved to New York. He stayed late in the office that day; his work was done and all the farewells too—the luncheon for the whole office staff, the dinner last night at the Chicago Club, the party given at the country club by their friends in Winnetka; yet he lingered, staring out of the window at the drizzling rain, the wet asphalt of Michigan Avenue gleaming in the lamplight. A good town, Chicago, even though he had outgrown it now. Thirteen years of it—less the time he had spent in France, but that was really part of it; they had kept him at a desk in Bordeaux till the Armistice, working under a major from Oak Park who went into partnership with him after they came home. Public relations counselors and money raisers for universities—just the business for Joe Niles, who lived between two worlds and was at home in both.

Hard going, at first; Katherine, with two babies to look after, had to do all the housework in the flat on Elm Street. Yet they had had fun in those hard years; Bill Hallock, who had married Katherine's friend Agnes, was teaching at Northwestern, and they used to get together for dinner and bridge, or park their children with each other while they went to the movies. . . . But why the devil was he thinking about those days now, when Agnes was waiting for him at the Dunton? Their last time together, unless. . . .

HE WENT down to his car, drove off northward. . . . The hard times hadn't lasted; once the post-war slump was over he began to make money. He could give Katherine the comforts, and presently the luxuries, she deserved (and he hadn't foreseen how she would settle down, once they bought that big house in Winnetka); but for himself he valued money chiefly as the symbol of success, like his acquaintance with big men everywhere, his club memberships in New York and Washington—symbols of the increasing consequence of Joseph Bingham Niles. And it all made sense; everything he was, all he had ever done, built itself steadily into a pattern, to cumulate at last in this new place he had made for himself.

For months he had been telling the leaders of industry and finance all over the country that they couldn't afford to let an economic machine that dominated the nation, and the world, plunge on ungoverned; the best abstract intelligence must be organized and applied to it. So the greatest men in the country had come together at last to establish the Council on Economic Trends—headquarters in New York; director, Joseph Bingham Niles. He knew what those men needed, what the country needed; give him a few years, and— He smiled at a half-forgotten memory. Once he had aspired to be as great a man as President McKinley—who had been only an instrument of the forces that Joe Niles was destined to guide and govern. His real life was just beginning—and beginning all wrong, if he couldn't have the woman he needed, now that he was full-grown.

She rose from a couch in the hotel lounge, her thin, dark face brightening. But her eyes were stony, her hands were listless in his.

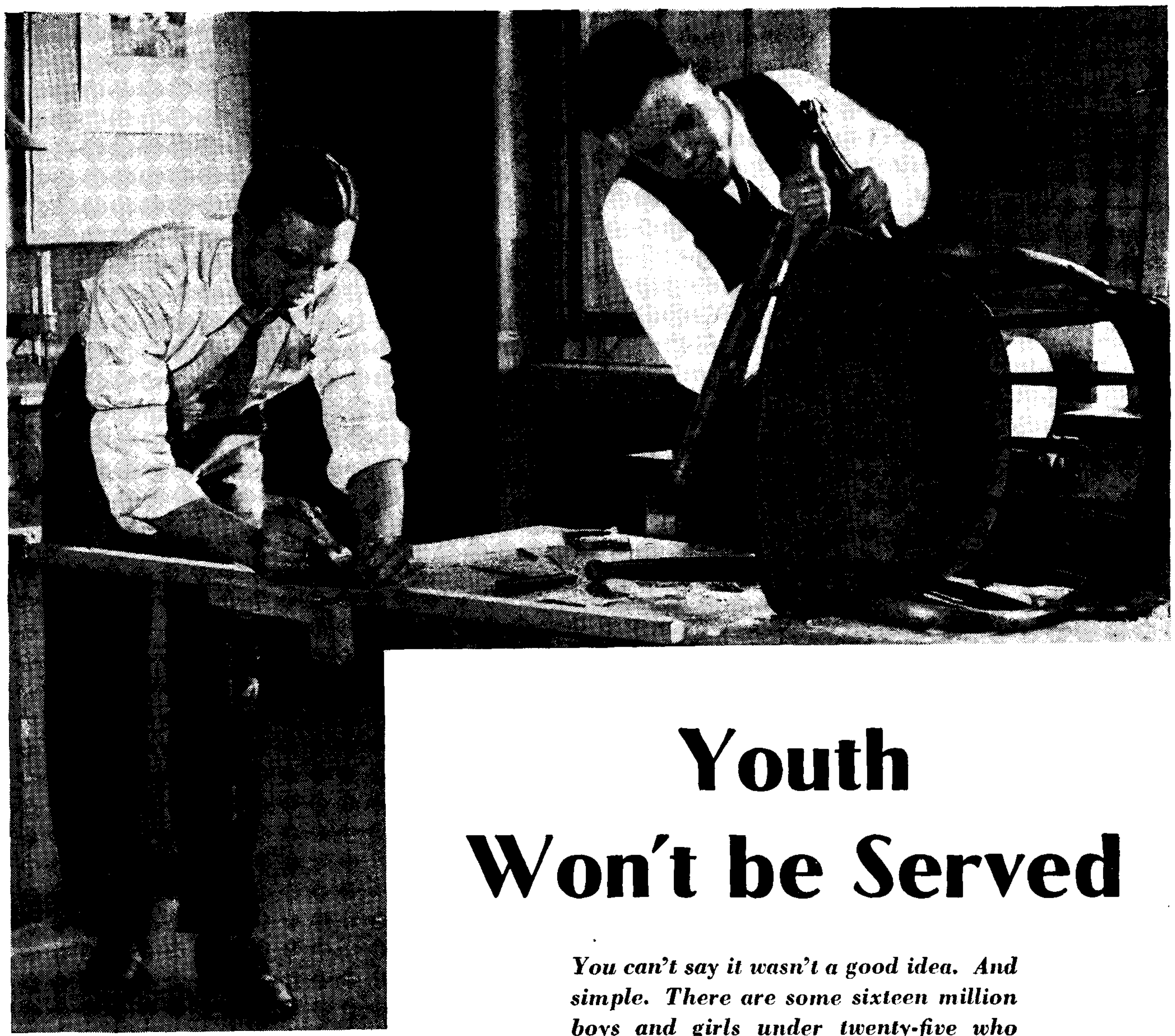
"I can't stay long," she said. "I told Bill I'd be home for dinner. Call up Katherine and tell her you've got rid of your dinner engagement; then you can drop me off in Evanston on your way to Winnetka."

"What's the matter? Afraid to argue with me?" She smiled palely.

"We've never argued with each other, my dear—only with ourselves. . . . Oh, we can't do it, Joe! Your children, and mine— And you're Bill's best friend, I'm Katherine's best friend. He might lose me, she might lose you, to anybody else, and get over it; but you and I— If decency has any meaning at all we can't do that, and you know it!" (He did.)

"But if anything else has any meaning!" he said. "My life is really just beginning, and you're the woman I need. Katherine— I saw her across a dance floor and had some sort of emotional spasm. But you— For years we've been

(Continued on page 54)



Furniture repairing is a useful activity, and it helps to keep these NYA youths in high school

WPA PHOTOS

Youth Won't be Served

You can't say it wasn't a good idea. And simple. There are some sixteen million boys and girls under twenty-five who have jobs. Take half or two thirds of them and send them to college or into government training classes and at once you've helped solve the unemployment problem. The National Youth Administration had it all figured out. But what about the youths? Here's what they say

By Walter Davenport

EARLY in the morning, just outside St. Paul, we stopped for gas. There were five or six boys and girls there, all except one carrying school books. Two or three side roads converged into the main highway at the filling station and we learned a few moments later that these kids and perhaps half a dozen more met there every morning about half past eight hitching rides into St. Paul, where they attended high school. We took on two of them.

We noticed, too, that they didn't stand near the station attendant's cottage but on the curb. It was easier to thumb rides at the curb. But that wasn't the complete reason they weren't under the protecting eaves of the cottage nor taking refuge under the adjacent shed. It was raining and it was cold. Before the National Youth Administration had arrived in that part of Minneapolis the very few of them who came down those side roads to await the motorbus into town were welcome even inside the cottage. But then there were only a few of them, perhaps three or four. Now there were a dozen or more. And they weren't bothering about the motorbus. Almost anybody will gladly help a kid get to school.

One of the kids we carried didn't say a word all the way in. But his pal was a talker. He knew everything. He told us that the filling-station people were sore because now that the kids had money for bus rides, they spent it on something else. The brother of the guy who owned the filling station owned part of the bus line. That's what made the filling-station guy sore, the talkative kid said. He seemed to think that we should know all about it. When we said we were strangers even if we were driving with a Minnesota license, he seemed glad. It gave him a chance to tell us what was going on.

A Boon to the Youngsters

Before the Youth Administration, most of the kids living some distance from the city high schools—out beyond the edge of town, for example—had had to quit school. This part of his story was familiar enough. The kids didn't have clothes. They didn't have car or bus fare. They were needed at home or had birdseed jobs (maybe ten cents an hour, maybe three to five dollars a week) at roadside lunchrooms, filling stations, hot-dog stands. Anything like that. Some of the girls had waitress jobs getting fifty cents a day and tips—sometimes as much as five dollars a week. The talkative kid explained all this. The girl he was going with—his girl friend—was only seventeen but she had had a job as housekeeper for a farmer who had buried four wives and was always saying that he guessed he wasn't lucky with wives. He was sixty years old, the kid said, and paid the girl ten dollars a month. He had wanted her to stay, saying he'd give her fifteen when he got his Townsend pension. But she had quit to go back to school. Anyway, she was a little afraid of the old man.

"At that," said the talkative kid, "she's only losing four bucks and don't have to work."

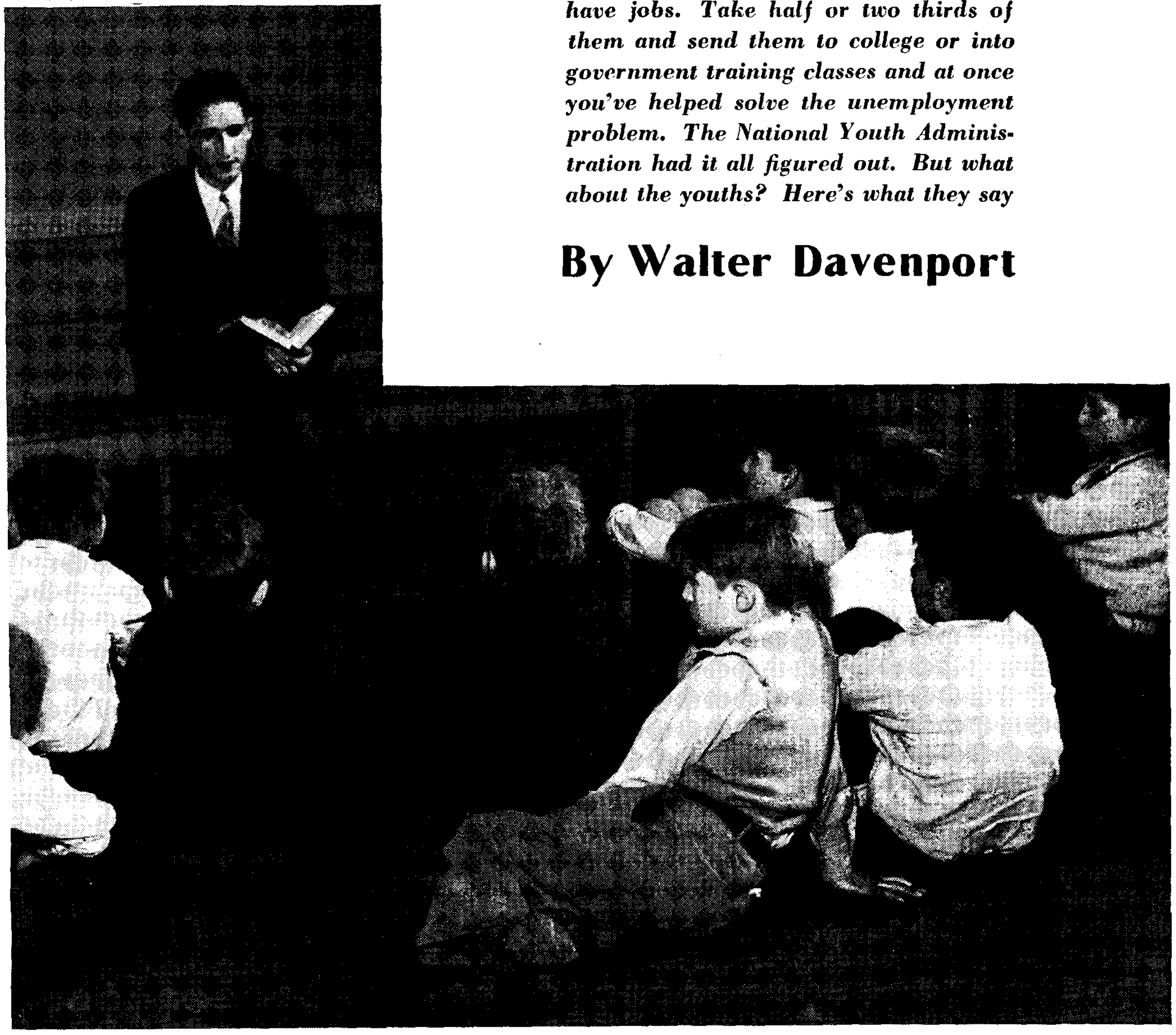
"How come?" we asked.

"The government pays her six bucks to go to school—the Bless Ums Racket."

"The what?"

"The National Youth Administration."

There was nothing that kid didn't know. When the National Youth Admin-



A youthful teacher who earns his own education by conducting a reading class for younger boys istration got to that part of the country lots of kids were able to get back to school. That, as anybody will agree, was a fine thing and you would have to be a pretty intense partisan to condemn the Roosevelt Administration for that. The money was for obvious things: to buy shoes with, and lunches and for car or *bus fare. We understood all that because*, before starting west, we had been in Washington and worked up a tremendous enthusiasm for the theory. And it's still a good theory, administered by honest gentlemen who are giving battle to a discouraging array of political and economic opposition.

Most of the kids getting government money were from families that were on relief of some sort. In theory, none but such boys and girls were eligible. And that of itself was a point of much acid debate in various parts of the country. For example, what about the youngster born on a higher social and economic scale? There were thousands of families whose incomes had fallen from heights to depths, who were reduced to most meager living and who, for one reason or another, had not applied for relief. Yet so close to compelte penury were they *that it was no longer possible for their* children to attend schools or colleges. What of these non-relief children of the upper middle class which supplies so many of our national leaders?

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Girls in a National Youth Administration Resident School in Chicago, learning weaving and rug-making

A certain amount of decision was left to local authorities. Local supervisors, most of whom were trained social workers who had majored in Youth Movements, were stretching their authority as far as they could. And they all had scores of theories, some gathered from definite schools of social economics and some private or individual. But there were only fifty million dollars to spend. Moreover the National Youth Administration had been born late in the relief era and was having to submit to well-consolidated local and national political pressures. Gradually the administration of FERA, PWA and of state setups had *come under the dominance* of political machines and political bosses. And the money—the $4,000,000,000 of federal funds of which the scanty $50,000,000 for the National Youth Administration was a part—was being subtly if not openly turned into channels of political expediency.

Therefore, it didn't behoove us to give too much of our attention to the panbangers for long-distance experimentation in youth laboratories. Before we were through we had met scores of banner bearers for youth regimentation, youth nationalism, collectivism, selectivism, individualism and such nostrums as compulsory military service, industrial apprenticeship and heaven knows what. Only a scattering of them viewed the situation with the realism you got from the kids themselves. The talkative kid in the back of our car was no dreamer.

Every Little Bit Helps

He didn't want to go to school—never got along very well in school anyway. He wanted to be a foundryman. He wanted to work but he didn't want to dig ditches or rake leaves or shovel snow. He wanted to learn to be a foundryman and didn't expect to make much money while learning. But someone in authority had told him, and correctly enough, that to be a foundry apprentice he had to satisfy *the union officials. And the union officials* had said there wasn't enough work for the journeymen—so why admit more apprentices?

So he was going to school again because it was better than hanging around home. And there had been no fun hitchhiking into town every day just to loaf. No fun loafing around if you hadn't any money. And too many chances of getting into trouble. He knew a couple of kids like himself who had got into a stick-up. So he was back in school and, come to think of it, he was much better off than lots of kids he knew. There was one girl who was back in school again and was hitchhiking her way in because she had to. Her mother took her out of school two years ago when her father lost his job and the family went on relief.

Apparently, from what the talkative kid told us, when the father lost his job the mother, too, quit working. So the girl had to do the housework. But when they found out that the government would pay six dollars a month to keep relief kids in high school they sent her back. But she never got a cent of the school money, not even bus fare. Her parents kept that and her old man said that what with relief money and six dollars school money he could do as well as he ever did in a job. And she was a bright girl who liked school. The talkative kid in the back of the car knew all the details. He knew the family well. He used to go with that girl.

Of course there were jobs of a sort guys like him could get. For example, there was some sort of scheme whereby a lad could work on a PWA job as water boy. He worked only a third of the hours the men worked and got only a third of adult pay. When he wasn't carrying water to the men he was supposed to make himself generally useful—carrying tools, fetching the foreman's coat, carrying orders no one bothered to obey, holding bets, running to the store for cigarettes, sitting on the lookout for a visiting inspector, playing the accordion to culture-hungry workers, rushing the growler. Things like that. We heard of one boy who spent his time painting the fence around the foreman's house. And another one who took care of the foreman's children. But we particularly liked the one about the kid whom the foreman equipped with a shoe-shine kit. The foreman insisted that all his gang be neat and have their shoes shined at least once a day. So he found a kit for the water boy, who charged the men a nickel a shine. The kid got one third and the foreman two thirds. It was his idea and kit, you see. Of course there was no law compelling any man to have his shoes shined. But if he didn't he wasn't neat. And if he wasn't neat he wasn't wanted on that job. And when you have a hundred customers a day it amounts to something.

A Barrier to Real Work

But the kid in the back of our car didn't want a water-boy job. He wanted to be a foundryman. So he was going to school trying to make sense out of algebra and the Punic Wars. Of course he worked for the six dollars he was getting. All the kids, in high school or college, who were receiving NYA aid were supposed to do some kind of work. They helped in the school library. Frequently there were more assistant librarians of this sort than applicants for books. They helped the official recreation supervisors to organize games and repair and console the little kids who got kicked around. This was a pretty soft job because it often happened that the kids could do pretty well without supervision and all one had to do was holler at them now and then. Or they could become safety-patrol leaders, escorting the little ones across streets and helping the traffic cops to discourage motorcar drivers from murdering school children. These were known as Collateral Youth Activities.

But the kids weren't allowed to clean windows, sweep floors, paint classrooms, ring the bell or stoke the furnace. Maybe that was just as well for the windows, floors, walls and furnace, to say nothing of the weight of the work and the danger involved. But the real reason was that such duties were janitorial and the NYA had found out that it couldn't cross the boundaries of any trade or vocation. Therefore it wasn't the fault of the NYA that the gorilla-shouldered lads who should have been building bridges were learning morris dancing and making butterfly frames.

The talkative kid's chatter was not dream material. If all this were typical, if this trifling and somewhat racketeerish attitude toward the idealism of the National Youth Administration were general, then the NYA was just another pretty but futile pass at another nasty situation, merely adding a new class to the already trampling army of Americans who had learned that, after all, jobs were not as important as they used to be. If even the children were discovering that there was nothing to worry about as long as there was a dollar in the federal treasury or a cent's worth of credit to the government's name it gave you to wonder whether there wasn't something besides sweetness and light in the NYA's fluty pronouncement about salvaging rising generations of Americans. Fine as it was to keep boys and girls in high schools and colleges, it was less inspiring to discover that there were large numbers of these naturally perplexed youngsters who were learning at first hand merely how to get something for nothing. If they carried that spirit and information with them into adulthood we were in considerable danger of losing ground rapidly. The last thing the talkative kid said as we dropped him at the high school corner didn't help either.

Brush Off the Old Folks

"The trouble is," he said, "there's too many ways of getting relief money. The government's got to pull the thing together so's a family can get it all from one place. So much a month to a family and let the family work out the details. Like the Townsend Plan."

"But wouldn't that be bad for the family that didn't have any members over sixty?" we asked.

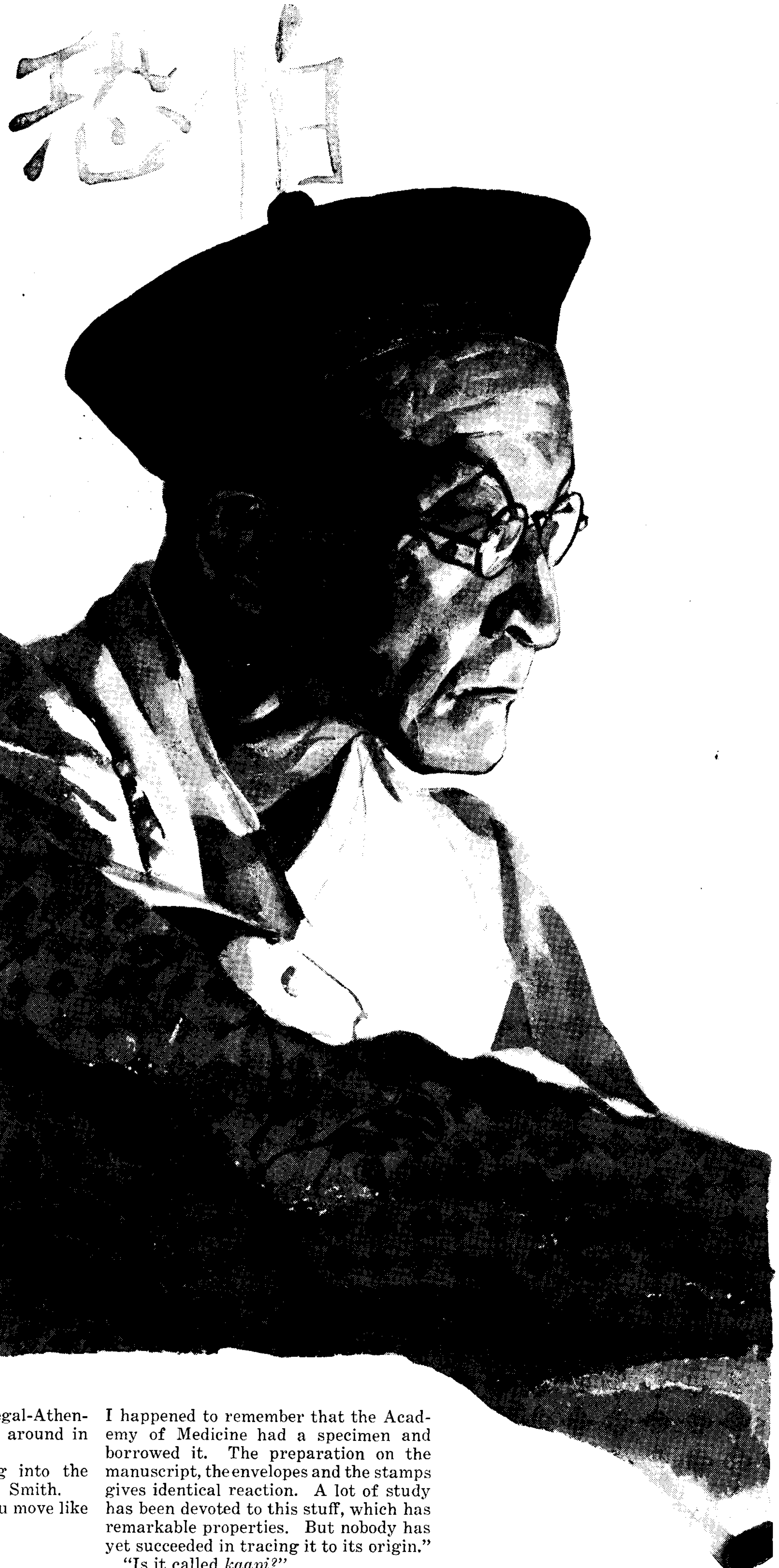
"Any family can dig up somebody over sixty years old," he said. "At the Townsend meeting last week one of the speakers called on everybody to go get their old folks organized whether they were in a home or up in the attic. He said: 'Bring the old folks out of the attic and put 'em in the parlor.' "

At any rate that kid gave us plenty to think about. We didn't find his attitude general but it prevailed enough to be unhealthy. And when we reviewed some of the NYA statistics we found ourselves almost sympathizing with the youngster of fourteen or so who asked us with some indignation "when the government was going to do the right thing by kids under sixteen"—the minimum age for NYA assistance. All we could do was to advise him to keep asking and be patient.

The government estimates that there are from five to eight million young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five who are neither working nor in school. It is generally agreed by educators, penologists, the courts and even the cop whose beat carries him past your door that something ought to be done about that. These youngsters are regarded as being at the mercy of whatever fate may apportion amongst them from day to day—you may name the possibilities yourself and let your imagination have its fling. About three million of these kids are on relief. In the twelve months prior to last October something like seven hundred thousand of them—maybe more—had to drop their books before they had finished high school. And last June, as you doubtless know, our colleges and high schools dumped into the bursting ranks of our unemployed battalions of kids whose chances of exchanging their skill, vigor or whatever for wages were discouragingly puny.

About all the National Youth Administration can hope practically to do is to keep this June increment at par, maintain the graduating battalions at their normal strength, hoping that business will continue to improve and jobs blossom in the profusion of old. The incidentals of its program can be accomplished only to that extent that the NYA has the complete coöperation of local educational, political and industrial authorities. These incidentals comprise vocational guidance and training, which the NYA divides roughly into four categories:

(Continued on page 58)



ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE midst of a tremendously exciting presidential election—Dr. Orwin Prescott, a conservative, vs. Harvey Bragg, wild radical—the United States Secret Service learns that Bragg is involved in a sinister international plot of some sort. Whereupon, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted former Scotland Yard operative, is summoned to America, where, known as "Smith," Federal Officer 56, he goes quietly to work, assisted by Capt. Mark Hepburn, U. S. Medical Corps.

While making a radio address, in support of Prescott, Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal falls unconscious. Hours later, he comes to in the Tower of the Holy Thorn, only to learn that the manuscript of his address has been stolen, and that he can remember nothing concerning an important announcement he was to have made. Investigating the mysterious seizure, Nayland Smith and Hepburn arrest James Richet, Abbot Donegal's secretary, who, with a "Mrs. Adair," is believed to be one of the plotters. And they find the missing manuscript, in which is revealed a plot which, if carried out, would place the United States under the domination of some shadowy being, with unlimited supplies of capital and men!

Another shock awaits Nayland Smith—Dr. Orwin Prescott, resting at Weaver's Farm in Connecticut, preparatory to a climactic debate with Bragg, disappears! And at the farm, Smith receives a telephone call, a savage warning to go slowly, from the world's most sinister figure: "Doctor" Fu Manchu!

II

MARK HEPBURN replaced a tiny phial of a very rare reagent on a shelf above his head and, turning, stooped and peered through a microscope at something resembling a fragment of gummy paper. For a while he studied this object and then stood upright, stretching his white-clad arms—he wore an apron—and yawning wearily. The small room in which he worked was fitted up as a laboratory. Save for a remote booming noise as of distant thunder, it was silent.

Hepburn lighted a cigarette and stared out of the closed window. The boom as of distant thunder was explained: it was caused by the ceaseless traffic in miles of busy streets.

Below him spread a night prospect of a large area of New York City. Half right, framed by the window, the tallest building in the world reared its dizzy head to flying storm clouds. Here was a splash of red light; there, a blur of green. A train moved along its track far away to the left. Thousands of windows made illuminated geometrical patterns in the darkness. Tonight there was a damp mist so that the flambeau upheld by the distant Statue of Liberty was not visible.

A slight sound in the little laboratory on the fortieth floor of the Regal-Athenian Tower brought Hepburn around in a flash.

He found himself looking into the dark, eager face of Nayland Smith.

"Good lord, Sir Denis! You move like a cat—"

"I used my key—"

"You startled me."

"Have you got it, Hepburn—have you got it?"

"Yes."

"What?" Nayland Smith's lean face, framed in the upturned fur collar of his topcoat, lighted enthusiastically. "First-class job. What is it?"

"I don't know what it is—that is to say I don't know from what source it's obtained. But it's a concoction used by certain tribes on the Upper Amazon and I happened to remember that the Academy of Medicine had a specimen and borrowed it. The preparation on the manuscript, the envelopes and the stamps gives identical reaction. A lot of study has been devoted to this stuff, which has remarkable properties. But nobody has yet succeeded in tracing it to its origin."

"Is it called *kaapi?*"

"It is."

"I might have known!" said Nayland Smith. "He has used it before, with notable results. But I must congratulate you. Hepburn, imagination is so rarely allied with exact scientific knowledge."

He peeled off the heavy topcoat and tossed it on a chair. Hepburn stared and smiled in his slow fashion.

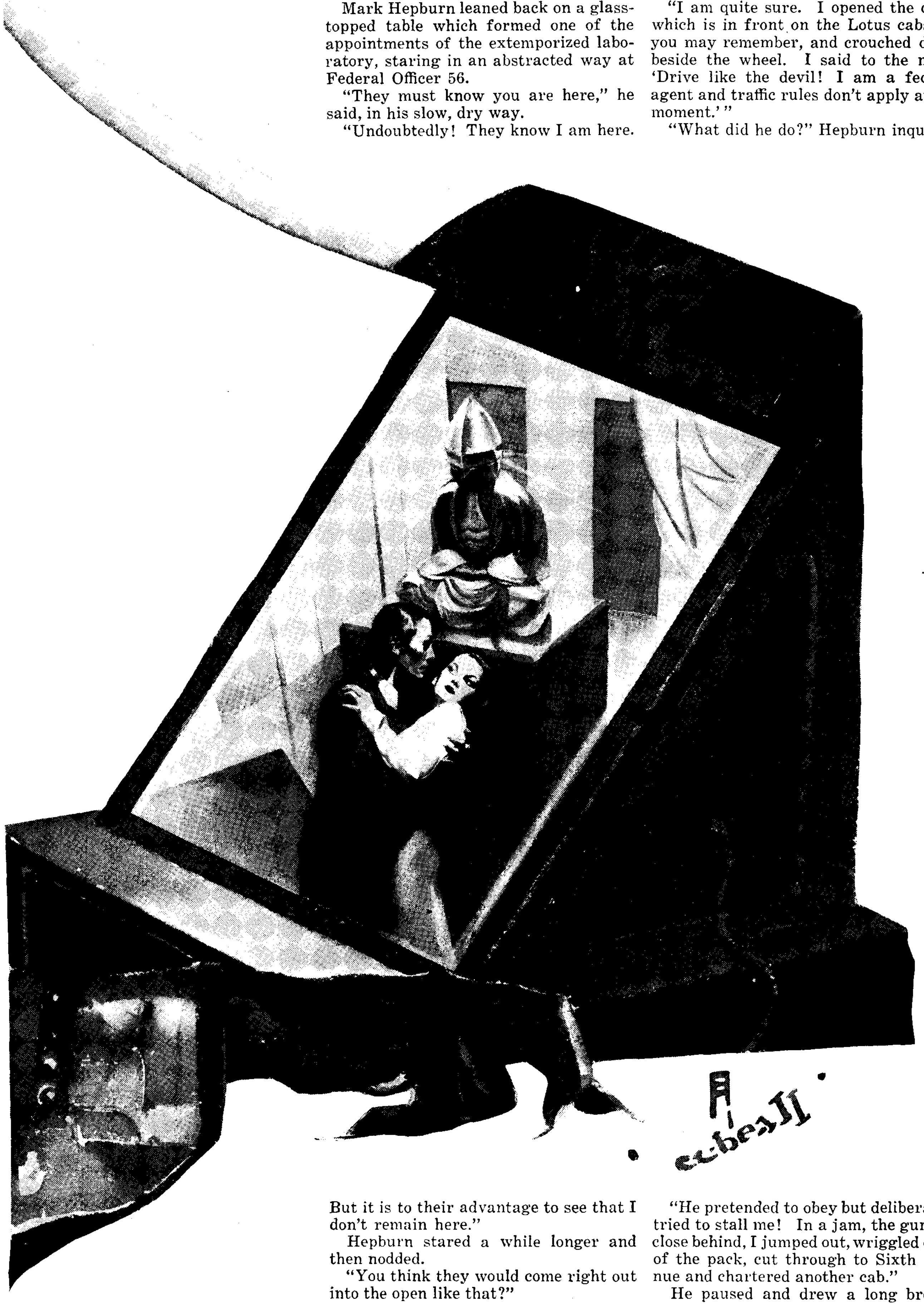
Nayland Smith was dressed in police uniform!

"I was followed to headquarters," said Smith, detecting the smile. "I can assure you I was not followed back. I left my cap (which didn't fit me) in the police car. Bought the coat—quite useful in this weather—at a big store with several entrances, and returned here in a taxicab."

Mark Hepburn leaned back on a glass-topped table which formed one of the appointments of the extemporized laboratory, staring in an abstracted way at Federal Officer 56.

"They must know you are here," he said, in his slow, dry way.

"Undoubtedly! They know I am here. But it is to their advantage to see that I don't remain here."



"You are quite mad," she said breathlessly. "Because I was amused once, why should you think I am a fool?" She twisted, bent, and broke free

Hepburn stared a while longer and then nodded.

"You think they would come right out into the open like that?"

NAYLAND SMITH shot out his left arm, gripping the speaker's shoulder.

"Listen. You can hardly have forgotten the machine-gun party on the track when an attempt was made to hold up the special train? This evening I went out by a private entrance kindly placed at my disposal by the management. As I passed the corner of Forty-eighth Street, a car packed with gunmen was close behind me!"

"What!"

"The taxicab in which I was riding belonged to a firm known as the Lotus Cabs . . ."

"I know it. One of the biggest corporations of its kind in the States."

"It may have nothing to do with them, Hepburn. But the driver was in the pay of the other side."

"You are sure?"

"I am quite sure. I opened the door, which is in front on the Lotus cabs, as you may remember, and crouched down beside the wheel. I said to the man: 'Drive like the devil! I am a federal agent and traffic rules don't apply at the moment.' "

"What did he do?" Hepburn inquired.

"He pretended to obey but deliberately tried to stall me! In a jam, the gunmen close behind, I jumped out, wriggled clear of the pack, cut through to Sixth Avenue and chartered another cab."

He paused and drew a long breath. Pulling out the time-worn tobacco pouch, he began to load his briar.

"This stink-shop of yours is somewhat oppressive," he said. "Let's go into the sitting-room."

He walked out to a larger room adjoining, Hepburn following. Over his shoulder:

"Both you and I have got to disappear!" he said.

As he spoke he turned, pipe and pouch in hand. Hepburn met the glance of piercing steely eyes and knew that Nayland Smith did not speak lightly.

"The biggest prize which any man ever played for is at stake—the control of the United States of America. To his existing organization—the extent of which even I can only surmise—Dr. Fu Manchu has added the most highly efficient underworld which civilization has yet produced."

Nayland Smith, his pipe charged, automatically made to drop the pouch back into his coat pocket, was hampered by the uniform, and tossed the pouch irritably onto a chair. He took a box of matches from the marble mantelpiece and lighted his brier. Surrounded now by clouds of smoke, he turned, staring at Hepburn.

"You are rounding up your Public Enemies," he went on, in his snappy, staccato fashion. "But the groups which they controlled remain in existence. Those underground murder gangs are still operative, only awaiting the hand of a master. That master is here . . . and he has assumed control. Our lives, Hepburn—" he snapped his fingers—"are not worth that! But let us review the position."

HE BEGAN to walk up and down, smoking furiously.

"The manuscript of Abbot Donegal's uncompleted address was saturated with a preparation which you have identified, although its exact composition is unknown to you. His habit of wetting his thumb in turning over the pages (noted by a spy, almost certainly that James Richet, the secretary who has escaped us) resulted in his poisoning himself before he reached those revelations which Dr. Fu Manchu regarded as untimely. The abbot may or may not recover his memory of those pages, but in his own interests, and I think in the interests of this country, he has been bound to silence for a time. He is off the air. So much is clear, Hepburn?"

"Perfectly clear."

"The gum of those stamps and envelopes, reserved for Dr. Prescott's use at Weaver's Farm had been similarly treated. Prescott seems to have left the house and proceeded in the direction of the lake. He was, of course, under the influence of the drug. He was carried, as our later investigations proved, around the bank to the north end of the lake, and from there to the road, where a car was waiting. Latest reports regarding this car should reach headquarters tonight. It was, as suspected, undoubtedly proceeding in the direction of New York."

"We have no clue to the person who tampered with the stationery at Weaver's Farm," Hepburn's monotonous voice broke in.

"At the moment, none."

NAYLAND SMITH moved restlessly in the direction of one of the windows.

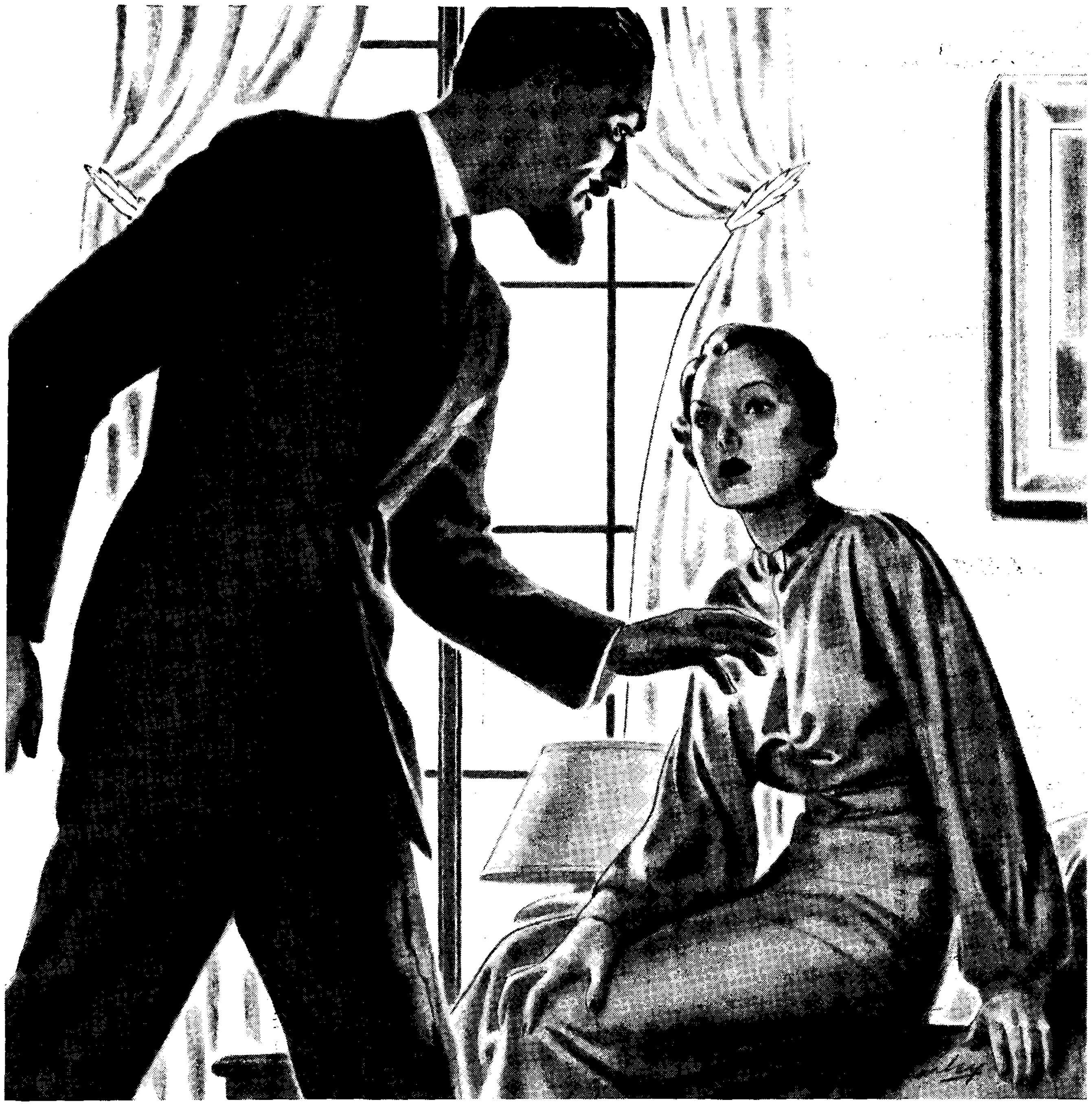
"Somewhere below there," he went on, shooting out a pointing forefinger, "somewhere amongst those millions of lights, perhaps in sight from this very spot—Orwin Prescott is hidden!"

"I think you are right," said Mark Hepburn, quietly.

"I am all but certain! New York, and not Washington, would be Dr. Fu Manchu's selection as a base. He has been operating here, through chosen agents, for some months past. Others are flocking to him. I had news from Scotland Yard only this morning of one formidable old ruffian who has slipped through their nets for the twentieth time and is believed to be here. And Prescott will have been brought to the Doctor's headquarters. God knows what ordeal faces him—what choice he will be called upon to make! It is possible even that he may be given no choice!"

Nayland Smith clenched his fists and shook them desperately in the direction

(Continued on page 44)



"I've always despised you, Gene," she said deliberately. "You couldn't help boring me"

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

The Story Thus Far:

PAULA TRAGGAS, the gay young wife of Maurice Traggas, a professor at Morrison University, and Dr. Eugene Fifield, faculty member and campus Don Juan, give the gossips much food for discussion. Learning which, Traggas gives Fifield a beating—and leaves home; advised by his best friend, David Bingham, of the chemistry department, he does not sue for a divorce, however.

Among the students at Morrison are two lovely girls: Caroline Fanning and Helen Herrick. Roommates, their relationship is somewhat strained, due to Helen's engagement to Tommy Pierce, a senior whose fraternity pin Caroline had worn for a time. Tommy is merely a charming weakling; caught embezzling student funds, he is in college on probation. But Caroline's efforts to warn Helen are futile; Helen attributes her attitude to jealousy.

And Tommy runs true to form. Having asked Helen to run away with him and marry him, he finds himself involved in an affair with another woman: Paula Traggas! And Fifield has become his bitter enemy.

Among Caroline's friends are two prominent seniors, Emery Smith and Steve Abbott, and David Bingham. Bingham is genuinely concerned about Maurice Traggas' difficulties; he is afraid that Traggas, a hot-tempered man, may kill Fifield (he is unaware of Paula's interest in Tommy). Again and again, he and Caroline meet to discuss the sinister situation; and the realization comes to them, finally, that they love each other. . . .

Arriving at her room late one evening, Caroline finds everything in disorder; two bags are missing, and no one knows where Helen is. Caroline does not wonder what has happened; she *knows:* Helen has run away with Tommy Pierce!

A few minutes later, the telephone rings. Caroline answers it. Helen is calling, from a town fifty miles away. "Are you married?" Caroline asks calmly. "No," Helen replies. "I was going to be. At four o'clock." Helen is sobbing now. "But Tommy didn't come. Caroline, come and get me. I'm going crazy!"

VI

IT WAS about half past eleven on Saturday morning when Eugene Fifield slammed the door of Paula's house behind him. That slam and a moment just before it when his voice was shrill were the only lapses toward his more familiar manner in the whole interview. For the measure of its incredibility was that Eugene at no time displayed any of the qualities to which Paula was accustomed and which she had been able to manipulate as she pleased. In the past, whenever he had been blustery or masterful, whenever he had been plaintive or appealing, whenever he showed his ranting egotism or his maudlin servility, she had been able to dominate him. This morning none of these moods showed in him at all. It was as if the whole current of nature had been reversed, as if he had been polarized in a new personality that was implacable.

What she faced was a man in whom pride and desire had produced a single necessity—to wreak on those who had injured him the reprisal by which alone he would be able to regard himself as whole. It was the instinct of self-preservation shaping all the rest of him to *the necessity of survival. If he destroyed* those who had destroyed his self-respect he would be vindicated. If he didn't he would perish.

Against that will to be a man, no expedient of Paula's availed anything at all. She had been derisive and contemptuous; she only produced in him a sardonic pleasure that he had never shown before. She had tried laughter, an incredulous amusement that made him out a petulant child not to be considered; the laughter died before an indifference through which gleamed a strange new hint of steel. She had tried command, the dictatorial authority over a weaker person that had always overwhelmed him; it had produced only a jeer that was the more savage for being subdued.

FINALLY she had called on her strongest resource, but to languorous eyes, melting arms, femaleness flaunted and surrendered, he had shown no yielding. He had laughed at her at first, and when she incredulously persisted he had referred to Tommy Pierce with words that were not in the least ambiguous. The failure of the weapon which could not fail had finally convinced her that her task was impossible. Eugene Fifield was going to do what he said he was going to.

When he perceived that she was convinced he grew more repulsive. He exulted. His small eyes gleamed, the preposterous Vandyke waved like a banner, his cynicism was overspread with scurrility and triumph. He had never before shown any sign that he was capable of mockery.

"You're charitable, Paula, you have great forethought and generosity," he said, vibrating with an almost feminine glee. "You wouldn't make me pay the final penalty for adoring you. To produce another scapegoat, to allow someone else to be the corespondent I seemed certain to be—that's nobility. And shrewd, too. If someone has to stand up for the righteous to shoot at, it's certainly wise to pick a jailbird for the job."

EVERYTHING having failed, she had to appear undismayed while she grappled with the inconceivable. She must not seem to fear anything he might do. "Gene," she said coldly, "it's your privilege to make a fool of yourself in any way that pleases you. It seems odd of you to clasp Maurice by the hand—you've had so much resentment from him that I'd think you'd be wary of getting into the same class. But if that seems pleasant to you, I'm not selfish enough to protest. The whole town will be clasping its sides laughing at you. But I'll understand, dear."

"Of course," he pointed out, "if you can raise a sufficient amount of cash, you can keep your lover out of jail. You'd better do that, Paula, if you can. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but you won't find a cell quite so idyllic for romantic meetings as a lakeside cabin. A mere cash fee—certainly youth and love are worth that. Then the only court that can disturb you will be the divorce court."

Maurice had all but killed him once. How much simpler if that midnight fury had been enhanced just a little! She contrived to remain cold. "How brave you've grown for a little man, Gene. I've known you to run screaming from him. He slapped your face and boxed your ears and scared you terribly. Now you actually want to woo him."

The silly Vandyke wagged. "Better count on us both. He'll welcome the partnership as soon as he finds out what I can bring to it. The plaintiff didn't have a star witness so long as it was I who shared the perfumed hours."

It might be! The thought rocked Paula to the very base of her security.

Caroline held the ventilator grating. Helen said hoarsely, "Home from my honeymoon!"

Not only could this malevolent little man sweep Tommy out of college and into prison, not only could he destroy the whole structure of guile and craft that she had built to make Maurice powerless—it might be that he could be just what he said he would, the indispensable witness, the one who knew because he had seen. Proud and passionate disregard, the flushed defiance that sprang from a new love and its contempt of subterfuge—how could they have ignored this one inevitable source of destruction? But it was too late now to repent that error. Too late to repent anything.

She said deliberately, while hate coldly bubbled through her racing thoughts, "I've always despised you, Gene. You occupied my time when I was very bored, but you couldn't help boring me just as badly. You see, my dear, you're clumsy—oh, halting and awkward. And a coward—you're such a frightened little insect. I think I needed someone who was brave. And certainly any woman you've made love to would need someone who was young."

THE slur got home. His florid face darkened still more and his voice, already vibrant, shook and grew shrill. "Explain that from the witness stand. It will make clear just what happened and just what you are."

A small, slight man transfixed by the unanswerable insult, dedicated to the reprisal which alone could save him, he said explicitly just what she was. Then fury overcame him and he flung out of the house. Paula heard him slam the door, heard him cross the porch as so often before in so many different emotions. She stood still, riding the whirlwind. Excitement, the hypnotic brightness of danger, had been as necessary to her all her life as food or sleep. She had it now! Her mind spun with the possibilities of disaster—possibilities no longer, but certainties. The thing itself had come—now, this moment, and from now on.

Paula wasted no time regretting carelessness, blunders or lost opportunities. Her mind raced, but was quite clear. Disaster, the complete catastrophe—but she would not surrender to it without a struggle, without expedients, without a counter-offensive. Her ears were roaring, but a wild delight engulfed her. The world had never been so incandescent as it was this moment. To the sound of trumpets she picked up the phone and called the Tau Omicron house. A hundred plans formed full-grown in her mind while she waited, while she asked for Tommy Pierce, while his name was roared cavernously at the other end of the wire. He answered.

"Tommy," she began. "Eugene has been here. He has just left. Come at once. . . ."

WHEN Steve Abbott got to the Daily he found Emery running a high fever. He interpreted it as the fury of an executive who was confronted by the inefficiency of mortals and the recalcitrance of inanimate things—a college boy editor who saw his arrangements going haywire. He took off his coat and said soothingly, "Just sit back and sniff your hartshorn. Uncle Steve would never desert you on your big day. Which breakdown do you want solved first?"

But Emery wasn't being jovial. Steve perceived that his successor was under a quite different pressure. Emery looked pretty queer. The round, good-humored face looked stern, there was firmness in the ordinarily sleepy eyes, and for a man who ran to stoutness Emery seemed to bristle. "I'm glad you showed up," Emery said. "Where can we talk? The pride of Iowa journalism is getting boiled with a Chicago Globe man in your office. The whole newspaper profession is shooting craps in mine." Emery glared at the city room with its traffic of Daily reporters looking tense, its shirtsleeved outsiders smoking pipes and spitting into wastebaskets, its bedlam of telephones relaying bulletins from the stadium. He said, "Come on," and swept Steve out and down the hall toward a cluttered storeroom.

"Hell's to pay for the old guard," he said gloomily. He sat on a sawhorse and brooded. "It looks as if Howell Smith's youngest boy gets to step out of fancy dress."

"Well," Steve said, "there's never been a time when Morrison couldn't use a railroad. You'd love to endow a couple of buildings. How about the Emery Smith Herbarium? Or try the Ag College. The E. Emith Foundation for the study and prevention of glanders. There are worse fates than going down the ages as Glanders Smith."

"Yeah, awfully funny," Emery said. "Will you listen? Or do I heave you out on your head and get your modish tie all mussed?"

"I get it," Steve said. "You're upset. Have you tried to buy her off?"

Emery sat with his hands in his pockets, staring at the floor, his face sullen with distaste. "This was the college where I wasn't going to be big brother's little brother, or Papa's boy with the eyes of Yale on him to see if he got tapped like Papa did. I could come here and nobody was going to remember the record Grampa set up in '81 for all the later Smiths to shoot at. Yeah, it made a nice pipe dream. So I had three years of good clean fun. Now I can go to Kansas Wesleyan and start all over."

Steve said patiently, "Just why are we unveiling? You're not going to run it in tomorrow's Daily, are you? What's the idea of posting a bulletin that the pride of Morrison and Tau Omicron is one of the First Mortgage Smiths?"

"Listen—if Tommy Pierce's friends started to float a bond issue to keep Tommy out of jail, how many widows and orphans would buy into it?"

"I forget how much you get for postcards of the Midway."

"That's the answer. So how long will it be a hushed secret that it was E. Smith who put up the cash? I don't know how much. Say three thousand dollars. Well, where would E. Smith of the Morrison Daily get three grand?"

STEVE looked at his closest friend with complete incredulity. "Tommy Pierce? You pay Tommy's debts? Tell the Year Book boys you'll take up his notes at par? Bail him away from the florists and liquor dealers? That's carrying the oath of fellowship a little too far. Ideals you got in Tau Omicron!"

"Tau Omicron!" Emery made the immemorial sound of disgust. Then he grunted and looked despondent. "I don't know what to do, Steve. Something's on the fire—and I'm on a hot spot. You and me, we like to think we're bright babies but we're not. Wise guys, in the know, insiders—that's us; we always know what makes that ticking sound. So for three months, maybe more, we've just been kidded up to the hilt. By an expert. By a wench who knows how to make wise guys think just what she wants them to think. By Carol."

It was getting crazier. "How does Carol come in?"

Emery was getting mad. "Love, you fool! You know, the little god with some arrows and no diapers—you've read about love. Tommy Pierce has been on a hot spot all year. Well, it's got hotter. Carol—you remember, our Carol, Caroline Fanning—she's in love with Tommy."

Steve exploded into laughter. "No, Smith, you've got the wrong tune. It's my girl who's in love with Tommy. Carol's cuckoo about the department of industrial chemistry. While you're remembering whom we've heard about, remember Dave Bingham."

"We've heard lots about him. We were supposed to hear about him, and so we did. Dust, Grade A dust—best quality for throwing in the eyes." Emery left his sawhorse and began to prowl about the limited floor space of the storeroom. "None of it makes sense," he said soberly. "Nobody could help getting the idea she was crazy about Bingham. I'm all sensitive intuition. And besides she's all but said so right out. To me. Every so often I forget how fat I am and say things. Carol shudders like any girl would with a usable pair of eyes and begins to talk about Bingham. And parades him. Everywhere you go at this man's college, there's Carol hanging on the chemist's arm. Front. Just front."

"So how do you prove it's just front?"

"Ever notice one thing?" Emery inquired, standing still to look Steve square in the eyes. "Every so often, for all this lyric adoration of the faculty, some kind of bomb goes off in the wings, and there's Carol asking questions about Tommy. Who used to be engaged to him?"

"Yes," Steve said slowly, "I've noticed that. And Carol can take a lot without batting an eye, but what she can't take is any wisecrack about Paula Traggas."

Emery nodded. "There's something in the wind there, too. Well, don't ask me to guess what kind of emotions Carol gets caught by. I wouldn't know—I'm just a fat boy who's nuts about her and no chance. Maybe she's been trying to ride out this Helen-Tommy crush, hoping that true love would find a way when it got punctured. Maybe she doesn't hope anything can be done about that but still she's got to watch out for Fortune's favorite swine."

"Lots of people have been waiting for that puncture," Steve said dryly. "And still I don't see why you've got to make your debut as a millionaire."

"Look," Emery said angrily, "I'm right about this. I don't like to be right, but I am. She's in love with Tommy. Anybody else would only toss his hat over the crossbar if Tommy got tagged for jail. But if you're in love with him, you can think of nicer things to happen." Emery flung out both arms in a gigantic repudiation. "I don't know anything about women. All I know is you can tell by their eyes. Carol was in here a while ago. She was off her nut. She looked like the first three hundred feet of the last reel. She was desperate. And what was she doing? Trying to find Tommy Pierce."

STEVE tried to assemble everything he knew that might bear on the situation. "Tommy got eloquent and they all fell for it," he said. "He signed notes for the Year Book funds. He's got a long time to pay them off."

"Oh, sure. And still we don't know anything. Why should we? We're virtuous—the less we know about Tommy the cleaner we feel. Well, something's happened. That hot spot has got hotter. And it's raising hell with Carol. I wouldn't give a last year's parking tag to keep Tommy out of jail. Or off the gallows. But Carol would. So I'm going to give him a check for how much he needs. A good check. Check of Howell Smith's youngest son."

"And maybe you're putting a wedding ring on my girl's finger," Steve said. "Will I like that? Will it even make Carol's heart overflow with loving kindness?"

Emery shook himself. "All I know is, Carol wants him kept out of jail. That's hell on us all and maybe it's particular hell for some of us. But that's what she wants. Do you imagine," he shouted, "that I'm getting a lot of lovely breaks out of this?"

"All right, Galahad," Steve said heavily. "Deal me in. I'll love you forever."

"Yeah, we're going to be ever so fond of ourselves. Come on. Remember when we used to run the college news sheet? I'll tell Johnson this is his hour."

"Tell him why it's nice to be an editor. Then what do we do?"

"Get all your spitting over now." Emery grinned without enjoyment. "Never forget that college is the happiest time of your life. Then we go find Tommy Pierce."

At six o'clock the bank of black clouds in the west was a mild blemish on the happiness of Jake McGee. As the launch drifted up the western arm of Lake Maitland, a vast benevolence suffused Jake's soul, a beautiful desire to be kind to the whole world and to praise its many merits, but it seemed unfair that a storm should be gathering. All that Jake wanted was to drift here in this peace forever, exchanging friendly confidences with these grand people, thinking thoughts so noble and profound that he was proud of himself. But it wouldn't do. There was a storm coming and he had to take care of the launch. The trust of the freshman coach, the athletic association and Morrison University reposed in him. He had to rise to his responsibilities. Life was stern like that.

HE CLIMBED over several fine fellows to the driver's place. He pointed to a yellow glare that ran along the horizon. "Tempest coming," Jake said. "We got to make a landing."

Confused protests answered him. "Aw, whistle on your fingers and hold up a detour sign." "We still got eight gallons of beer." "What you got to do is portage round it." "You just spit to looard, Jake, and let it go at that."

MODERN DAIRY FARM
MILK
Thurston Gentry

"Bessy's givin' gasoline! Bessy's givin' gasoline!" THURSTON GENTRY

If you combed the colleges of America—and fine colleges they were, too—you couldn't get a gang of grander guys. Jake loved them; Jake loved everyone. But he had to get this boat in somewhere and tie her up. He pressed the starter. It whirred hollowly but the engine did not catch.

"See," Joe Moran said. "We don't either have to land."

"How about the hot dogs?" Horse Walters said. "Do we eat or—"

A sharp report sounded somewhere ahead of them and reëchoed down the narrow bay. Horse Walters held up a hand. "Someone has seen the whites of my eyes," he said.

Two or three grand guys stood up unsteadily and blew razzberries at the southern shore. Frank Castine said, "That's why I quit the R. O. T. C. cold."

"That's twice," Horse said combatively. "Somebody shot at me ten minutes ago. Sometime he'll go too far."

"Twice?"

"Yeah, twice. Ten minutes ago. Didn't you hear it?"

"Nerts!"

Frank Castine stood up again. "The Kentucky Castines use half a beer barrel for a cradle—"

Frank toppled overboard to loud cheers. The grand guys crowded to the gunwale and Jake McGee yelled at them to trim ship. Frank came up swimming and struck out vigorously toward the far shore. He yelled back, "It's all right. That isn't Castine, it's Castine's double. We never risk Castine in these scenes."

"Come on back, you big ape!" Jake yelled. "I can't start the ferry."

Jake made the starter whir over and over but without result. Frank began to circle back toward the launch. The grand guys applauded and he obliged with some pretty stuff. It took a full ten minutes to tire him out. Hearty hands pulled him back into the boat and Joe Moran, bowing low, held out a fresh mug of beer.

Jake finally started the engine, and shot the launch toward the northern shore. The grand guys had begun to sing again to Joe Moran's banjo, but Jake had no ears for them. He couldn't see any place on the shore where he could land—there were no docks, no camps, nothing but the limestone shore. He turned toward the end of the bay and then, cursing, swung the launch in a circle and headed toward the south shore. About a mile ahead a summer camp jutted out of the trees. There ought to be a dock there.

AT THAT moment the wind struck and almost at once the rain followed. The launch jerked, leaped, bowed, bucked, shipped water, spun and trembled. Jake had no idea where they were headed, whether they could get there. The center of the storm crashed by and a faint light filtered through the deluge. Horse was waving both arms. Jake spun the wheel, the boat answered and a flash showed him, fifty feet to one side, the end of a dilapidated dock. He threw his shoulder against the wheel, killed the engine, felt the boat lifted forward on a swell. Half a dozen arms grabbed the piling and pulled them in. Castine leaped out with a line. Horse Walters had another one. They were in. It wasn't going to cost anyone two grand. And they still had a keg of beer.

They ran clumping to a tree at the end of the dock. Rain was still falling in flat sheets but they were on land and they could make themselves heard.

"Nice going, Jake," Joe Moran said in a cracked voice. "I'm goin' home and join the church."

Castine's teeth were chattering. "Let's get inside. Maybe we can make a fire."

They made for the rustic porch of the camp. "Anybody know where we are?" Jake asked.

"Sure," Horse Walters said, as they reached the porch. "This is old Doc Traggas' summer camp. Who said the faculty doesn't come in handy?"

THE clock on top of the Barnaby station showed ten minutes to one when Caroline parked Emery's roadster at the iron fence and jumped out. Helen wasn't outside the station; a glance showed the ugly little waiting-room was empty, and Caroline's anxiety rose another notch. But at once Helen was running down the platform, a bag in each hand. She dropped the bags and stumbled into Caroline's arms.

"I was up by the water tank," she cried. "I didn't dare stay in the station. And I couldn't stay out here. People scared me. Oh, Caroline!"

Weak with pity, Caroline held the sobbing girl to her breast for a moment. Then she said, "Let's get away from here before we're seen."

They put the bags in the rumble seat and Caroline backed the car out and took it down back streets in a detour to the highway. Helen sobbed steadily, at first with a spasmodic rhythm, then quietly and hopelessly. The street lights fell away behind them; in the open country Caroline turned the car down the first dirt road, past a white house and some barns, and stopped at the open summit of a hill. She switched out the lights. She took Helen in her arms, saying nothing. Let the child cry till she was tired and weak, ready to sleep. An indefinite time passed in darkness till Helen sat up.

She said, in a thin, hopeless voice, "I want you to know I'm cured. It's all over. You needn't worry about me any more. I've spent the last few hours knowing how right you were and what a fool I am. I'm not in love any more. I hate him."

"We'll have to get it all said. What happened today?"

"I was going to get married. I didn't."

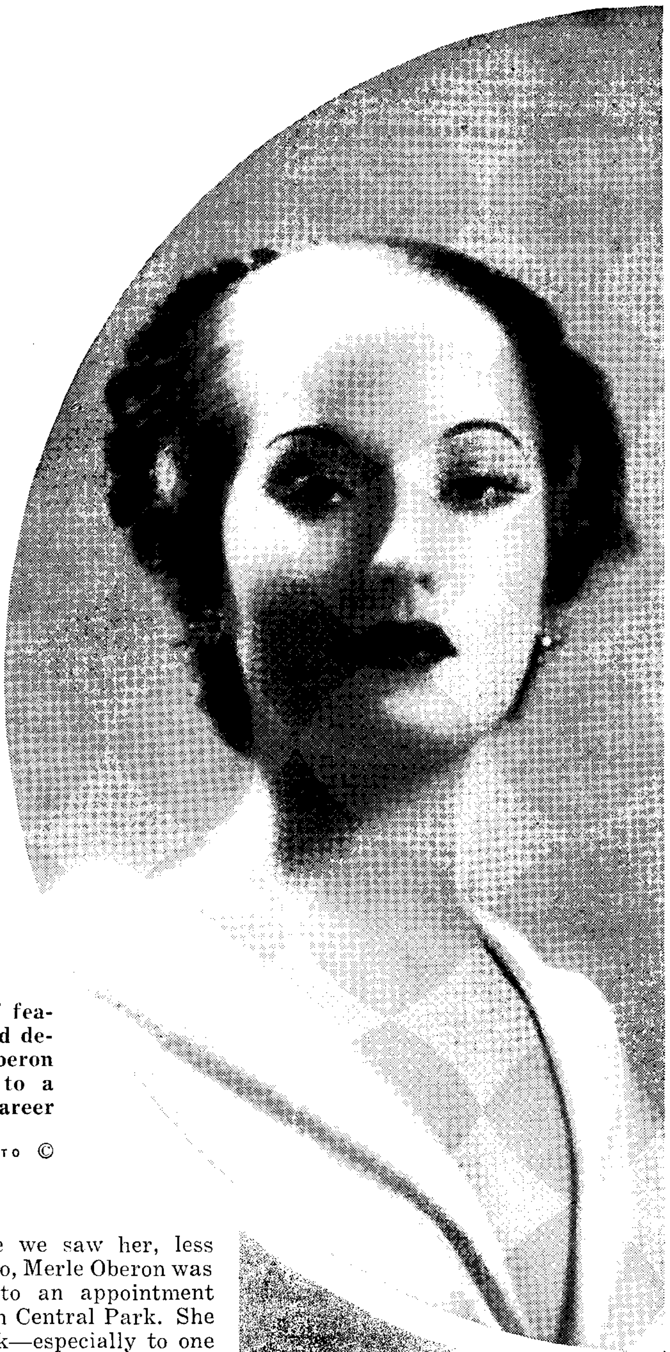
"I know. You told me over the phone. But what happened?"

"Mrs. George P. Ashton," Helen said, choking again. "That was me, Mrs. Ashton. An old theatrical family—the Ashton Memorial Theater. It's a grand name, Carol. I was Mrs. Ashton in the Midland Hotel, waiting to be a bride. I waited all afternoon and all evening. I'm still waiting. You see, you have to furnish a bridegroom."

She wept briefly, with a helpless scorn, then stopped. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," Caroline said.

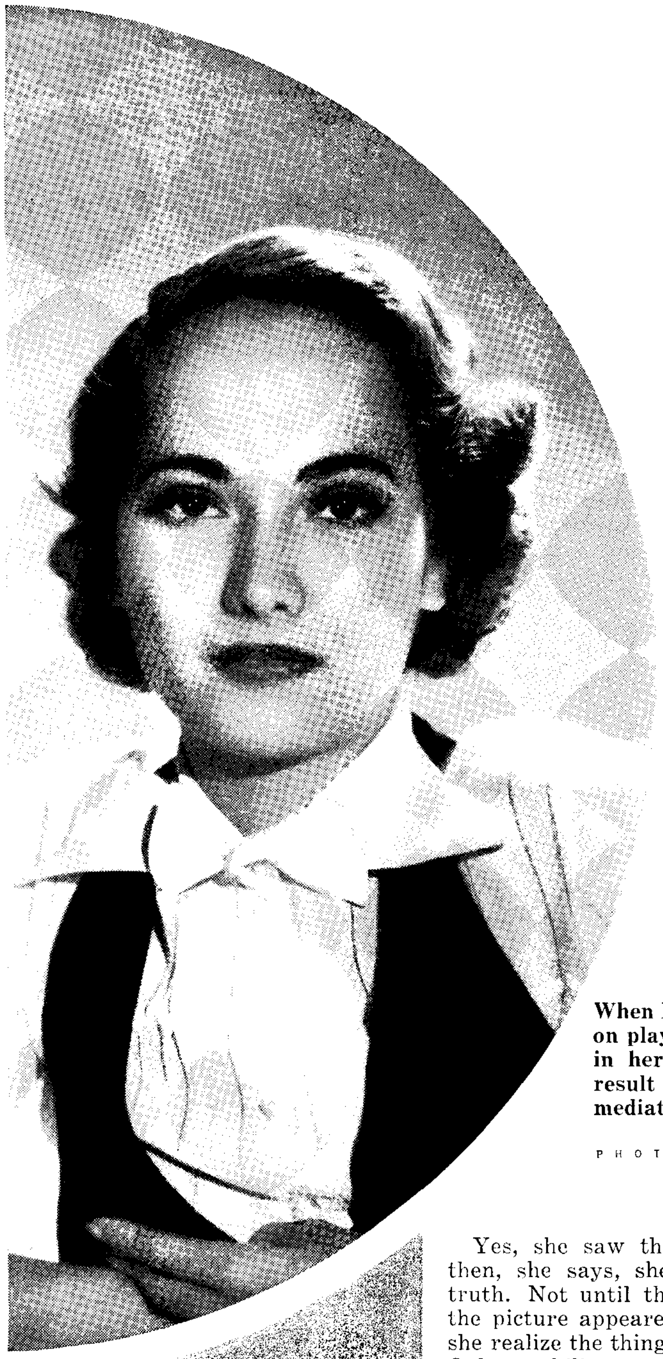
"I do too!" Helen sobbed. "You've got to know. You've got to help me hush it up. Nobody must know—ever. Nobody can ever know." She fumbled in her handbag, said hysterically, "Oh, why don't you give me a cigarette?" Took one that Caroline held out and lighted it with a match that showed her reddened eyes hard with scorn and shame. "Tommy phoned me this morning. He said the time had come. Something had happened—whatever this big mystery is he'd been waiting for—and he had to get married right now. Today."

(Continued on page 64)



The startling set of features that Hollywood designed for Merle Oberon set definite limits to a highly promising career

UNITED ARTISTS PHOTO ©



When Miss Oberon insisted on playing her natural self in her later pictures, the result was an almost immediate rise to stardom

PHOTO BY HURRELL

She Acts Natural

Merle Oberon has a face that caused makeup men to leap with joy and let go for a field day. But the exotic mask they made nearly finished her in films. Now she's about-faced and going places. Even those eyebrows are her own

By Katharine Roberts

THE first time we saw her, less than a year ago, Merle Oberon was on her way to an appointment with a horse in Central Park. She was a distinct shock—especially to one who had just come from seeing a film called The Folies Bergère, in which that same Miss Oberon had appeared with eyebrows going almost due north, eyes cosmetically slanted at such an angle that you debated as to how the pupils would make the grade, a mouth that looked like a rosette, and a hair-do seeming to be a Malayan lacquer piece molded by a hairdresser in an odd moment of fantasy and clamped to the actress' head. This natural young person in the riding habit was such a contrast to the current film caricature that, as herself, she was practically incognito.

Had the screen character appeared for the ride, her sensitive mount might quite easily have shied and bolted. According to Miss Oberon's own report, later on, that was precisely what she herself did when she saw the finished picture. She went away from there as fast as possible, bolted her door, and wept—not for hours but for days. She emerged in a state of nervous breakdown, enlivened by hectic arguments as to her future, wherein numerous picture executives took part—just one of those glorious free-for-alls in which everyone has something to say except the person whose fate is being decided. She spent the latter part of this period riding horseback to calm her frayed nerves.

Then the cinematic Miss Oberon made a complete about-face. The result was The Dark Angel, in which she went so entirely natural that the film will go down in history as the first modern-dress picture of its decade in which a feminine star has dared to appear in her own home-grown eyebrows.

Clearly she is proud of them. They are very definite, not even plucked. Instead of the due-north trend, they turn a bit south at the outer corners and balance the slight, but not exaggerated, slant with which nature has lifted her eyes. Not only did she develop eyebrows in The Dark Angel, but her whole personality was altered. Instead of a woman who might have a pet snake in her boudoir, the girl in the riding habit became a film fact—a natural, healthy individual who could ride, run and generally behave and look like a regular person.

When we encountered her again one recent morning, eyebrow to eyebrow, as it were, we asked rude and direct questions about this Madam Jekyll-Miss Hyde personality. There had been rumors of bitter battle.

Miss Oberon offered no alibis. She admitted that, when she first came to Hollywood after her success in English pictures, and they started out to remake her, she was delighted. In fact, she was quite ready to do anything required and was blissfully unaware that she was meeting Hollywood at its most insane.

"I didn't seem to have anything they wanted," she explained, "and when they designed the new face for me, I thought it was fine. It's incredible—but I did."

Yes, she saw the rushes, but even then, she says, she failed to see the truth. Not until that awful day when the picture appeared in full length did she realize the thing that had happened. Only an ability at comedy had prevented her from being the ultimate folly of The Folies Bergère. But that was not going to save a promising career that looked, at the moment, as though it were about to go back on its promise. Moreover, no one knew what to do with her next.

Then came the arguments which reverberated from Hollywood to New York to London. Sam Goldwyn electrified his confreres by stating that he wanted her for The Dark Angel.

"Im-possible!" they all cried at once, borrowing his two favorite words.

But he said mildly that, since she looked like a regular young English girl off the screen, there was no reason why she couldn't look like one on it. They tried to dissuade him from any such cockeyed notion.

"She is good only for exotics—maybe Hindu parts," stated one major producer, influenced by the slant of her eyes and the fact that she'd grown up in Tasmania and India.

"Sure. He's right!" chorused several others.

By this time, the blood of an Irish father and a mother of French and Dutch descent mixed in their offspring's rebellion. "I want to play a normal, natural person like myself," stated Miss Oberon from the depths of her recent misery.

"You can't do it," they explained to her in kindly wisdom, all for her own good. "You *simply couldn't* do it!"

Anyhow, what had she to say about it? She was under contract to an English producer and under loan to the American company. Her future was in their hands. She just happened to be around at the time—that was all. Well-meaning gentlemen of the cinema — even those who had no active business interest—took part in the debate with vigor. They went so far as to telephone her London producer for permission to influence her "in the right direction" and to protect Mr. Goldwyn from his own folly. Practically everyone took a turn at it. Meanwhile, she sat on the side lines muttering steadily that she wanted to play that part in Dark Angel—she *had* to play it. But she was apparently just talking to herself.

Then the battle was over. Sam Goldwyn had won. With dire predictions raining upon her now natural coiffure and upon Mr. Goldwyn's imperturbable shoulders, they made the picture.

"Mr. Goldwyn had a great deal of foresight," says Miss Oberon gratefully. He had the temerity to imagine her exactly as she was and let her stay that way. From now on, the Madam Jekyll-Miss Hyde performance is all off. The Thompson-O'Brien girl—she was born Estelle Merle Thompson-O'Brien—will remain as is. Well, anyhow for a while.

Under the Southern Cross

The exotic build-up was probably enhanced with the romantic statement that she was born "under the Southern Cross in Tasmania" which, she points out practically, is an island off the coast of Australia. Her mother and her father, who was a British army officer, went there on a holiday to visit his sister. Her father died three months before she was born. She and her mother stayed on there until Merle was seven. A little girl's life in Tasmania is much as it is anywhere else, she avers. She didn't play tag with kangaroos or do any other picturesque things that an embryonic film star with a background like that should have had the forethought to include in her child life. When she was seven, they moved to India.

She and her mother spent the first few months in India at the home of her godmother, Lady Montieth, in Bombay, and then went to live with her uncle in Calcutta. Most other youngsters whose families were in the British army out there were sent back to England to school, but her mother wanted to raise the child herself. So Merle grew up going to two schools a year, for when the hot season came on, they all moved into the hills. She picked up French and Hindustani along with typewriting and shorthand, which she used to help her uncle in his office occasionally. Growing up in India, she indicates, was annoyingly prosaic. The "lure of the East" doesn't lure so much when you live in it. She wanted to go to a far-away, glamorous, adventurous place like London. She wanted to learn to do something and be independent. Then she got her first undeniable hunch—or whatever you call that inner urge. It was not unique. At the age of fifteen she wanted passionately to be a film star.

Her theatrical experience consisted of dancing in the chorus of the local Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, appropriately abbreviated to CATS. The family thought it was all right for her to want to be independent, but a screen career did not seem indicated. She was not in the habit of quoting Shakespeare, nor did she habitually dress up in the parlor draperies and do scenes from Iphigenia. In fact, she showed none of the temperamental adolescent home-histrionics usually reported in the stories of budding stars. They should have been warned by this. She dropped all mention of films and begged to go to London to study dancing. It was suggested that she might return to India later and teach it. Her mother understood, but her uncle, who was about to make the trip home, refused point-blank to take her with him. She tried all her blandishments, and even in those days she was no mean blandisher, but it didn't work. She bade him a quiet goodby and hoped he'd have a nice voyage.

When the ship had got well out to sea, he met her on deck. He did not greet her with "Fancy seeing you here!" or any of the delightful things gentlemen often say to young lady acquaintances unexpectedly met on shipboard. He said several other things. But there was nothing he could do except take her along to England. She had been earnestly saving her money, had borrowed a little extra from her mother, and had secretly bought her own ticket. She continued to talk about a course in dancing. The cinema was not mentioned.

Arriving in London, she dutifully enrolled in a dancing school and promptly went to look for a film job. When her uncle returned to India, she was still apparently enthusiastic about her dancing and the course was not quite finished. He left her with enough money to live on till it was over, and her return ticket to Calcutta. She used up the money, then sold the ticket and lived on the proceeds from that, the while she continued the trek from one casting office to another. They looked at the slight young girl with the slanting eyes and were very friendly. They all promised her a job "next week." The chief trouble was that the jobs didn't come and the week after did.

Having written her uncle that she was being eminently successful in film work and was about to take London by the ears, she couldn't very well explain that she was stranded, with no prospects in sight. Anyhow, the hunch hung on. In spite of the screen's noted preference for thin actresses, she decided that starving might not be the ideal preparation for such a career and that she would rather dance instead, if anyone would let her.

Thereafter, she spent her evenings as hostess in a well-known, rather swanky London supper club, and she spent her daytimes still pursuing the mythical film career. She continued to write her uncle of her triumphs, but she told her mother the truth.

Upon receipt of the letter, her frantic mother took ship for England and the rescue of her child. She put a stop to the supper-club dancing and the two of them lived on a very small sum while the determined young lady with no acting experience devoted all her time to beating on film doors.

A Speech from Fate

One day in a casting agency, someone looked at her and said, "Alf's Button—come on!"

It was a cryptic remark, but she went. She was supposed to be an extra, but Alf's Button, which turned out to be a film of sorts, had a line left over and, by accident, they gave it to her. This made her an actress. Thus Estelle Merle Thompson-O'Brien, name and all, was launched into films. From then on whenever she got an extra job, luck always gave her a line or two. Now and then she got a small part. There were disconcerting gaps between jobs, but she was on her way. Two years of this went by and she was very much annoyed at not yet being a star.

One noon when she was playing a minor role she went into the studio canteen for luncheon. Alexander Korda, who was directing on another stage in the same studio, was at a near-by table with his wife. Mrs. Korda pointed out the young girl nibbling a sandwich and said, "That's the most interesting face I've seen in a long time." It was merely a casual observation and not intended as a speech from Fate.

That afternoon Mr. Korda went visiting—to the other set.

"He did a good piece of acting," says Miss Oberon. "I thought he was just another producer chap come to talk to my producer. On the way out he bumped into me, said he was sorry, took a look at me, and remarked, 'We're starting a new company soon. Come on over and I'll give you a test.' "

The next thing she knew she was assigned to the feminine lead in The Wedding Rehearsal. The girl was getting on. And she was no longer entangled in her full name. Mr. Korda had shortened Estelle Merle Thompson-O'Brien to Merle Oberon without delay. You can't go places in pictures wrapped up in the entire alphabet. In Men of Tomorrow she also had a lead. Then she read in the newspaper—where actresses always find out what they are going to do, and sometimes what they've done—that she was to play Anne Boleyn in The Private Life of Henry VIII. Another lead, no doubt!

She looked up Anne in a history book which had a reproduction of Holbein's portrait. She read about her in every book she could get hold of. Anne Boleyn had her head cut off—how marvelous! There's nothing like a good beheading to attract public attention. She felt a peculiar nearness to Anne. And the second hunch of her life took possession of her. This was the part, she decided, that was to be the turning point in her work! She ate, slept and breathed Anne Boleyn. Then she read the script. Anne had just *one* short page. This, after leads! But the beheading was still in the picture. The hunch held. Soon she found out that Catherine Howard was beheaded, too. This was unthinkable!

Oh, to Be Beheaded

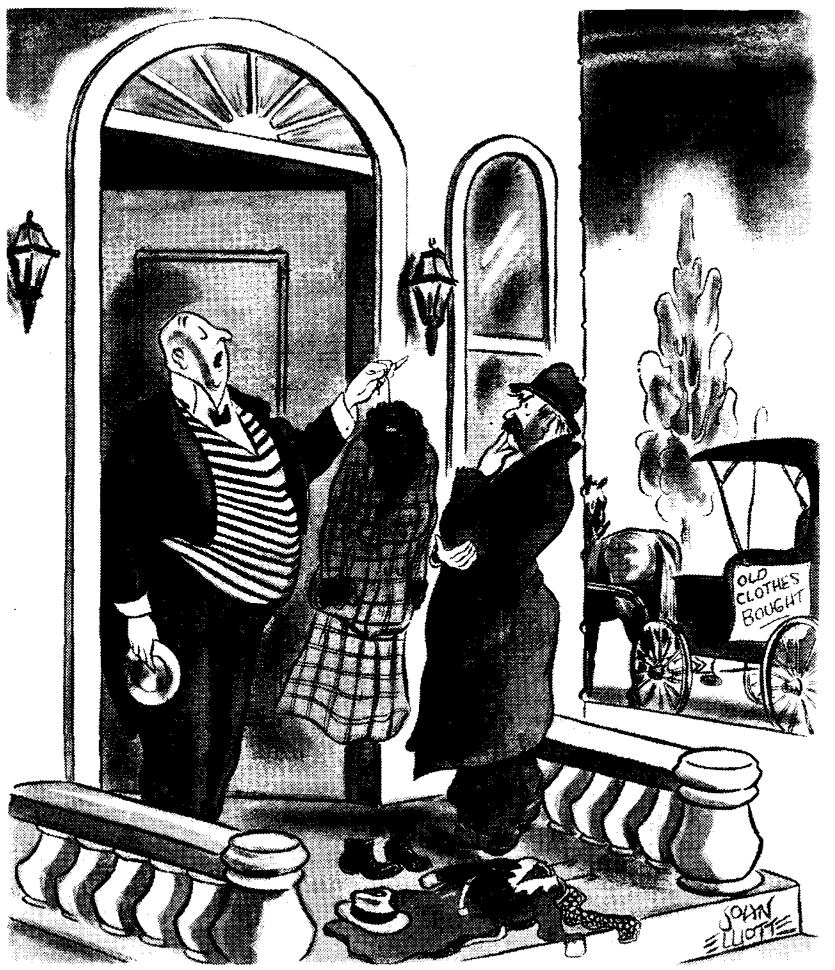
She protested to the director. It would take all the punch out of her part if the other wife were also honored with decapitation. The gentleman regretted it, but history and the script could not be altered. She realized that one wife had been left out altogether, merely tossed off in a caption, and that, since Anne's part was very short, the same thing could easily happen to her. Moreover, she was certain they'd never leave in both beheadings. So, once more she kept still. It was up to her to work so hard on her own decapitation that they'd not dare to cut the scene. At home she put her neck on the block day after day. It was a trying time for the household. But, sure enough, just one beheading remained in the film end; fortunately for Merle Oberon, it was Anne's. Her hunch about the small part had been right. Being publicly executed brought her the chance of a lifetime.

There followed Thunder in the East, Broken Melody, The Scarlet Pimpernel, with Leslie Howard, and The Private Life of Don Juan, with Douglas Fairbanks, before she sailed for America and Hollywood. It was in this era that various make-up artists began planning, each in his own way, a field day with her features. Just before Don Juan, one of them at the mere sight of her cried:

"Oh, baby! What we can do with *your* face!"

Concerning plans—she is about to play one of the major roles in the picture taken from the sensational Broadway success, The Children's Hour.

To an impersonal observer, one thing is evident. If Merle Oberon continues being herself, she will look completely changed when color pictures have their way with her. Viewed in the flesh—if one may apply the term to the one hundred and eight pounds of a five-foot-two film star—she is not the deep-dyed brunette that black-and-white photography, even in Dark Angel, has made her out to be. Her eyes are a light British hazel, her hair is naturally a fine-textured medium brown, and her skin is a pale ivory when unpowdered. Just one scene in color and the nearer she gets to herself, the more certain it is that the Madam Jekyll-Miss Hyde story is bound to start all over again.



"Madam still adheres to one-sixty-five. Take it or leave it!"

JOHN ELLIOTTE

On Top of the World

By Richard Connell

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

"I'M SITTING on top of the world," hummed young Mr. Malcolm Marrison, as he strode down Hollywood Boulevard that million-dollar morning, a dashing figure in a glowing checked suit.

He was not unaware that people stopped to stare at his passing profile. Inwardly he glowed; but outwardly, to the battery of eyes—eyes admiring, wistful, envious—he displayed that air of studied nonchalance, that not unfriendly aloofness, he had seen in older, more stare-hardened stars; for his fame was as new as his suit.

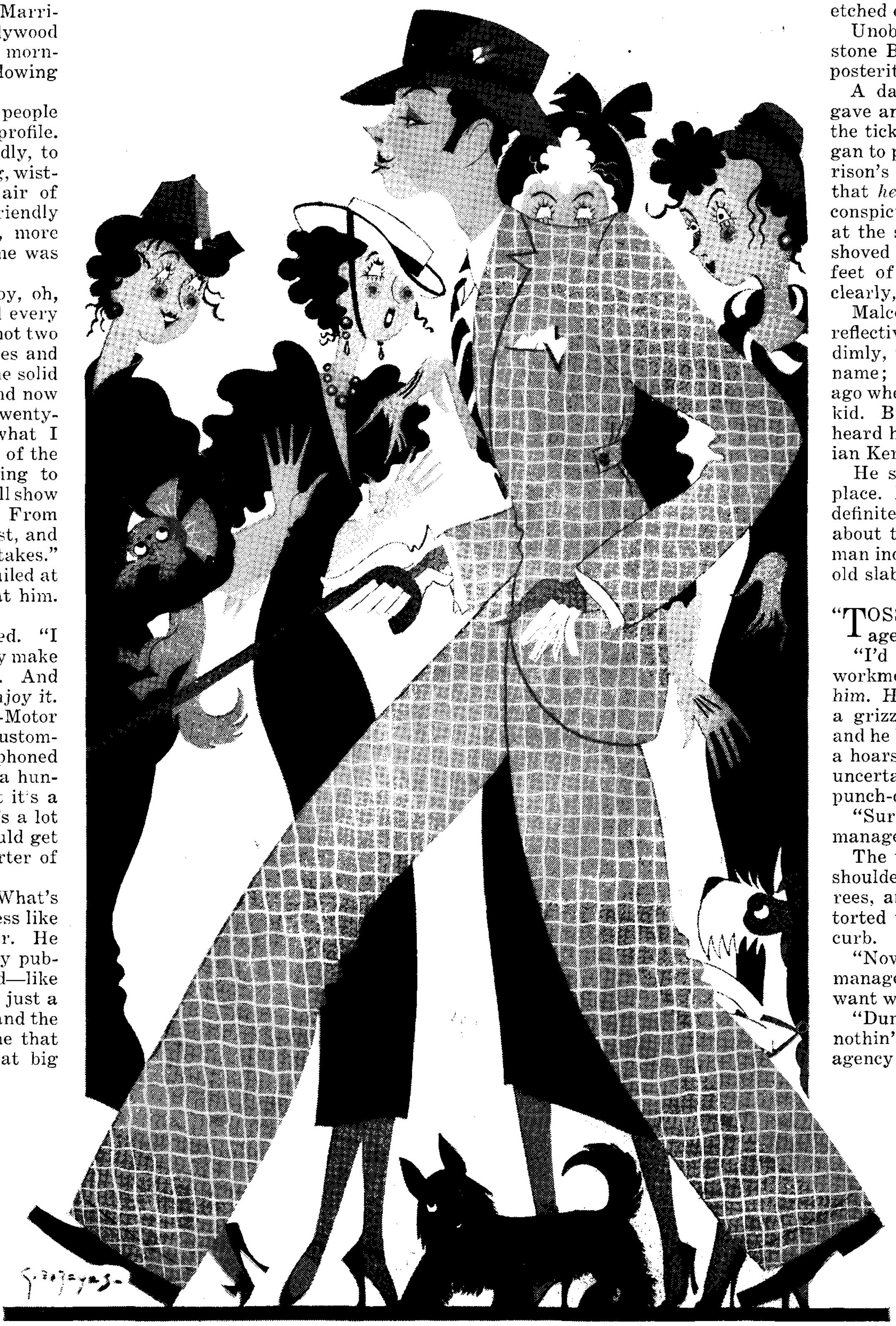
He was thinking, "Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy! Five thousand fish each and every week—and more next year! And not two years ago I was crooning for cakes and coffee in a small-time band. I'm the solid gold berries. I always knew it, and now everybody knows it. Here I am—twenty-six—and a star—but a star—what I mean. I rate where I am—the top of the heap—and that's where I'm going to stay. They ain't seen nuthin' yet. I'll show 'em plenty and I'll make 'em pay. From now on, watch my smoke. The best, and a lot of it, that's me. I got what it takes."

From his Olympic heights he smiled at two shopgirls who had goggled at him.

"POOR little things," he mused. "I make more in a week than they make in five years. Well, I'm worth it. And now that I got it, *I'm going to enjoy it.* Guess I'll pop down to the Super-Motor Mart and buy me that imported, custom-built, eighteen-cylinder job they phoned me about. They claim it will do a hundred an hour up a cliff, and that it's a steal at twelve grand. Say, that's a lot of syrup to sink in a buggy. I could get a mighty classy canoe for a quarter of that.

"Aw, what's chewing me? What's twelve thousand oysters to a success like me? A star can't act like a piker. He can't even think like a piker. My public expects me to live—and spend—like what I am—a star. And I'm not just a star today—I'm a star tomorrow and the day after that. Sure, I'll buy me that de luxe boiler; and I'll take that big house up on the hill in Beverly, too, even if I do rattle around in eight bedrooms. I got to learn to remember who I am and what I am. Wonder what they get for polo ponies these days? Never mind. I'll buy 'em by the dozen. I'll—"

His head abuzz with roseate plans, young Mr. Marrison marched on toward Goldblatt's Pagoda, that vast and very Chinese picture palace; for heroes, like murderers, are prone to revisit the scene of their deeds.



Inwardly he glowed, but outwardly he displayed an air of studied nonchalance

It was here he had attained the Hollywood accolade of immortality. Here he had been accorded the rare and signal honor of recording his hand- and footprints in one of the five-by-five concrete slabs which pave the lobby of the Pagoda. In this historic hall of film fame, only a few, and those the greatest of the great, are enshrined.

But a few days before, at the brilliant première of his first starring picture, "Love Me Always," Malcolm Marrison, in person, and in white tie, top hat and tails, had appeared on the Pagoda's acre of stage and, with a multitude of eyes and a spotlight on him, had consummated the solemn rite of imprinting his hands, feet, signature and "Greeting Sol Goldblatt" in a virgin slab of fresh, receptive concrete.

By now the slab must have hardened. So, it was the new luminary's intention to saunter past the Pagoda and see if a suitably prominent place had been assigned to him in the Valhalla.

He entered the lobby, empty at that early hour, and sought his slab. But he could not find it. He searched diligently, but among all the noted names he did not find his. He perceived then that every available inch of the lobby was filled with inscribed tablets. What was this, he asked himself, a gag? A frown darkened his face. He'd find the manager, and demand an explanation. He was about to do so, when a truck rasped to the door of the theater, and from it debouched four workmen bearing a new slab. They set it down carefully in the lobby, and Malcolm Marrison saw "Malcolm Marrison" etched on it in a bold, familiar flourish.

Unobserved, he leaned against a giant stone Buddha, to watch his passport to posterity put in place.

A dapper young manager appeared, gave an order, pointed to a slab close to the ticket window, and the workmen began to pry up an old slab. Malcolm Marrison's first thought was the happy one that *he* was to be installed in the most conspicuous spot in the lobby. He glanced at the slab that had been uprooted and shoved aside. Though a bit worn by the feet of many audiences, it bore, quite clearly, a name—Julian Kerne.

Malcolm Marrison puckered his brow reflectively. Oh, yes, he recalled, but only dimly, there had been an actor of that name; but that was fully a dozen years ago when he, Malcolm, was just a spindly kid. But he remembered that he had heard his older sisters rave about a Julian Kerne. Same chap, no doubt.

He saw the workmen set *his* slab in place. He knew, then, that he was "in," definitely, permanently "in"; and he was about to leave when he heard the foreman inquire: "What shall we do with the old slab?"

"TOSS it on a dump," said the manager. "What do I care?"

"I'd like to have it," said one of the workmen. Malcolm Marrison looked at *him. He was a gaunt, stooped man with* a grizzle of black-gray beard on him; and he had a mottled nose. His voice was a hoarse croak, and his manner was the uncertain, slow, befuddled manner of a punch-drunk fighter.

"Sure, help yourself," consented the manager.

The workman hoisted the slab to the shoulders of his sweaty, dusty dungarees, and trudged, like some great distorted tortoise, out to the truck at the curb.

"Now ain't that a grin?" remarked the manager. "What can a bozo like that want with a thing like that?"

"Dunno," replied the foreman. "Dunno nothin' 'bout that ole stew bum. The agency sent him to us. Can't figure why he'd want that bit of concrete. Ain't got a home where he could use it to make a walk. Lives in some flophouse, I guess. Can't figger it, I can't."

"Mebbe," suggested one of the workmen, a weedy youngish man with a face like an amorous ewe, "he can use it for a calling card. He's got a name like the one on that there slab."

Malcolm Marrison slipped out from the shadow of the granite Buddha. He continued on his way.

But he did not go to the Super-Motor Mart. Instead, he stopped in Pat's Place.

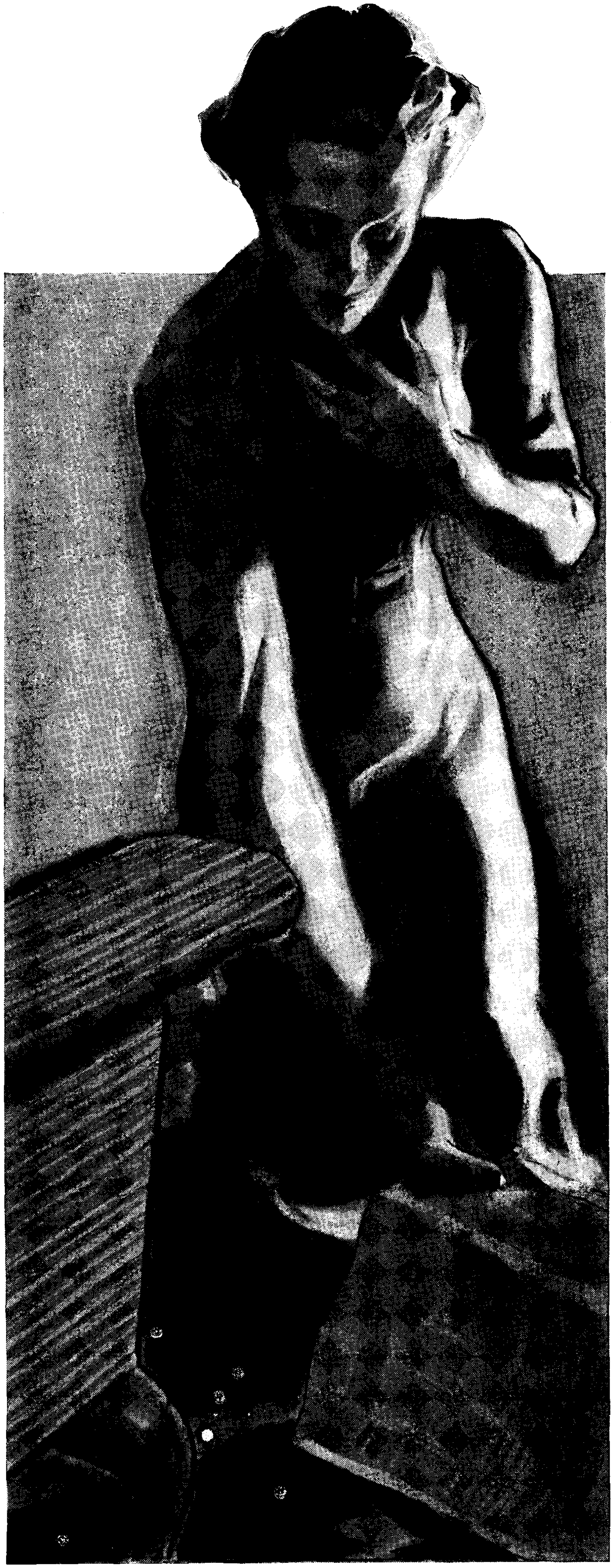
"Gimme a double rye," he said.

"Ain't you Malcolm Marrison?" asked the bartender.

"Yeah—what about it?" said Malcolm Marrison gruffly.

"It must be wonderful to be a star," said the bartender.

"Yeah? Hurry up with that drink. I don't feel so good," said Malcolm Marrison.



"Some of them were under the divan," Storm said. "This newspaper was, too"

Hello, London!

By Leona Dalrymple

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

EVEN tea time in the Greylin that afternoon was discovering spring. In the discreet glow of amber-shaded table lamps, an occasional accent of fresh yellow flowers acknowledged the changing season and the Spring Song, properly muted, sighed out of an orchestra in an alcove screened with palms.

"But, Johnny," Storm Kendall said indignantly, "I had to get a job! You know perfectly well what little income mother has left isn't enough for both of us."

Johnny sighed.

Girls looked at Johnny's ruddy darkness and his warm brown eyes. He was John Hibbs, Jr. And Johnny looked at girls and wondered. He wondered why Storm was always prettier.

"Well, Storm," Johnny reminded, "the point is as it has been for nearly a year. You can marry me and ditch the job."

Storm swallowed. "I—don't want to ditch it."

"You're—different," he said, wincing. "What burns me up is that two years ago I actually guaranteed you a job because we happen to own enough stock in the telephone company to get some attention and it's the job that's making you different!"

The tawny scarlet under Storm's dark eyes grew brighter. Her hand nervously tucked in a flying wisp of red, curly hair. "If I hadn't been so worried about money, I'd never have asked you to do it. In business a girl like me was useless. I just knew polite things, Johnny. And French. And I wanted a chance at the Overseas Switchboard."

"French!" he cut in with venom.

There was the crux of it, Storm's beautiful French. Of course it was good. Hadn't her mother hung a French governess around her neck when Storm was hardly more than a baby? Now if a Frenchman in America called up the Overseas Exchange and his English proved inadequate, Storm took his call in French. You could be a Swede or a Pole or even a Hottentot, Johnny supposed, and some crack telephone girl would come to your rescue. Storm was a little breathless about it. She was more than breathless. She was romantic about a job, a bunch of plugs and some telephone cord.

Johnny blamed her mother. Mrs. Kendall had written one of her "poems" about the Overseas Exchange. It was filled with ship telephones, wailing winds, high seas, remote ends of the earth and calling voices and Mrs. Kendall had called it "Hub of the World." Calling voices! Bankers and businessmen and department stores grabbing fashion news from Paris and if that was romantic—

Storm thought it was. Even so, Johnny had said that afternoon, voices in Melbourne and French Indo-China buying flour and gasoline and diamonds left him cold and the voice of a moving-picture star expensively bawling out a husband in Hawaii was a pain in his neck.

Hub of the World! Storm's name had been a similar inspiration. The Lord only knew how many sensible women had had babies in thunder showers but Mrs. Kendall, picturesquely, had christened her daughter "Storm."

"The darned job wouldn't be so bad," Johnny began again, irritably moving the tea things out of his way, "if you didn't work nights—"

"Two months at a time! And even then I'm home every single night until quarter past ten—"

"Two months three times a year," Johnny retorted, "is a hundred and sixty-one nights scuttling downtown in a subway. I suppose if your Uncle Drew had left you some of his money, your idea of a fascinating diversion would still be a couple of continents and a radio wave hooked to your eardrums!"

"Maybe," Storm said, "if you had a job—a job you liked—"

He said distinctly, "I don't need a job!"

"But, Johnny," Storm exclaimed, "you've been out of college nearly a year. You can't live like this because your father has a lot of money. You're an architect—"

"So—" Johnny stared—"that's what you've been thinking!"

"I supposed," Storm said, "you'd go in with your father's partners."

"Storm—" abruptly Johnny's voice was cool and impersonal— "what do you suppose it meant to Jake to be crippled up in a wheel chair less than a year after mother died?" Jake wasn't another architect. Jake was Johnny's name for his father. "Nobody's any better. And he'll probably have arthritis for the rest of his life. This is his first year of it, maybe his hardest. Would you have left him alone with—any of that?"

"No," Storm said, her face scarlet. "I—I didn't realize."

"Most of it," Johnny said evenly, "is in his legs. His hands are better. Sometimes now they last hours before they bark and stiffen up. It's possible I may work with him home. In fact, we're beginning to work. The doctors advised it. Shall we go? You said you wanted to leave at quarter of six."

STORM rose. "You're different too, Johnny. Why didn't you ever tell me how you felt about your father?"

"Perhaps if your mind had been less occupied," Johnny remarked, "you might have guessed it. I supposed you had."

Outside, the doorman summoned the Hibbs' chauffeur and Johnny settled Storm in his car. "Good night, Voice of the World," he said, a dry twinkle under his lashes. "I'm walking home to drum up an appetite. Any time I don't eat, my old man thinks I'm discontented."

"Oh, Johnny," Storm begged. "Please get in!" Her throat ached.

The car rolled off without him into the light-spangled dusk of traffic and crowds, turned east on a one-way street and began its familiar trip to the Kendalls' small apartment.

The things you couldn't explain to Johnny, Storm Kendall was thinking, kept piling up. You couldn't, for instance, tell him that the roof of the telephone building, dark against the stars, always caught you up. It was like the noise of wind in the corridors. It made

Just about the last word in modern romance—the story of a short-wave courtship, one with appropriate interference

you a part of something a little terrifying in its immensity, something stirring and new. And you couldn't tell him—about the captain. The captain was only a voice on the London switchboard but he had left the British army with a bullet wound in his hip, and Storm and her mother had met some of his friends in England years ago—

Storm's color rose. Well, you had to talk to the operators in London to make sure the reception was clear. That part of it Johnny knew. What he didn't know was how much you had to talk. Voice routes to Europe, Africa and India went through the London Trunk Exchange and all night the shifting ether had to be tested. It was only a minute here and a minute there, talking about static and London fogs and who you were and where you lived, but a year of it piled up surprisingly.

Storm even knew about the captain's row with his uncle and how for months he had limped around in London, hunting a job.

THE Hub of the World, at eleven o'clock, lacked somewhat the incandescence of Mrs. Kendall's poem. It had its cosmopolitan spots in the labels over the switchboard and a library of telephone directories in a score of different languages. Otherwise it might have been any switchboard.

At the board labeled "Buenos Aires" a casual young woman was timing a call in Spanish. The girl on "Ship-to-Shore" was finishing up her work for the night with a yawn of relief. Most of the switchboard was labeled "London."

Storm snapped a plug into the switchboard and even a shaken thought of Johnny was powerless to quell in her blood a tingling sense of adventure. Something high-strung and sensitive seemed to leap out of her fingers and follow a flying current through miles of space and windy darkness speckled with stars. She said into the mouthpiece:

"Hello, London!"

"Hello, New York!" A faint froth of sound rolled over the captain's voice. "Just get in?"

"Yes. Can you hear me?"

"Not very well."

On a floor below, a technician, listening in at another switchboard, cleared the transmission. This time, the captain reported, the reception was perfect.

Storm said, "Is your night clear and starry?"

"No stars," the captain said. "But it's spring in England. That's a lot."

And then a night newspaper wanted a hotel in Bombay and Storm had to find the number and start it off. Two stop watches clocked the call. One timed the interruptions when the ether noises interfered. Absently Storm recorded the lost minutes on a yellow slip of paper.

No, you couldn't tell Johnny about the soft, musical English voice of Sidney Carr.

The strange part of that was that Johnny, at that minute, knew more about the voice in London than Storm herself.

In the Hibbs' penthouse at eleven o'clock Mr. Hibbs sat by an open fire in the living-room and but for his wheelchair he might have been any graying householder with a thin, distinguished face, finishing up an evening of leisure in a dressing-gown and slippers.

"I'M AFRAID, Johnny," he said, "I've been a little too persistent about your appetite but I'm glad you told me. How did you get wind of the captain in the first place?"

"Nights," Johnny said, prowling around with his hands in his pockets, "Storm rides down in the subway with a German-American operator—her name is Ulrich—and a couple of times I drove them downtown. I was trying to make a habit of it—" Johnny grimaced—"but it didn't work."

"And Miss Ulrich told you?"

"Nope. But one night a technician whom Miss Ulrich knew came out of the telephone building and I gave him a lift uptown. He got to talking about a night operator in London who seemed to have a flute in his throat and a set of silver tonsils. The rest of it—knocked me cold. After he mentioned Storm I kept trying to head him off—"

"But I can't see, Johnny," his father interrupted, "why it influenced your temperature in such a violent manner. Storm can't fall in love with a voice!"

"No," Johnny said grimly, "but Storm's lacquered that job up until I'm beginning to wonder if she's anything like her mother. What do you suppose Mrs. Kendall could do with a soapy voice blowing across the ocean under a bunch of stars? Anyhow, when Bill Hibbs went to Europe, he agreed to check the captain up."

BILL was Johnny's cousin. Mr. Hibbs looked uneasy. "Bill!" he said.

"Bill's all right. He's just crazy." Johnny groped in his pocket and brought out a crumpled letter. He read aloud:

"DEAR JOHNNY:

"The British government controls the London Telephone Exchange and hires war veterans for night work and the bird with the long-distance music in his throat is a Sidney Carr, forty-three years old, nephew of a shipbuilder who brought him up on a big estate in Scotland. Another nephew who had his eye on the estate made some trouble between them and the captain dug out. He's been stationed at one time and another in Egypt, India and Palestine where he was sent out to round up a man who shot him in the hip. After that he was lame and had to get out of the army.

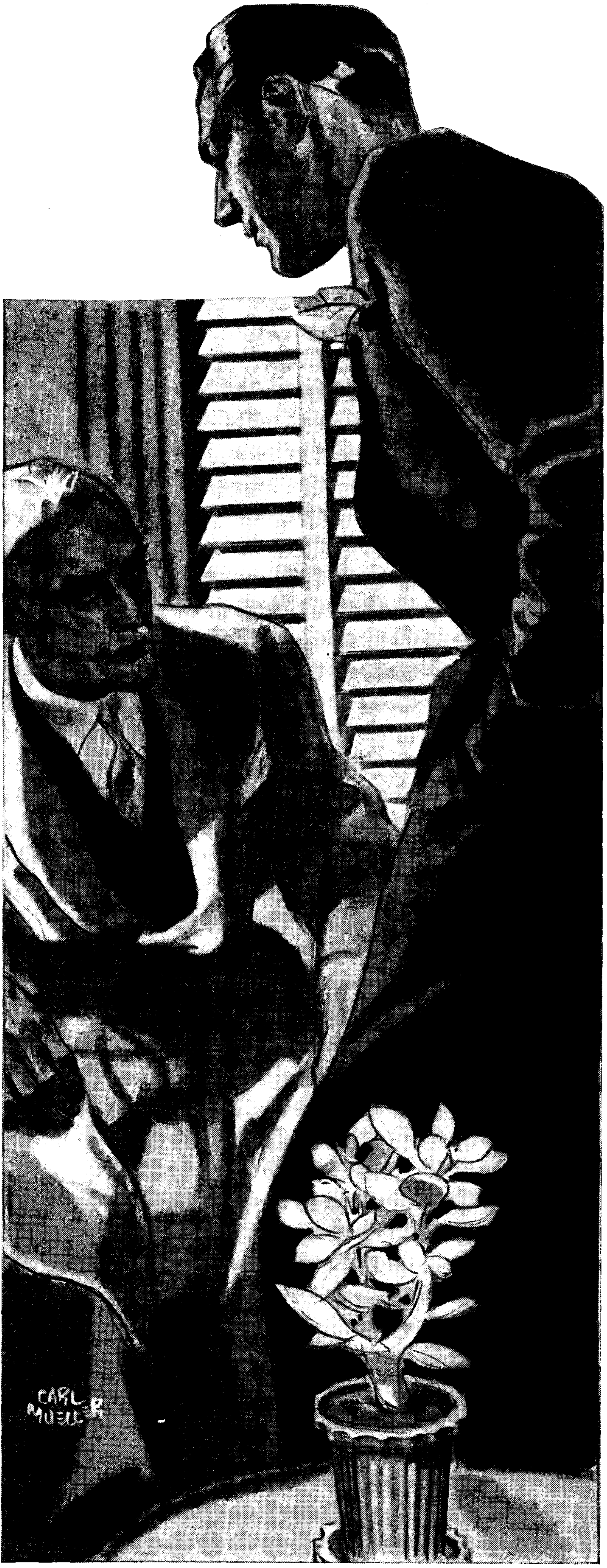
"I finally hung around the telephone exchange and had him pointed out to me. It was a damp day and I suspect his leg was bothering him. Anyhow, he looked tired and shabby and pretty seedy. Altogether I'd say he was about the least romantic object in London.

"BILL."

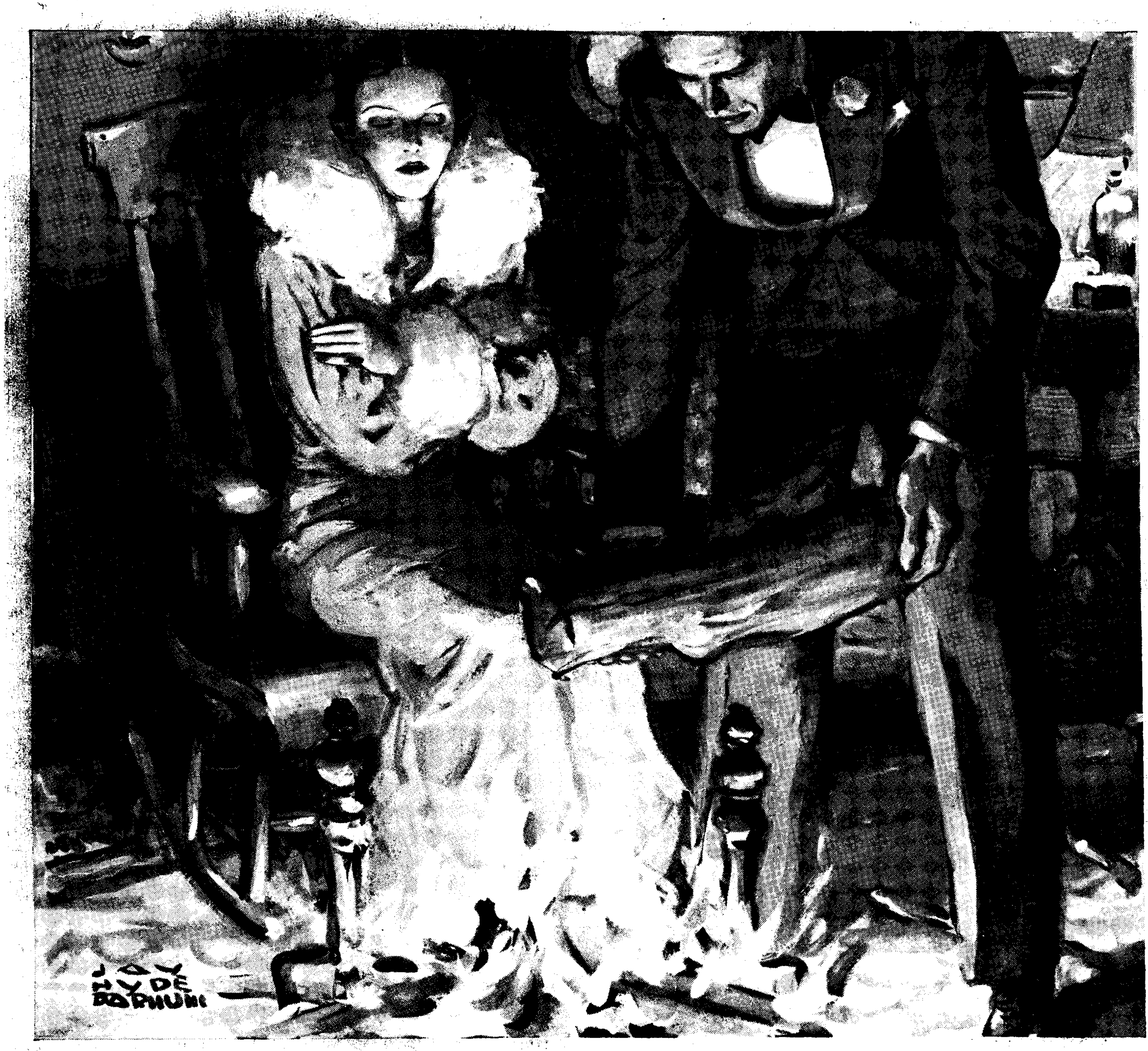
Mr. Hibbs relaxed.

"Forty-three!" Johnny said significantly. "Jake, would you be willing to

(Continued on page 51)



"Jake," Johnny asked, "would you risk a handful of dividends to help me?"



Tucky managed to get a fire started. "Now lend a hand," he told her lightly, "and we'll whip up some food"

Water over the Bridge

By James Aswell

Respectfully dedicated to all good troupers who weary of Broadway's glitter—the story of Tucky O'Dale and his Reno-bound wife

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

"ARE you going to scram out to Reno and get this over with?" asked Tucky O'Dale with his customary delicacy. "Or do we keep hashing it for another six months?"

Mrs. Tucky O'Dale—Evalaine—did not raise her eyes, there at a back table of the Scheherazade Club at 2:10 A. M. of an April morning, from her plate of Chicken Scheherazade. She had bright drugstore hair, but she had a firm small chin like a New England winter apple.

"I'm on my way, Mr. O'Dale. But what, exactly, is eating on you? I never thought a little success would make you a heel."

He looked up from the pile of morning papers through whose gossip columns he had been glancing in the hope of finding the name Tucky O'Dale. He was spare and tall; his eyes had the dry glitter, his cheeks the pallor, of show business.

"Me? A heel?" He leaned back, grinned and spread his hands fanwise in resignation on the table. "My dear girl, we're poles apart. What you said just goes to show we're poles apart. Why, a heel is exactly what I am not. I'm giving you every break. I'm splitting the chips with you without a squawk. Suppose you really had married a heel—there were plenty of them around, I remember."

"Then maybe I wouldn't have noticed the change so much." She proceeded carefully with her food.

Tucky reflected how tired he was. Tired of Broadway, of wisecracking and acting tough, of club owners in large furry coats reading racing charts; of Lindy's and Dave's Blue Room; of chorus girls and masters of ceremonies and bad grammar and ham comedians and gossip columns; of Evalaine, who had lived so long with him in this kind of world. . . . Well, he had been born on a farm! He had a farm and he could go back and live on it—right across the George Washington Bridge in Jersey. Fifty-five minutes from Times Square, if you drove fast late at night after the last show. He wasn't cut from the same die as the other masters of ceremonies, the Broadway boys, he knew.

He took a deep breath. He'd go out to the farm tonight.... It gave him a pleasant glow to think of the deed to the farm *all signed, sealed and delivered in* his safe-deposit box. And over there at a ringside table sat the girl from whom he had bought it, Julia McAllister, with a party of prominent people. It gave him a wallop to think of buying anything from Julia McAllister—knowing her, even. Boy, she was Society with a capital "S"; could you feature her selling anything to, sitting at a table even, with a plain garden variety of Broadway ham? But she could fathom why he, Tucky, was fed up, if Evalaine couldn't.

He brought his attention back to his wife.

"I suppose you'll be spreading it around that I ditched the loyal wife the minute I got into the big money."

Evalaine looked at Tucky now. Her face was at once hard and gentle and disturbed.

"You're not in the big money, Tucky. Don't let these yes-men and chiselers make you think you are."

"Well, eight hun—"

"Yes, I know. Eight hundred dollars a week and not a care in the world. But how do you figure it? Like this: three hundred a week from this dump that may fold in a month as soon as the Park Avenue high-hats find something new. And five hundred from radio—one week. *One* time on the air. And you have it all doped out at eight hundred a week forever. Tucky, you didn't used to be so dumb."

"You know as well as I do that my program has a new idea. This one time is an audition. I'll bet I can sell myself to any one of a dozen sponsors Tuesday morning."

"People have to see you, Tucky. You weren't meant for radio. Some people aren't, you know."

HE LAUGHED scornfully. "Don't worry. You'll find yourself outvoted on that. Listen, babe: you're Broadway, see? You're Orpheum time. You don't get me at all. But I'll fix you up on the alimony end. All I want is that farm and a place to breathe—away from all this brawling night after night."

"All right. I'm off to Reno. I'm going on the morning train."

He hadn't expected that. He had expected the quarrel—they had taken it up every night through habit like the newspaper serials people read in trains; but the divorce until now had been a jack-o'-lantern word with which they frightened one another. She had never said before: "tomorrow morning" or even "next week." It was an unfair advantage, he thought irrationally, for her to take of him; and then suddenly he knew that this was all different.

This was the McCoy. This was the breakup. Not like the night, and he remembered it with a hollow brightness, when they had quarreled so loudly and so long in the dressing-room of the theater in Trenton—they were Dennison and O'Dale, Comedy Moments, then—that their voices had echoed down a ventilator and boomed out upon the audience to the rowdy delight of the customers and the inchoate anger of the manager. Not like the night they had auditioned for the late Mr. Ziegfeld's last "Follies" and stood later on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, chorusing in whisper to a high window: "Please, God, let Ziggy like our act"—and when neither God nor Ziggy had obliged they had taken it out on each other for days of money-melting panic. . . .

They had always fought, tooth and nail; that was show business, nervous, a patter like rain on the roof of their careless devotion. But not any more. This was it: the smash. Tucky was glad of it too, guiltily glad. For he had outgrown Evalaine the last years. He was twenty-six and going to town fast. Evalaine would always be—Evalaine.

So he rose, grinning his prop grin that was full of boyhood and darkling wisdom. "Well—" He looked down upon her indulgently. "I've got a show to run."

The dance music had stopped and couples were meandering back to tables. Leo was aiming his white spot at the waxed oval of floor upon which Tucky would shortly announce Mario and Marianne, dance stylists.

"We're quitting pals, hey?" His tone was abstracted.

"Sure. Run along."

The muffled thud of a champagne cork filled the pause of chatter dying. Tucky now became quickly angry with Evalaine, wildly and indignantly angry, as he could never remember having been before. He felt that she was dismissing him—him, Tucky O'Dale—with a casual so-long. He must make her realize how wrong she was.

He leaned over, for he was tall and the space between the table narrow. His face was close to hers.

"You think it's a dame, don't you? I know exactly the way your thinker works. Well, you ought to know it's no dame."

"No." Evalaine was unperturbed. "I don't know what it is. You've been screwy for six weeks." She met his gaze, held it. "You're working too hard, for one thing. And you ought to have gone into the Eden Club when you had the chance. These smart joints are going to throw you. Furthermore, Tucky, if you run around to a lot of late spots tonight and then go out to that farm you'll have a cold and fresh-air poisoning on top of it."

He burned. He couldn't say, couldn't do a thing. The orchestra leader had gone through the first bars of the cue number twice and was transfixing Tucky with a look of puzzled inquiry across the twittering, expansive gloom.

Tucky galloped out on the floor, clucking and whistling in the way he had, to start the show.

WHEN they descended, laughing, in the jewel-box elevator to the green-plush foyer and Broadway it was raining hard. Four of them. Tucky and Julia and Mr. and Mrs. Tommy DeVoe. Tommy was the alabaster heir, a plump, ruddy, bouncing man of thirty and his wife had been one of the vague Miss Americas of ten years ago.

Broadway gleamed and steamed and was silent at half past three o'clock in the morning and ghostly taxis scurried for cover over streets like black cellophane. Tucky sneezed and turned up the collar of his enormous yellow-woolly coat.

"I'll let Tucky drop me home," Julia said. "He's got his car up the street."

Tommy DeVoe winked and giggled and Mrs. DeVoe blinked blue lids and danced forward with the odd shuffle women use to approach limousines in the rain. The big black car door swung open and the DeVoes were swallowed by a gust of rich champagne-and-orchids air. Then Tucky and Julia were outdistancing a panting, liveried umbrella-bearer toward a neon sign which said, "Parking, Garage, 75¢."

IN THE car, a bright yellow coupé he was buying on time, Tucky drove fast and debonairly toward the East Sixties.

At Fifty-seventh Street, Julia said:

"Do you know, Tucky, I've half a mind to go out to the farm with you. I'd like to see the old place one more time. It was in the family and I never got to know it very well, with Europe and the town place and all."

"Here we go!" he cried gayly and sped across the bridge

"Come along," said Tucky. But he was startled.

"It'll be quite proper, you know. Mr. and Mrs. Lunz are there all the time."

"Sure. Who cares whether it's proper or not? We understand each other."

Julia McAllister was twenty-one, a willowy brunette with a natural vitality she had almost succeeded in subduing. Languor was the correct pose that year. She wasn't bad—only weak and wild for lack of necessity for being otherwise. Her parents, divorced and currently overwhelmed in different parts of Europe with an obsessive pursuit of nothing at all, treated her like some stranger pensioned for reasons they could no longer recall. . . .

She sat straight in the car, staring at the windshield wipers carving geometry out of the rain. They skidded into the George Washington Bridge approach now.

"Whew," said Tucky softly. "I feel free tonight. Free. You know what that means? Girl, that's going to be a real farm of mine. And it's going to pay. No gentleman-farmer stuff for me like so many of these Broadway hams. No milk that costs as much to serve as champagne. I saw one place like that. But not my farm. No sir. I'm telling you."

"Have you lived much in the country, Tucky?"

"Sure," he lied. "I was born on a farm. I can smell the green leaves and the dew and things like that even now." He had a quick, disturbing vision of himself asking for his first job, at twelve, from the *manager of a road company touring* some forgotten melodrama—and getting it, under the advance man, plastering posters on all the back fences of Passaic, N. J., and Shreveport, La. "Those were the days. I never would have got into this cheap show-business racket. I never would have stayed there, I can tell you. The trouble is, I had a wife. And we were poles apart."

"Evalaine? Haven't you still got Evalaine?"

"This is confidential, but she leaves for Reno in the morning." The enormity of the simple statement silenced him until he had paid the half-dollar toll on the Jersey side and swung right toward the damp, dark highlands. Then he went on: "When I first met you, there with that party at the club, I never guessed you had a farm. But I might have known you were the kind of girl to have a farm."

"I never lived on it, Tucky. It's more fun to be in town and go to the Scheherazade at night."

"Just the same, you're the kind of girl to have one. *My* farm." His ecstasy mounted. "When I think about how I'll spend my time out on the farm, raising things for the market and reading good books, it makes me laugh at those poor guys who hang around cafés all night and sleep all day in hotel rooms. Why, all they read is the newspaper gossip columns. Can you imagine? They're petty, that's what they are, petty. . . . This country air smells good, doesn't it?"

Julia moved closer to him and sighed. "You're cute, Tucky. I think you're the cutest man I know. I hope you'll be happy on the place out here. I didn't charge you much for it, did I?"

"Much? Say, I stole that farm from you. You know, I can get the egg business at the club. There are half a dozen joints I know that will buy my eggs. I can sell thousands of eggs in New York. I thought of a little plan last night—stamp each egg with my name. It'll be good publicity and help sell the eggs. I'm going to bring my books out tomorrow."

"What do you like to read, Tucky?"

"Oh, I read everything I can get my hands on. Have you ever heard me read Robert W. Service? I'm going to work one of his serious poems into my radio broadcast. I know by heart everything he wrote."

"I'll bet they're a scream. I can picture you reading them, Tucky."

"A scream? Say, I've had people crying. What do you mean, a scream?"

She gave him a quick look, pursed her lips thoughtfully. "I bet they're swell, Tucky. That's what I meant."

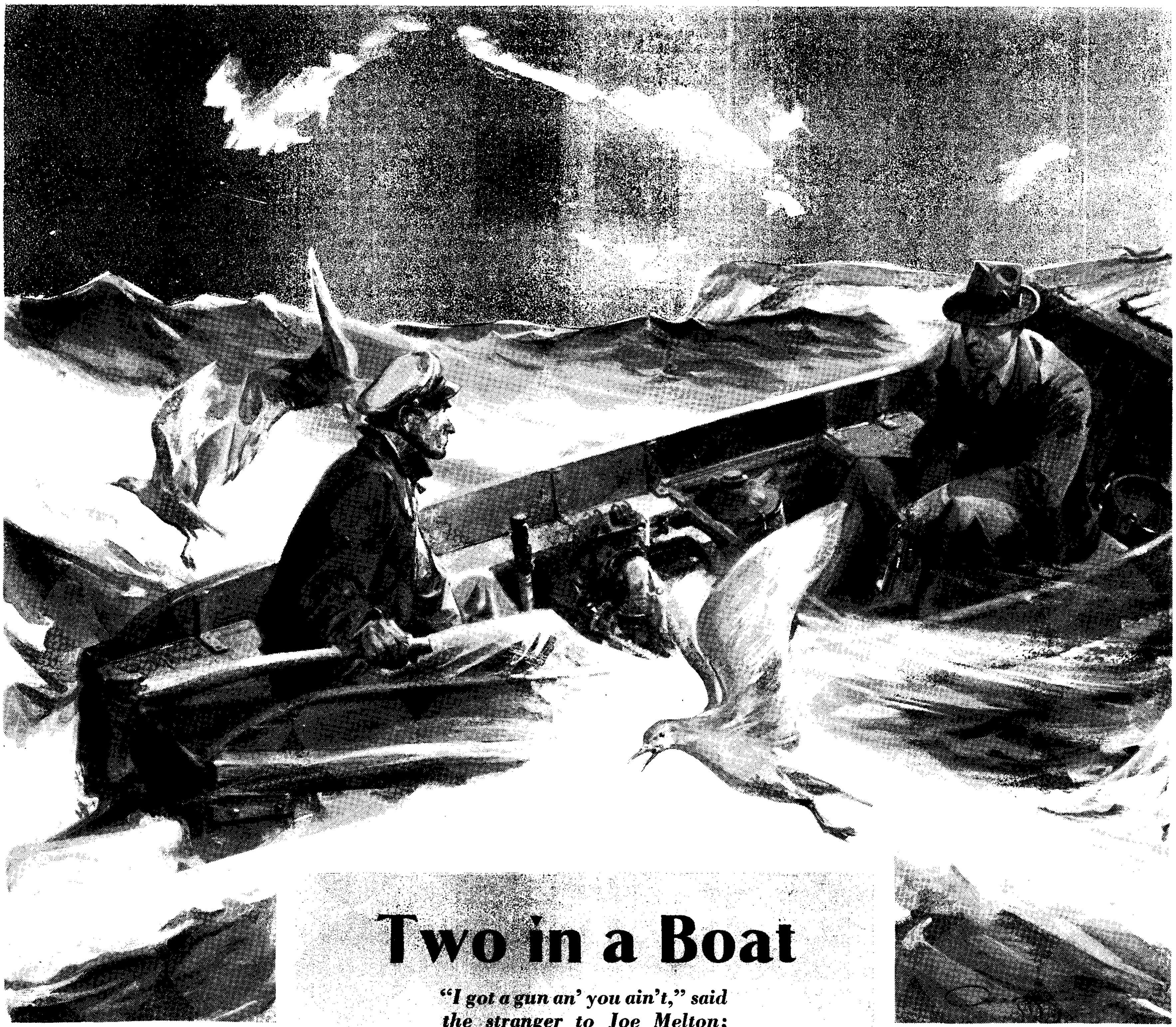
THERE was some difficulty finding the side road. The rain drove now in sheets, unremittingly. Julia didn't remember which turn to make off the macadam pike and they had to drive back five miles, straining their eyes. When at last they found the cluster of mailboxes where the dirt road branched off, they had to turn into a river, for the old road had no drainage. Once Tucky had a quick fright lest they dive under the water altogether when they sloshed through a small declivity and the flood came up over the running boards.

"I never saw it like this before," said Julia, with apprehension. "You think we can make it?"

"Sure. Leave it to your Uncle Tuck." He went into low and ground up a short, slippery hill. "Things like this happen in the country all the time."

But he wondered to himself if things like this really did happen in the country all the time. It would make it

(Continued on page 60)



Two in a Boat

"I got a gun an' you ain't," said the stranger to Joe Melton; "you're doin' like I tell you, for a while." And Joe did just what he was told, for a while

By Will F. Jenkins

"They got bloodhounds on my trail," said the man. "But they're no good. Just waste time"

ILLUSTRATED BY
NEIL O'KEEFE

THERE was a flyspecked poster on the post office booth in the small country store. It was a government "*Wanted*" poster, and under the "*$2000.00 Reward*" line there were two very inartistic photographs, showing a man in two poses. Fingerprint impressions followed, and—

"Alvin Larkin, wanted for post office robbery, robbery of national banks, and various murders. He is believed to have killed at least four men before shooting 'Dutch' (Jules) Hines. . . ."

JOE MELTON heard somebody at the boat.

It was early gray dawn. The grass underfoot glittered palely. The needles of the spindling, still bushlike young pines wiped long streaks of dew across his shoulders as he pushed through the path. The sky was still so dark as almost to be purple, but there was a vague grayness through the brush to eastward, and to Joe Melton the day had already begun.

But there was somebody at the boat.

He heard clankings, dull and muffled. The wash, of course, of waves upon the beach. The softer gurglings of the small dawn-swells inside the tiny creek. Somewhere a querulous chirping of birds, still chilled by the night. But he paid no attention to them. There was a soft hissing noise. A sucking sound. A man's grunt, then whispered blasphemy. More clankings. The queer hollow sound of a foot striking the floor boards just forward of the engine.

Joe Melton moved forward, and his face was smeared by the sticky wetness of a dew-studded spider web. He wiped it off with his left hand as he came out of the thicket and stared angrily through the gray light at his boat below.

"What you doin' there?" he demanded.

He saw a dark figure straighten up with something like a gasp. There was a dull gray glitter. Then the figure growled:

"Is this your boat?"

JOE MELTON swung down the clayey hollowed place that was the equivalent of a path. He went stamping out on the one-plank wharf, to the end of which his boat was tied. He was scowling. He strained his eyes to see the man who tampered with the powerboat which was his livelihood. The man faced him, now stooping a little. Joe Melton saw a curious white speck in the blur which was the other man's face, and knew that it was teeth showing in something like a snarl. The other man was dressed in city clothes which even in the dawn-light looked rumpled and stained.

There was a queer pause. A couple of crabs in the boat made a rustling noise. They had been disturbed by the movements of this interloper. Now they moved slowly, their pincer-claws raised threateningly. Their legs clicked, and they bubbled. A tiny swell slapped against the side of the boat. The bow grated against the landing.

But Joe Melton did not hear these sounds. He looked at the glittering thing the stranger held ominously pointed at his stomach.

The silence held. Then the stranger said:

"How you get this engine goin'?"

Joe Melton's eyes clung to the revolver

pointed at his middle. He said harshly: "You one of the gang that held up the Courthouse bank yesterday. You' that Larkin fella, ain't you?"

Eyes glittered. "It's none o' your damn business who I am! Get in here!"

Joe Melton hesitated a long instant.

"I bumped off one guy in that bank yesterday," said the stranger in a tone which was expressionless, and thereby much more daunting. "I ain't stoppin' at one more. Get in here!"

Joe Melton moved slowly. He pulled the boat closer to the landing. He stepped down into the stern. The boat keeled over. The revolver in the stranger's hand did not waver.

"Now get that engine goin'," he commanded savagely. "Get it goin' before I let y'guts out!"

JOE MELTON moved toward the engine, his eyes upon the other man. It was very quiet. Somewhere, a long way off, there was the grinding roar of an ancient car lurching along a dirt road. Joe Melton fumbled with the cover of a toolbox beside the engine. He extracted an oilcan. He shook it. It gurgled satisfactorily. He opened a priming cock on top of the cylinder. In all this, his movements were slow and reluctant. He watched the stranger steadily.

Then, suddenly, his movements took on purpose. He no longer watched his captor. He heaved at the flywheel. The engine made a gasping noise. He squirted more gasoline into the priming cup. He teetered the flywheel back and forth. There was a curt but musical, *"Bee-e-e-ep . . . Bee-e-e-e-ep."* He stopped.

"Better cast off the line," said Joe Melton.

The other man half turned, then turned back. He got out a pocketknife and opened it with his teeth, one hand still holding his revolver. He reached behind him and cut the rope. The grinding roar of the ancient car seemed somehow nearer. The stranger cursed it passionlessly, but the low banks and the spindling trees echoed back his words.

"That's the mail carrier," said Joe Melton. "He ain't thinkin' about you. Where y'want me to take you?"

"Get goin'," said the stranger harshly. "Move!"

Joe Melton heaved again upon the flywheel. There was another muted *"Bee-e-ep!"* He heaved back, and the motor banged thunderously, coughed, banged again, and suddenly began to run more or less steadily. It made a racket which filled the shores of the creek with resonant echoings. A violent splashing set up astern. The boat moved.

Joe Melton took the tiller. He swung clear of the small landing, curved again, and headed for the mouth of the creek. He followed the invisible channel in all its windings and went out between the five-foot cliffs which formed the twin banks of the creek.

It was still early. The sun was yet unrisen. But beyond the creek the sky seemed brighter. The water was oily for a little distance beyond the shore and reflected every particle of light from the eastern sky. A mingling of dull red and golden light welled up above the horizon, and it seemed incredible that so highly colored a source of light should fill the world only with pale gray. The powerboat ran smoothly if vociferously. Bow-waves spread out on either side. The wheel at the stern churned up an impressive froth. The engine banged in staccato fashion. But here in open water it seemed less deafening.

"You killed a fella at the bank," he observed presently.

The eyes of the other man jerked to him. Red-rimmed eyes, they were. Hard eyes. Hunted eyes.

"Talk louder!" he rasped through the motor's din.

"You shot a fella at the bank," said Joe Melton again. "Y'know who it was?"

The hard eyes searched his face detachedly.

"You heard about it, huh? Friend o' yours?"

"Hell, no!" said Joe Melton. "I knew him when I saw him. That's all."

The man up forward said without intonation:

"What kinda tricks are they pullin', tryin' to get me?"

He moved his revolver as a reminder. Joe Melton said slowly:

"They got two of y'friends. Shot one dead. Plugged the other one too, an' rushed him up to Richmond to hospital. He said you did the shootin' an' named you as Larkin. They were sendin' for bloodhounds las' night. I was down at the store an' heard the news. We'd ha' been huntin' you down our way but it's twelve miles from the courthouse. Nobody thought you'd get that far."

THE other man said emotionlessly: "Bloodhounds are no good. I stopped a guy in a car. So my trail is lost till they find that car—and the guy in it."

Joe Melton looked at him oddly. Then he bent over and made some minor adjustment to the carburetor. The poppings of the engine remained staccato, but their timbre changed subtly. The powerboat reached the edge of the smooth water, now, and quite abruptly there were waves and a wind blowing. The boat lifted and heaved in a distinctly choppy swell. This was shoal water, the York Spit Shoal, which goes out into the Bay for miles. The swells slapped and pounded against the boat. Now and again some spray splashed inboard. The crabs in the bottom were flung about. One of them slid near Joe Melton's boot. It threatened him with its pincer-claws and retreated to a crevice next to a five-gallon oilcan.

"Y'think you're goin' to get away?" asked Joe Melton with a fine show of interest. "Where y'want me to take you?"

The stranger inspected him, his hard eyes quite devoid of any expression suggesting that he was a human being.

"Where'd I have a good chance of gettin' away?"

Joe Melton debated.

"As long as you' where there ain't many people," he observed, "folks are goin' to notice you sharp. You want to get in a crowd. Yorktown'd be a good place. Lots of tourists there. Y'might thumb a ride out."

"Where's that from here?"

Joe Melton pointed. They were on York Spit Shoal, but the York River flowed into the Bay perhaps five miles back, and there was a thin dark line to southward which was the shore of the mainland. Far away, where the river flowed down, the even darkness of foliage-covered shore was broken by angular small irregularities. Houses.

"That's it."

He swung the tiller in his hand. The powerboat curved toward the dimly-seen and distant settlement. It went swashing past the barked poles of a fishpound, no more than thirty yards away. A fish hawk, on one of the corner poles of the pocket, slid off and flapped unhurriedly away. The east was growing brighter, now. Sudden, crimson light smote upon the climbing speck which was the bird. It smote, too, upon the face of the man in the bow. And that pallidly untanned face was deadly. The revolver glittered.

"I know you hicks," said the stranger tonelessly. "Wantin' to take me where there's a lot o' cops. Turn the boat around!"

Joe Melton wrinkled his forehead. But he turned the boat around.

The boat wallowed and splashed. Wind fluttered about it. The waves rolled heavily across the miles-wide shoal. The engine bang-banged steadily.

"You' killed a lot of men, ain't you?" said Joe Melton presently. "I read a reward notice about you."

The hard eyes watched him. The inhuman voice said:

"Well? An' if I have?"

"I'm thinkin' about me," said Joe Melton.

"You drive this boat," said the man at the bow, with no trace of human intonation. "I' got a gun, an' you ain't. You're doin' like I tell you, for a while."

Joe Melton drove the boat. The sun was a dull-red disk. It was a bright orange disk. It was a globe of yellow flame which oozed up from beyond the world's edge. It was, suddenly, a low-lying fiery ball which was responsible for the day. The sea lightened. The sky grew bright. Morning had come. The boat bang-banged and splashed, and wallowed and rolled.

"You," said the man in the bow after a long time. His tone remained indifferent; detached; unhuman. "How much gas you got in this boat?"

Joe Melton told him how much. "An' maybe a gallon in that five-gallon can," he added, pointing. "That's what I bring gas to the boat in."

"They got bloodhounds on my trail," said the unhuman voice. "But they're no good. Just waste time. How far'll that much gas drive this boat?"

"Depends on the tide," said Joe Melton. "Quite a ways."

SILENCE. He watched, ahead. His look was speculative, as if he estimated something. The boat plowed the water. A keen eye could tell just the extent of the shoal water by the way the waves rolled higher and sharper above it. A mile of shoal water yet. Plenty for this boat, of course. Half a mile away, and to shoreward, the thin, indistinct lines of a fishpound's poles, sticking up above the water. They looked like etched lines upon an azure background.

"Enough gas to get to Hampton?" asked the other man without any effect of curiosity. "I could get a car there."

"It's a long run," said Joe Melton. "I reckon I can make it, though. That where y'want to go?"

He looked interestedly at his captor. He stretched out his legs. His booted heel rested against a bit of rubber hose. The top of it stretched over a pipe from the engine. It was the intake hose for the water that cooled the engine. The hose's bottom vanished beneath the floor boards.

Joe Melton pressed against that hose. It dented. As the pressure grew greater, the dent became a kink. Then, slowly, the hose tore loose from below. There was a momentary glitter as of a water jet. Then Joe Melton's foot drew back. The hose straightened, partially. But water was not running to the engine.

The motor ran on, its staccato banging smooth and continuous and, to the unaccustomed ear, nerve-racking.

THE beady eyes fixed meditatively upon Joe Melton. The sky was very blue. There were small cotton-wool clouds floating in the morning sky. A sea gull dived into the water a hundred yards to westward and came out with a squirming small fish. A fishpound's stakes showed stark and angular a quarter-mile away, diminishing with mathematical exactitude as they went shoreward.

"It seems t' me," said the man in the bow, with absolutely no expression in his voice, "like that engine's set to run all day."

"Y'can't tell," said Joe Melton. "Boat engines ain't like car engines."

He fumbled in his pocket and brought out his pipe. He struck a match, shielding the flame from the wind. Great clouds of smoke issued from his lips and were torn away by the wind. His eyes watched the fishpound estimatingly. Gulls squawked overhead. Waves washed and splashed against the powerboat's bow. Far, far away, beyond Yorktown, a plane droned low down against the horizon. It was a bare speck.

"It ain't dependable, huh?" said the man in the bow.

"If y'know how to handle it, it's all right," said Joe Melton. "But sometimes a strainer gets fouled. Seaweed, maybe, or even only a stingin' nettle. An' it's a make-an'-break spark, not a jump-spark. It acts up sometimes. Then y'have to know it."

The beady eyes were emotionless.

"Y'workin' hard to tell me that if anything happens t' you I might not be able to keep this boat goin'. Huh?"

There was a bare hint of derision, of a ghastly, unhuman amusement in the tone, but the eyes remained unchanged.

"Yeah," said Joe Melton. "I don't care any about gettin' shot."

The sound of the engine changed a bare trifle. There was a squeak, which ceased. A long streak of oily black water sloshed above the floor boards. It ran three-quarters of the length of the open cockpit before it subsided. The engine squeaked again. Its bangings subtly altered their sound from clean, sharp explosions to noises which were more nearly booms. It picked up speed.

"I kinda think, guy," said the unhuman voice, "that you're kiddin' me. An' I'm gettin' tired of keepin' this gat on

(Continued on page 32)

SUEZ CANAL
ALTAR
ADEN

Britain Lays It on the Line

KEYSTONE PHOTO

By T. R. Ybarra

In time of peace England's navy is elusive and inconspicuous. But let the clouds of war appear, and at once the gray monsters of the British fleet glide out of the mist, bristling with guns. Mr. Ybarra takes you along the life line of the empire to see Britannia up to her old trick—ruling the waves

EGYPT'S flag snaps at the stern of King Fuad's royal yacht; Egypt's touch is in his summer palace beside Alexandria's harbor; Egypt's sun flashes over that harbor's blue waters; Egypt's mark is on the faces of boatmen and stevedores and loafers, and in their long, loose garments and in their red fezzes and white turbans.

Yet Egypt is in eclipse. It has been thrust back into the dead days of its dead monarchs and dead glory by something else that lords it just now over Alexandria.

That something is emphatically occidental. It manifests itself in the shape of big gray warships, rimmed with the cruel mouths of gray cannon, straining—scornful of all the bright color around them—against gray anchor chains, in gray expectancy. Across their decks stride men in British uniform, with British features and British tricks of movement. Above them, undulating lazily in the sparkling Egyptian sunshine, floats the banner of Britain.

Egypt fades. Alexandria, city of dreams, haunted by the ghosts of enchanting Cleopatra and enchanted Antony, vanishes. They give way to Alexandria, strategic station on the famous "life line," with which Britain ties to the western citadel of her power the rich lands of her vast eastern domain; to Alexandria, where—ever since Benito Mussolini daringly unfurled the banner of imperial Italian ambitions—one may visualize, better than anywhere else, the deadly vigilance with which Britain guards that life line.

With a pitch and roll that make me regret the hearty breakfast of an hour earlier, the motor launch, just hired by me at the waterfront—complete, with Arab skipper in full panoply of white nightgown and red fez—chugs in and out among those British sea monsters.

Britain's Answer to Mussolini

Here, on the right, is the Queen Elizabeth, massive and menacing, in somber war paint; there, on the left, the Ramillies, the gray of her bow and stern grim enough, but not so grim as her blackness amidships. A bit farther along is the Revenge, wickedly efficient; and, just beyond, the Valiant, flashing mysterious signals to other monsters, from which equally mysterious answers come winking back.

Every one of those four is a crack British battleship, armed with guns which, unaided, could sow smoking desolation roundabout. Yet they are only a small part of the naval array—the greatest concentration of sea power since the battle of Jutland—which Britain has massed in the Mediterranean in reply to Mussolini's challenge.

Over there is the London, a rakish cruiser bristling with armament, and the Australia, flying the flag of the far-away British outpost of empire whose name she bears; and the Sussex, lined with drilling bluejackets; and the Shropshire, with boat crews maneuvering around her; and the Exeter, long of line and low of hull, dropping anchor after a cruise—for Britain, well versed in all the tricks of warfare on the water, keeps shifting the position of the units of her watchful fleet, lest Mussolini learn too much about them.

Swaying at anchor, in clusters of two and three, are a dozen destroyers. Near by is a trio of mine sweepers. A little farther away is a craft so strange in build as to seem scarcely seaworthy, with a stern abruptly squared off as if with a saw, and, along her rail, a lot of quite innocent-looking barrels. Probably filled with ale, I surmise, for the delectation of the crew.

"What are those?" I ask.

"Mines!" replies the skipper in the red fez. "That boat English mine-layer. If this boat strike barrel—poooofffff!!!" His fingers open in eloquent gesture, trying to portray the flight of a million fragments toward destinations a million miles away. He twirls his wheel, giving the mine layer a wider berth.

Home Berth for the Flying Force

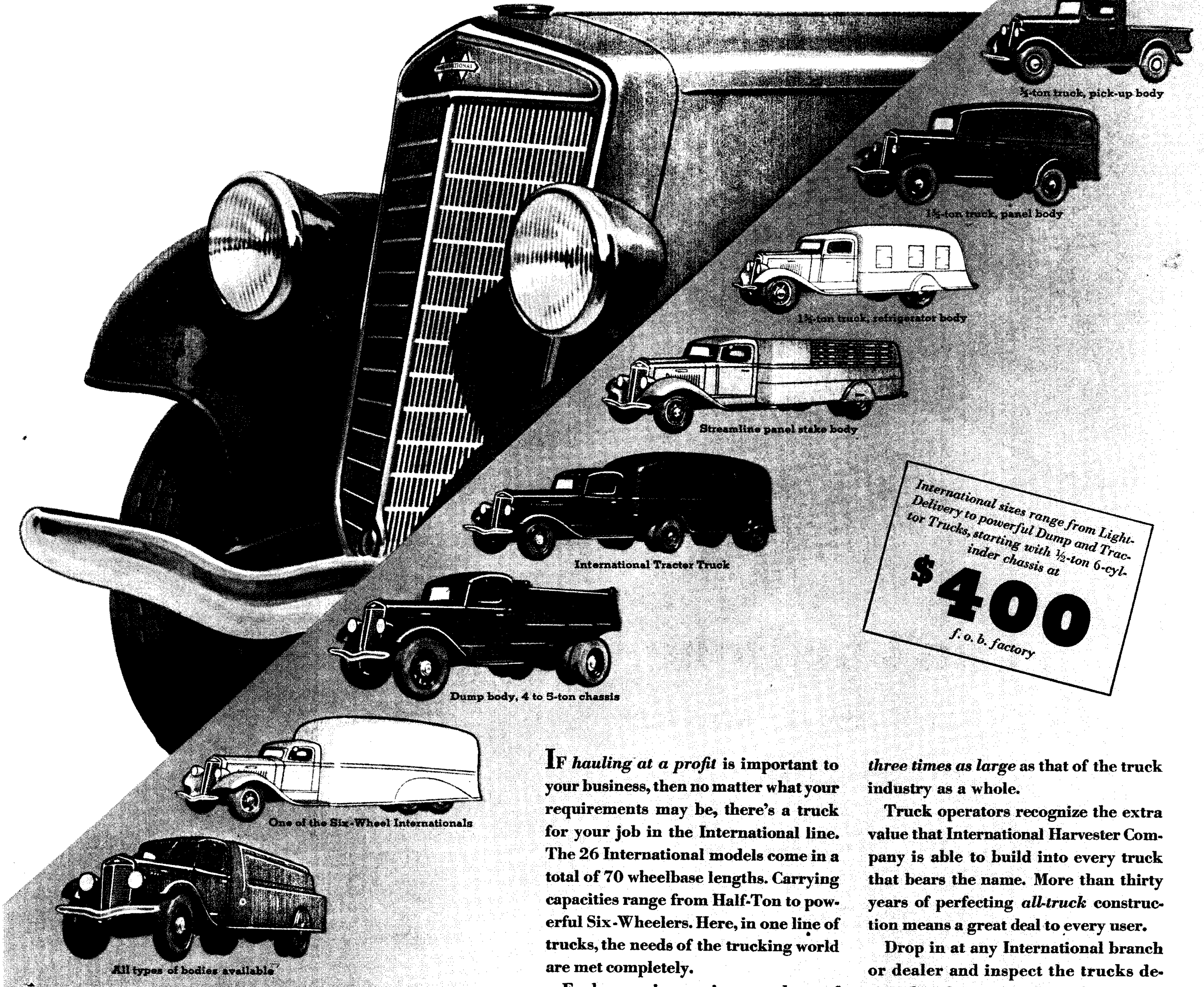
Another pitch and roll bring us alongside the strangest monster of all, the huge aircraft-carrier Glorious. Above her frame stretches a great roof of steel on the flat surface of which nestle a dozen hydroplanes, like fledglings with a mother bird.

And, beyond—more cruisers and more destroyers; and oilers pumping oil into warships just back from a cruise, or starting out on one; and a hospital ship; and nondescript boats darting this way and that; and aircraft alighting on the water or zooming overhead; and trim motor launches, bearing officers in blue swallow-tails and gold lace, on visits to other officers, politely waiting beside gangplanks slung out in readiness for the approaching guests.

"Britain," I calculate, "must have thirty-five craft of all sorts massed here, in the small space between the breakwater and King Fuad's palace." I take another look. "No, forty! No, there must be fifty!"

(Continued on page 56)

Your Search For The RIGHT Truck *Ends Here*


½-ton truck, pick-up body

1½-ton truck, panel body

1½-ton truck, refrigerator body

Streamline panel stake body

International Tractor Truck

Dump body, 4 to 5-ton chassis

One of the Six-Wheel Internationals

All types of bodies available

International sizes range from Light-Delivery to powerful Dump and Tractor Trucks, starting with ½-ton 6-cylinder chassis at

$400

f. o. b. factory

INTERNATIONAL

IF *hauling at a profit* is important to your business, then no matter what your requirements may be, there's a truck for your job in the International line. The 26 International models come in a total of 70 wheelbase lengths. Carrying capacities range from Half-Ton to powerful Six-Wheelers. Here, in one line of trucks, the needs of the trucking world are met completely.

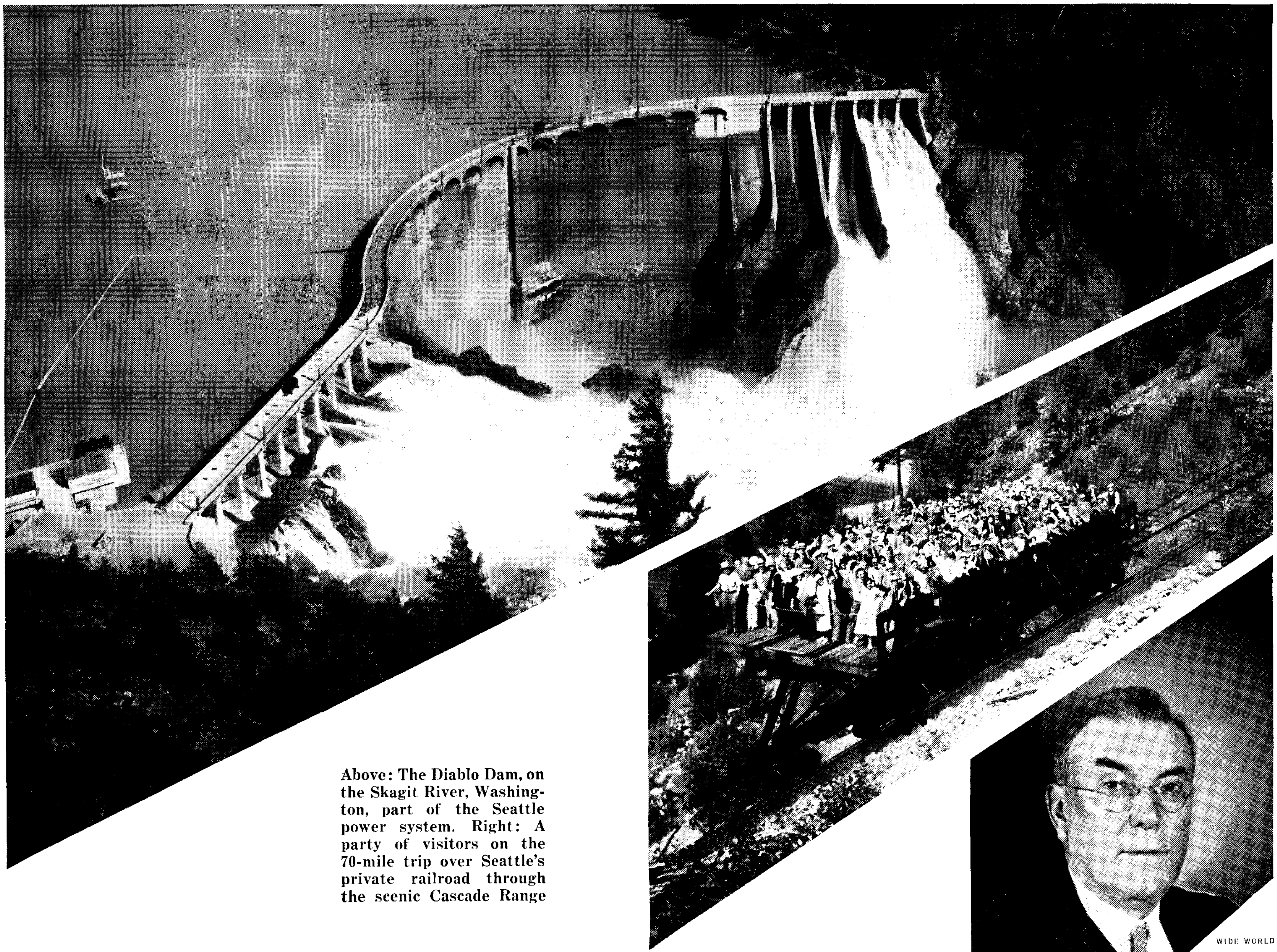
Each year increasing numbers of truck operators realize that this complete line holds the best solution to their hauling problems. International's new-truck registrations for the year 1935 over 1934 showed a gain *nearly three times as large* as that of the truck industry as a whole.

Truck operators recognize the extra value that International Harvester Company is able to build into every truck that bears the name. More than thirty years of perfecting *all-truck* construction means a great deal to every user.

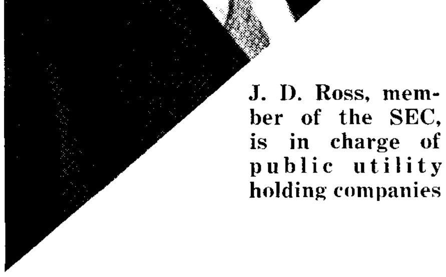
Drop in at any International branch or dealer and inspect the trucks designed to do your work. A demonstration will point the way to new profit in your business.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
606 South Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Above: The Diablo Dam, on the Skagit River, Washington, part of the Seattle power system. Right: A party of visitors on the 70-mile trip over Seattle's private railroad through the scenic Cascade Range



J. D. Ross, member of the SEC, is in charge of public utility holding companies

It Can't be Done, Can't It?

By Jim Marshall

ALMOST anywhere in the Pacific Northwest, if you mention "J. D." they know whom you mean. You're talking about a wiry Scots-Canadian-American who, at the moment, is sitting between the big batteries of the Roosevelt Administration on one side, and those of public utility holding companies on the other.

If the Administration finally wins its battle to abolish holding companies "J. D." will proceed to do a quick demolition, followed, he hopes, by the creation of a new superpower web covering the country and—a bit ironically—probably bigger profits for operating power companies and cheaper electricity for a lot of people. But how he expects that to happen comes later.

But, if the power holding companies win, then "J. D." will be very happy to get back to his old home town of Seattle and see what can be done about putting up a new dam or two, and nicking the power rates for another half cent. Those two things have been among his diversions for years—thirty-two years, to be exact.

That's the prescription for throwing J. D. Ross into high gear. Someone told him you couldn't grow palm trees along the Canadian border. There's a tropical jungle on his estate there now. This is the man who has been chosen to struggle with the problem of the utilities companies

His full name is James Delmage Ross. Officially, he's a member of the Securities & Exchange Commission in charge of holding companies. He went to Washington, D. C., originally, as a sort of advisor to Morris L. Cooke, recently resigned head of the Rural Electrification Administration. Cooke quit in December, in disgust, but before that Ross had been appointed to the SEC. He'd still like to string power lines to six million farmers—which was the REA's original purpose—and he knows how to do it, too.

But back in Seattle, they're holding his old job open for him. Out there, he's Number One Man of the city's power system with the title of Superintendent of City Light. Public ownership of power is a sort of religion among Seattle's Scandinavians and Scots-Canadians, and Ross is its prophet. Why not? He gives the town power for next to nothing, has the best-lighted city in America and boasts Seattle has more electric ranges than any town on earth.

Since several million Americans are investors in power companies, and since many other millions depend on these companies for light and power, it may be profitable to have a look at Ross and see what makes him tick. One way or another, Congress and the Administration seem hell-bent to do something about power concerns, and Mr. Roosevelt thinks Ross is the man to do it.

Right away, it may as well be understood that Ross believes in the production of power for service first and profit afterward. But he's not fanatical about it. He doesn't believe, for example, that cities, states or the federal government should go around building unnecessary dams or constructing duplicating distribution systems just because they're mad at the "power trust." There is no profit for anyone in that sort of thing. Ross found that out, right at home.

For the past year or so, in fact, Ross has been storming up and down the Pacific Northwest with charts and figures proving that Mr. Roosevelt's famous "power yardstick" is, in reality, about six inches long. It seems to be Mr. Roosevelt's idea that, if you made a lot of power somewhere, rates would come down right away. This idea, Ross said bluntly, was a lot of boloney. Power production is only about one-sixth of the cost of electricity; it's the distribution that costs money.

Furthermore, said Ross, almost any private or public utility could spin out power more cheaply than Bonneville or Grand Coulee or Boulder or any federal wheels down below chunks of federal concrete so large they make the Pyramids look like golf tees. For years, he pointed out, seasonal power had been offered anywhere on the Seattle waterfront for one mill a kilowatt-hour—not one cent, one mill—and he would like to

(Continued on page 36)

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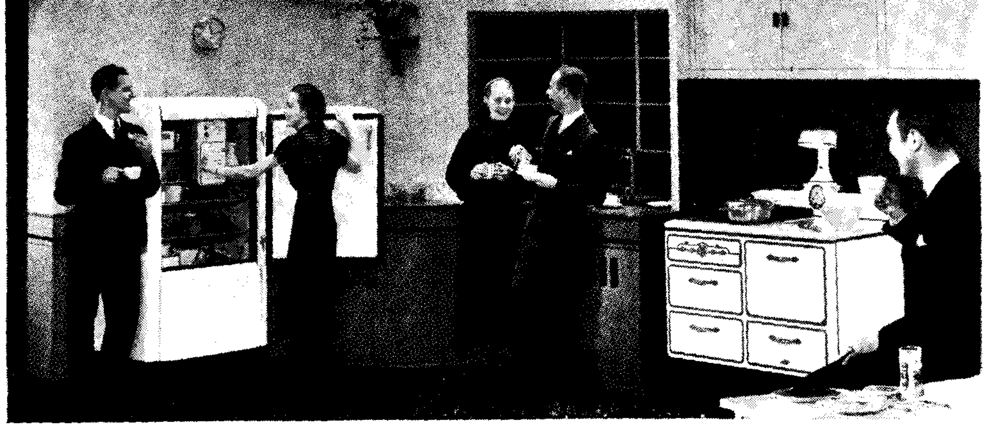
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORGE MATCHED UNIT KITCHEN



Rollator Refrigerator and Concentrator Gas Range can be bought in Combination

for as little as 19¢ a day

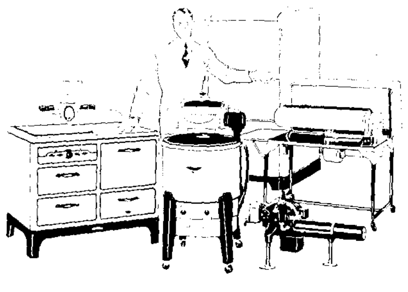
UNDER the rich beauty of Norge Matched Kitchen Units is the soundest quality—quality in terms of time-saving convenience, money-making economy, extra years of dependable service.

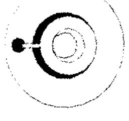
Rollator Refrigeration saves, not only because of its operating economy, but also because its flexible interior arrangement permits storing safely larger quantities of perishable foods bought at "sale" prices. Norge owners report Rollator Refrigeration savings as high as $11 a month. Compare that with the low monthly payments and you readily see how quickly a Rollator Refrigerator pays for itself.

Matching the Norge Refrigerator in beauty, efficiency, convenience and long life, the Norge Concentrator Gas Range sets a new high standard in cooking equipment. The Concentrator Burner, exclusively Norge, is unexcelled in efficiency. Actually two burners in one, it provides quick heat when needed or can be turned down to *less* than a simmering flame. And it uses less gas than the ordinary type of burner. This amazing burner is but one of many exclusive quality features in the Norge range.

Visit the Norge dealer near you. See these beautiful Matched Kitchen Units—in white or in a selection of colors. Learn how small a down payment will place both in your home.

NORGE DIVISION Borg-Warner Corporation, 606-670 E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich. *In Canada:* Canadian Radio Corporation, 622 Fleet St., W., Toronto, Ontario





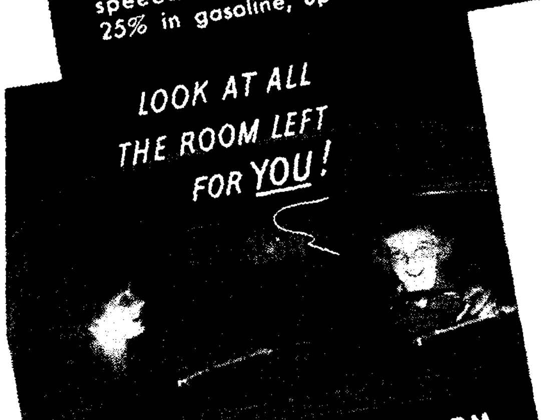
THE ROLLATOR COMPRESSOR
... Smooth, easy, rolling power. Result—more cold for the current used, and a mechanism which is almost everlasting. Only Norge has the Rollator.

NORGE
Rollator refrigeration
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DOMESTIC and COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • GAS and ELECTRIC RANGES • WASHERS and IRONERS • WHIRLATOR OIL BURNERS • FINE-AIR FURNACES • AIR CONDITIONING • CIRCULATOR ROOM HEATERS

. . . To thousands of are *TIRED OF SMALL*

GAS-SAVING CRUISING GEAR available at slight extra cost. Reduces engine revolutions ⅓ at high speeds. Additional savings up to 25% in gasoline, up to 50% in oil!



WIDER SEATS, MORE HEADROOM than in high priced cars. Why put up with the limited room in small cars when this really big, luxurious Nash "400" costs so little more to own!

LOWER . . . AND WIDER between the rear wheels than other low-priced cars! Bigger, double-acting super-hydraulic brakes . . . and the world's first complete seamless ALL-steel body!

A 6-FOOT DOUBLE BED . . . right inside any Nash "400" sedan! Easily arranged in less than 10 minutes. No mattress required. Saves time. Cuts travel costs! Great idea for camping trips.

This luxurious, big Nash "400" costs little more to own . . . and an amazing new kind of motor makes it cost *even less to run* . . . than many of the smallest, cheapest cars on the market today!

● If you're tired of putting up with the limitations of a small car. . . . If you feel the urge for a longer car, for more room, for more luxury, for more power, for greater safety. . . . And yet, you've got to keep an eye on cost. . . . Then here, at last, is the car that you and thousands of other Americans have been waiting for!

We say that any man or woman who can afford any new car can afford this luxurious, big Nash "400". And that's more than just an idle claim.

Other so-called "big economy cars" are neither as large and roomy as the Nash "400" . . . nor are they powered by this new kind of motor. And the amazing economy of this remarkable new engine is the real reason why former small-car owners can AFFORD to change to this bigger, more luxurious car!

The sensational new motor in the Nash "400" is based on a new engineering discovery. It's so simplified in design that more than 500 parts have been eliminated! All manifolds are cast inside the block! Thus it's so economical to operate that it actually uses less gas and oil than many of the very smallest and cheapest cars on the market today!

Add the extra economy of Nash Automatic Cruising Gear to this already economical motor and your gas and oil mileage will be even more sensational!

Drop into the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom and see for yourself that the Nash "400" has much wider seats and more headroom and legroom than in cars costing 3 times as much! See that it has all of the vital, long-life engineering features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars and save for their higher-priced cars!

A SUPER-SAFETY-CAR

See, too, that it's the hardest car in the world to tip over, to side-slip or skid . . . because it's lower, and wider between the rear wheels than other low-priced cars! And that it has larger double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to weight than on any car at any price! Plus the added protection of the world's first completely seamless, one-piece all-steel body with steel top, steel sides, steel floor and girder-steel frame!

When you see all of the amazing extra value that Nash has built into this new "400" . . . then you'll realize that there's no longer any reason why you should put up with the limitations of a small car . . . when this really big, really luxurious car costs so little to own. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

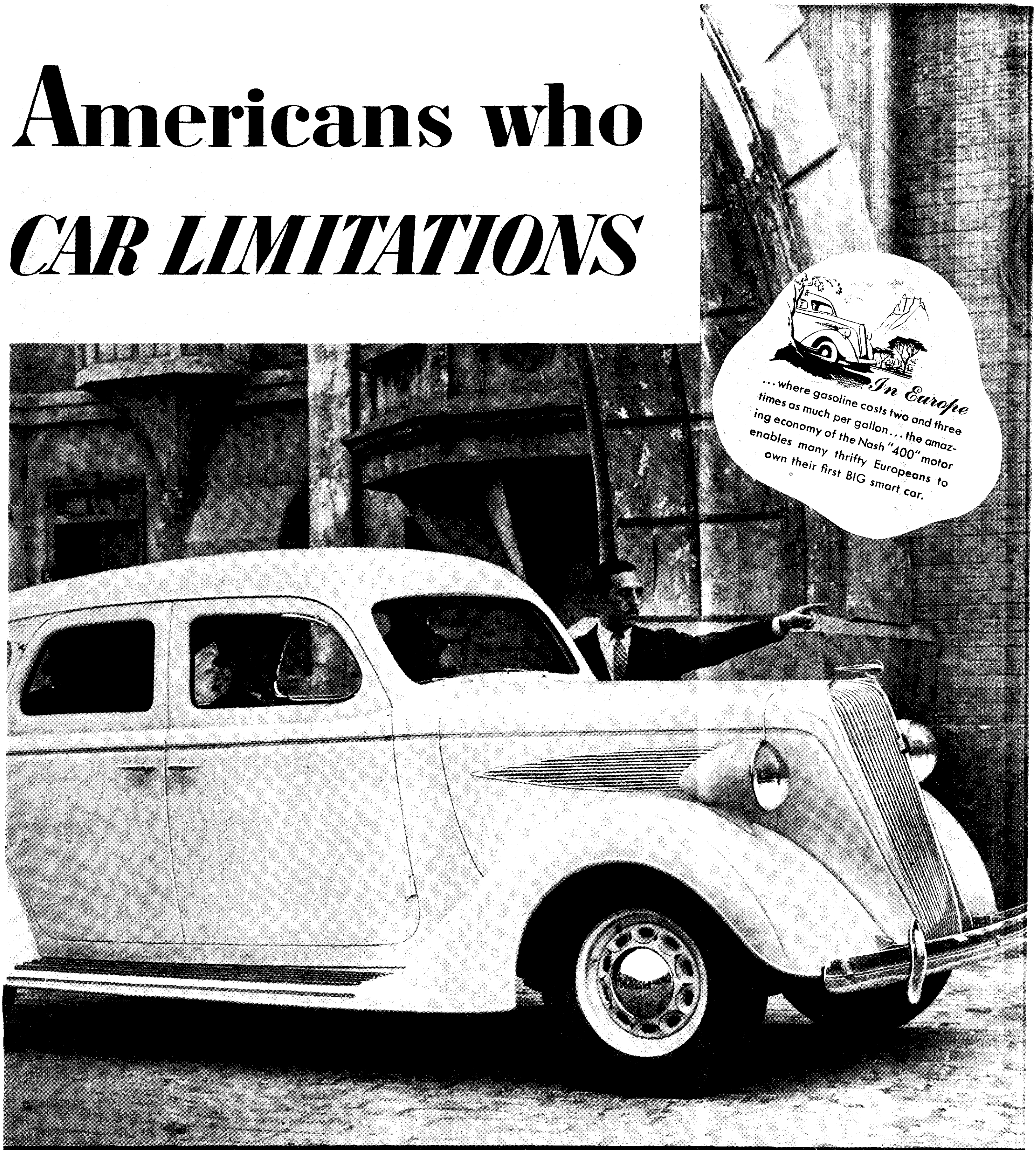
$665 and up. DeLuxe models $10 to $25 higher. Big, luxurious Nash Ambassadors—125-inch wheelbase sedans with built-in trunks—$835 to $995. LaFayette $595 and up. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CONVENIENT, LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS
THROUGH NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN

Special equipment extra. All prices subject to change without notice.

Americans who

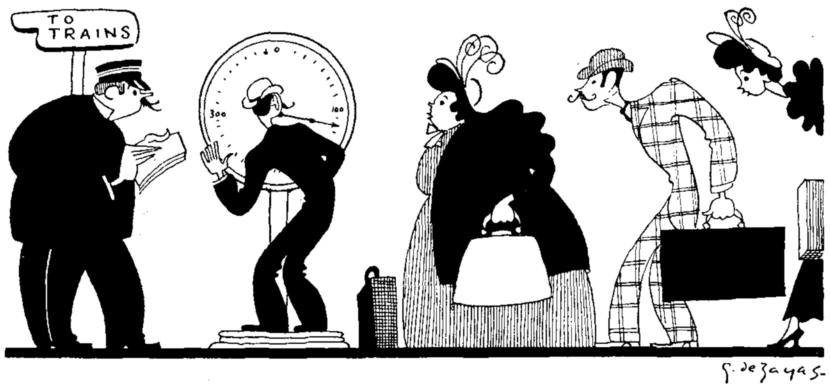
CAR LIMITATIONS



In Europe

... where gasoline costs two and three times as much per gallon ... the amazing economy of the Nash "400" motor enables many thrifty Europeans to own their first BIG smart car.

NASH "400"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

As late as 1904 Colorado had a railway that based its fare on your weight instead of the distance you wanted to travel. So every time you made even a short trip, you had to be weighed, the ticket-seller had to calculate the price on his scratch pad and frequently, by the time the transaction had been settled, your train had left.—*By Elizabeth Munch, Oakland, California.*

The only known inanimate object whose "remains" are accorded a formal funeral are the Scriptures of Judaism. A recent case of this age-old custom took place in London in 1930 when sacred scrolls that had been partially burned in a fire at the Spitalfields Great Synagogue were encased in an earthenware vessel and buried in Enfield Cemetery after an elaborate funeral service.

Gannets, large sea birds, subsist on fish which they catch by plunging into the water with closed wings, often from a considerable height. Because they compete with the fishermen, when large flocks congregate over a fishing ground, some boats tow an imitation herring, made of wood, which the birds attempt to stun by a high dive—and break their necks.

Each summer France stages the most grueling of all bicycle races. This "Tour de France," which distributes prize money totaling approximately $60,000, usually has about 80 entrants who require three weeks in which to cover the 2,700-mile course, or an average of 130 miles a day over all kinds of roads and several mountains and through a large number of cities and towns.—*By Merton Jacobs, Fairfax, California.*

The footprints of a fly are not impossible to see. If one is made to walk across a clean glass plate wiped with a sterile gelatine solution, footprints in the form of colonies of bacteria can be plainly seen, within a few hours, under a microscope.

Two parts of the body that normally continue to grow in size as long as one lives are the ears and nose.—*By Marcella Hanifin, Chicago, Illinois.*

The costliest watch in the world today is a jeweled timepiece that is owned by Pope Pius XI. It is said to be valued at $300,000.—*By Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.*

Patents can be and have been annulled, especially in cases in which fraud was perpetrated in obtaining them. An interesting sidelight is that the United States Supreme Court since 1880 has invalidated 65 per cent of the patents in contested cases brought before it.

The oldest species of tree in the world is the ginkgo, or maidenhair. It has existed essentially unchanged for more than 10,000,000 years. Moreover, the ginkgo grows very slowly, many trees having required as long as 75 years to mature and grow fruit.—*By Edith Pulver, New York City.*

The Ear of Dionysius, a gigantic bell-shaped cavern in Syracuse, Sicily, possesses the most fantastic acoustic properties in existence. About 400 B. C., the tyrant Dionysius turned it into a dungeon and built his palace over it so he could listen to the whispers of his prisoners. It conveyed even the faintest sounds to his listening chamber. Today a contralto voice singing in it sounds like an organ.

The highest radio broadcasting antenna in the world is owned by a station in Budapest, Hungary. This gigantic vertical antenna, which is 1,030 feet or about 75 stories high, is exceeded by only two other structures—the Empire State and the Chrysler buildings, both in New York City.

The most silent statesman in history, it is believed, was John Erle-Drax who, in the 19th century, was a member of the House of Commons for forty years. During this long period of service, this M. P. from Dorset made only one "speech"—when he arose one day and asked to have a window closed.—*By Eleanor Nutter, London, England.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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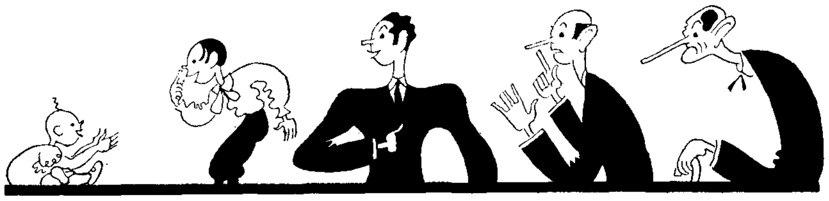


Two in a Boat

Continued from page 25

you. Could you swim ashore from here?"

Joe Melton gazed at the shore line. It was a long way off. A very long way.

"Hell, no!" His voice rose in pitch. "Say, what you askin' me that for?"

"Just wonderin'," said the man in the bow. "I got to get rid of you, guy. I aim to get a good start before those cops get wise to how I ducked out from under their noses. An' you'd tell 'em. You'd tell 'em just where I landed, an' when. An' I don't like hick cops after me. So I'm goin' to get rid o' you—"

The sound of the engine changed again, and yet again. Clankings came from its depths. Cracks and blisters appeared upon its gray coating. Simultaneously, it seemed, water welled up in the small sunken space before the flywheel. The flywheel touched that water. It began to send a thin, circular spray all about for the wind to whip away.

"Th-the engine!" said Joe Melton hoarsely. "Look at the engine!"

THE noise of the engine was now a succession of dull booms, in which clankings and screechings were interspersed. It raced, and slowed. It backfired thunderously. It ran on again. It backfired again. It ran once more. . . .

Joe Melton rolled overboard in one swift movement. He did not reappear. Then the engine stopped and there was only a frying, hissing noise.

A rubber boot came to the surface, overturned, and sank again.

Forty feet away an arm thrashed the water, a head appeared long enough to snatch a gasping breath and vanished once more. A sea gull squawked derisively. The man in the boat cursed savagely. He went back to the engine. It was scorching to the touch. It was practically red-hot. He gazed searchingly all about him. He saw a faint flurry in the water eighty feet away, but he thought it was a fish. Later on there was another flurry still, but he was not looking at it. He worked gingerly on the engine. It was at about this time that he noticed that the water no longer sloshed above the floor boards. It stood above them. Later, the boat still heaved and plunged, but the water averaged three inches above the floor boards. Still later it was four. Five. Six.

There was a fishpound perhaps a quarter of a mile off. Joe Melton reached it in time to cling to one of the pound-poles, and gaze back at the powerboat. It sank as he watched. And the stranger floated away from it in full security. Joe Melton nodded as if relieved. The stranger had very wisely emptied out what gas there was in the five gallon can before the boat went down. He was using the can as a float—as a life preserver. Joe Melton watched him float down the tide in the very last of the ebb current. Then he made leisurely for the shore.

JOE MELTON, dripping, went up to the house and knocked. A stout woman in a checked gingham apron came to the door. She exclaimed at the sight of him.

"I come over to borrow Jim's launch, ma'am," said Joe Melton. "My boat sunk over on the Spit in about eight foot of water an' I want to put a buoy on her. Is Jim 'round?"

"My goodness, Joe! No, he ain't. Little Pete's home, though. He didn't go to school today. He'll come help you, I know." Her voice rose. "Pete! Pe-e-ete!"

A small boy came sluggishly from the direction of the barn.

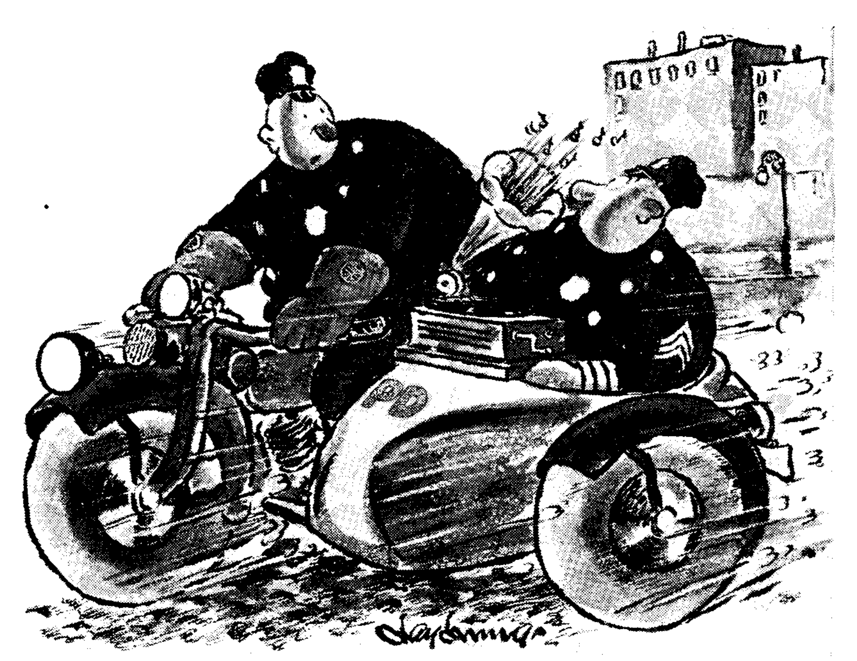
"Thanks, ma'am," said Joe Melton. "I reckon Pete an' me will make out. Pete, get y' twenty-two rifle an' a boathook an' come along."

The small boy arrived with a .22 rifle just as the engine of the other powerboat began to pop rhythmically. He climbed in in silence and cast off without words.

"We' goin' to buoy my boat," explained Joe Melton as the shore dwindled behind them, "an' then we'll go pick up that Larkin fella. He's floatin' out there now. He made me start to take him somewheres an' I kicked off the water hose an' the engine heated up an' froze. An' o' course the boat filled through the intake an' sunk. He's floatin' to an oilcan, an' we'll puncture that so it sinks, an' when the fight's soaked outa him we'll fish for him with the boat hook. He's got a gun, but he can't shoot straight hangin' onto a oilcan. Got some cartridges?"

The small boy silently loaded the .22 rifle.

"An' he's worth," said Joe Melton in satisfaction, "he's worth two thousan' dollars! My mouth's been waterin' for that money from the minute I saw him!"



"Yeah, but I still wish they'd give us a radio!"

JAY IRVING

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

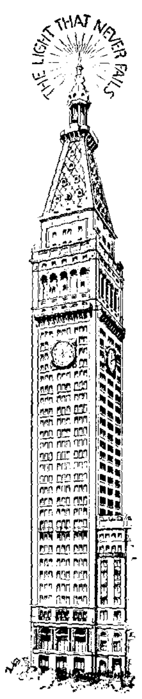
"You won't have to worry about money matters"

HAVE you and your wife ever planned a budget to take care of all family expenses and occasional "extras"—all out of your regular income—and had the keen satisfaction of seeing your plans work out?

You would not plan a budget unless you had an income. Why not make sure that your family will have an income in case anything should happen to you? Then your wife will be able to balance her budget without worry.

A Family Protection Plan of Life Insurance will provide your family with $100 a month, each month for twenty years, and in addition $10,000 in cash at the end of that period. Or you can arrange larger or smaller payments—in the same proportion.

Would you like to find out if you could arrange this definite method of providing an assured income for your family? Why not allow a Field-Man to give you complete information about this Policy which is settling uncertainties for so many families? Telephone your local Metropolitan office and ask him to call . . . or mail the coupon.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me information regarding the Family Protection Plan Policy.

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SON

Super Straight Eight

"Hudson got the family vote . . . wh

Father says:

"No other Eight had every feature my family wanted. And I couldn't find another with Hudson's economy."

FATHER is happy because every other member of the family is happy . . . and *he* knows what a triumph that is. He knows, too, that no other automobile built can give him 113 horsepower so economically as this big Hudson Super Straight Eight. Reid Railton, designer of Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird," calls it: "Today's best automobile motor."

And, for 25 years, Father has seen Hudsons deliver amazing mileages . . . 150,000, 200,000 and even more. He has satisfied himself that no other Eight can stand up so well, with so little mechanical attention. He has made a paying investment in *economy.*

Mother says:

"I insisted on the safest car—with room for everybody and everything. That's why I like our Hudson Eight."

MOTHER puts the *safety* of her family first. She's happy, knowing that in a Hudson they ride in the only popular Eight with a body really *all* of steel—with a seamless roof of solid steel. There's another reason why she feels safest in a Hudson. It's the only Eight at any price with the latest type of hydraulic brakes *plus* a complete reserve braking system working from the same brake pedal.

And she knows no other Eight gives so much room all around—shoulder room, elbow room, leg room. Or so much storage space for baggage in the enclosed rear compartment with spare tire lying flat inside.

Son says:

"I want a car with snap and go. No other Eight can touch our Hudson for all-around performance."

SON wants a car that can *go.* That's why he voted for a Hudson Eight the minute he read the high praise his idol, Sir Malcolm Campbell, has given its performance.

When Son took the wheel, he found faster getaway and more power than other Eights, of course. That's proved by the fact that Hudson Eights hold official record after record for acceleration and swift travel, up famous hill climbs and on straightaways. But, beyond all this, he discovered a *smoothness* that only those who drive Hudson Eights can realize. There's nothing like it in any other car, regardless of price.

BUILT BY HUDSON—TERRAPLANE, $595 AND UP; HUDSON SIX, $710 AND UP; HUDSON SUP

Chorus: *"We're all glad we chose a Hudson Eight!"*

we compared *all* Eights"

Sister says:

"Our Hudson Eight is tops in style—and my friends know it, too. You should hear them rave about it."

SISTER is the style authority. She needed just one
ok to pick Hudson as the only Eight that
a year or more ahead of the rest in style.
e likes to point out its distinctive new
sign to her friends.

She shows off the interior, too. The rounded
strument panel . . . more beautiful than any
her, and the only one that brings all in-
ruments up to natural reading level.
ne clear floor space in front, thanks to the
ectric Hand. That luxurious rear seat—
idest of any popular Eight. The charm of
e new upholstery. The level floor. So much
ore to admire and enjoy!

Grandmother says:

"I love my comfort—and I get it in our Hudson Eight. I'm never tired, even on the longest, roughest trips."

GRANDMOTHER finds her accustomed place in the back seat more comfortable than ever before. She blesses the Hudson engineer who thought of Radial Safety Control, because now she can ride as far as anyone else and never have to complain about bumps or weariness.

Ask the members of *any* Hudson family, and they'll tell you to visit the showroom of the nearest Hudson dealer right away, and drive the new Hudson Super Straight Eight yourself. The more you know about other Eights, the more surprised you'll be to find that the greatest Eight of them all costs so little to own.

RAIGHT EIGHT, $760 AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

You, too, Will Find *More* of *Everything* in a Hudson Eight

—with "5 things you never saw before"

1—Radial Safety Control (patent applied for)—a wholly new principle that makes riding, steering and stopping safer than ever before.

2—Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes (patent applied for)—latest, finest hydraulics, with a separate safety braking system that takes hold *automatically* if ever needed.

3—Rhythmic Ride—long, gentle springs free for the first time from steering and braking strains.

4—Tru-Line Steering—your car holds its direction steadily, unaffected by spring action, braking or road conditions.

5—The Automatic Draft Eliminator, in combination with the most complete ventilation system of any car—and the most expensive type to build.

— and the Electric Hand—gear shifting at a flick of the finger, with both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road. An optional extra.

HUDSON EIGHT PRICES BEGIN AT

$760 and Hudson Six prices at $710, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra . . . 93 or 100 H. P. in Sixes . . . 113 or 124 H. P. in Eights.

Longer wheelbases . . . up to 127 inches.

Save . . . with the new low Hudson-C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan

1936
APRIL
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1936
MARCH
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Give the new idea of prevention a trial . . . . .

While you are well, do all you can to build *good general resistance*

They are called common "winter" ills, but they may prove just as troublesome these early spring months. It's natural they should. After a strenuous winter of hard work and too little exercise, of diet excesses and too little fresh air, your general *resistance* is likely to be low. Whatever reserve forces you had are likely to be exhausted.

The sensible thing to do, then, is not to wait until seasonal ills affect you, but to begin at once building *good general resistance.*

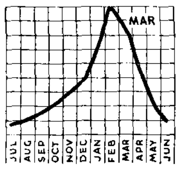
Adex offers you an easy, pleasant means. It provides the vitamin which contributes *more than any other* to good general resistance—Vitamin A. Every capsule contains not less than 6,600 units.

Adex also furnishes an abundance of Vitamin D—1,320 units with each capsule. At this season, you're probably not getting enough Vitamin D from sunshine, and will benefit by this *extra* amount.

Another advantage in Adex is that only *natural* vitamins go into the capsules and tablets. Squibb obtains them from some of the richest sources of Vitamins A and D.

Start with Adex today and keep it up *regularly.* Now at any reliable drug store. E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX TABLETS Squibb
ADEX CAPSULES Squibb

ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

It Can't be Done, Can't It?

Continued from page 28

see any federal dam beat that. The best the federal engineers can promise from any western dam is 3.5 mills a kilowatt-hour—at the dam. And that's about one sixth of the delivered cost, remember.

So Roosevelt and Ross don't exactly see eye to eye when it comes to methods of getting cheap power delivered to anyone who wants it.

To find out what sort of a man Ross is, we'd better take a trip up into the wilds of the Cascade Range, in northwestern Washington state, just south of the Canadian boundary. The snow peaks poke up into the gray, rain-swept sky; the rivers swirl and crash through rock gorges. Above, the firs and spruces and the cedars cling to the lower slopes. Right in the middle of all this is the Ross power empire.

Miracles in the Wilderness

Up there the turbulent Skagit River—which you pronounce Ska-jit—churns for miles through granite canyons. Imagine you're prodding a pack mule through the range and, one evening, you come around a shoulder and see the river far below. You follow down the trail, clinging to the cliff, and by and by you suddenly come upon an authentic palm tree, bathed in golden light. Not in a tub, you understand—growing there. At the edge of the light you see a sort of tropical jungle, full of elephants' ears and banana plants and heaven knows what.

In this jungle you glimpse the flitting forms of gray and orange Brazilian squirrels and black Mexican squirrels, or the flash of wings of rainbow-colored parakeets. About this time you decide to jettison the medical stores and go straight from then on.

After you've wondered about this sort of thing in a mountain range four hundred and fifty miles farther north than New York, you notice that, in the dense darkness, birds are singing violently, and that right ahead of you, in a blue aura, is a tree that ought to be flourishing in Central Africa. It looks happy, too.

Around the next corner of the trail is a waterfall, higher than the Empire State Building, tumbling down through a series of rock pools—and this waterfall is all lit up like a Christmas tree under changing red, blue, purple and orange lights. While you are looking at this, the grand climax will be upon you in one soul-shattering swoop: From far above, amid the peaks, the Angel Gabriel will start singing The Holy City in a rock-cracking baritone, accompanied by an organ that makes every tree quiver for miles around and may even generate a spark of interest in your pack mule.

An Inexpensive Sight-Seeing Trip

If you persist in penetrating these mysteries, you will discover, down the canyon, a hydro plant spinning out kilowatts. The palm trees and banana plants and floodlit waterfall and parakeets—to say nothing of the Angel Gabriel—are just part of a show Ross puts on for his home-town folks and any visitors who happen along.

About twenty-five thousand people a year go in parties to look at the layout. One camp can handle one thousand guests at a time, twice a week. For two dollars and fifty cents Ross gives them a seventy-mile trip over the city's private railroad up the gorges, a trip up a mountainside on a giant elevator capable of handling a full-grown locomotive, a motorboat trip on a lake above one of his dams, three square meals, a bed for the night—and the nonstop bird songs, tropical atmosphere, floodlighted waterfall and Angel Gabriel with organ accompaniment.

This chunk of tropical life, set down in the high Cascades where the temperature runs down to a few degrees above zero each winter, gives a clue to Ross' character. Somebody told him it was impossible for palm trees and banana plants and Brazilian squirrels and parakeets to live in snow-peak country.

So he went ahead and made them live there—and like it. The secret, he discovered, was simple. Tropical things don't die in cold climates because of the cold, but because they can't get their natural food. And most tropical plants on which birds and animals feed will grow anywhere, if you humor them a little to start with.

The trick in growing tropical plants in cold climates is to reproduce, for the plant, its natural food. If you dig up a palm tree from light sandy soil and replant it in damp loam, it won't thrive—because it is organized to make a living from dry sand. Man or any other animal can adapt himself to exist on a wide variety of food, but a plant is not so versatile.

Ross' success with tropical plants lies in reproducing for them the sort of soil from which they are accustomed to draw nourishment. Samples of the soil are studied and then compounded synthetically. A tree used to a shady existence gets shade; a sun-loving plant gets sun. The temperature in which the plants live seems to make little difference and they quickly adapt themselves to new climates.

Ross has been doing the impossible all his life. He invented a new street-lighting system for Seattle some years back and Thomas Alva Edison—no less—told him it wouldn't work. Mr. Edison later had the ironic job of pushing the button, back in East Orange, New Jersey, that put the impossible system into operation. Mr. Edison liked that, too. He and Ross were friends ever after.

A few years ago, Ross himself became "impossible" to some influential people who had the private ear of the gentleman then doing the mayoring around Seattle. This gentleman fired him as head of the power system.

Whereupon the citizenry laid down its tools, spat on its hands and promptly and efficiently fired the mayor, by recall. It then listened intently to the various candidates who aspired to the vacant chair and elected the man who promised to get Ross back on the job fastest. The last ballot was hardly cast when the deed was done. The citizenry went back to work. Ever since, the basic promise every mayoralty candidate makes is that he'll keep Ross. Without that promise, he might as well not run.

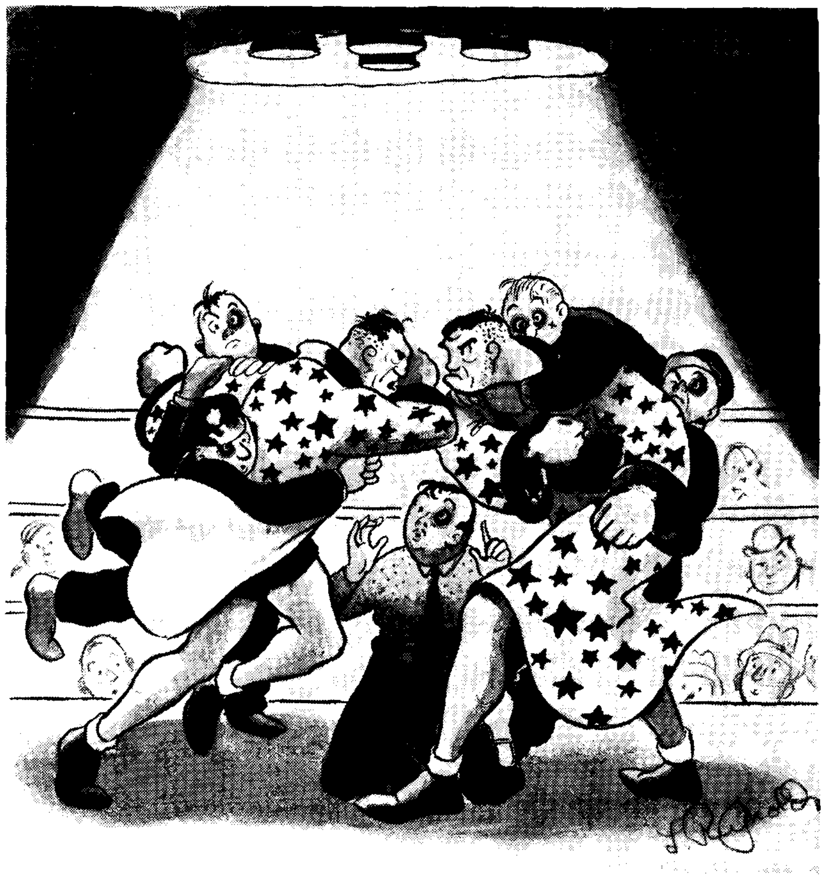
He'd better not do it with his fingers crossed, either.

No Routine Jobs, Thanks

Ross was born in Chatham, Ontario, sixty-three years ago. His father was a horticulturist, struggling along, and from him the youngster acquired an interest in growing things.

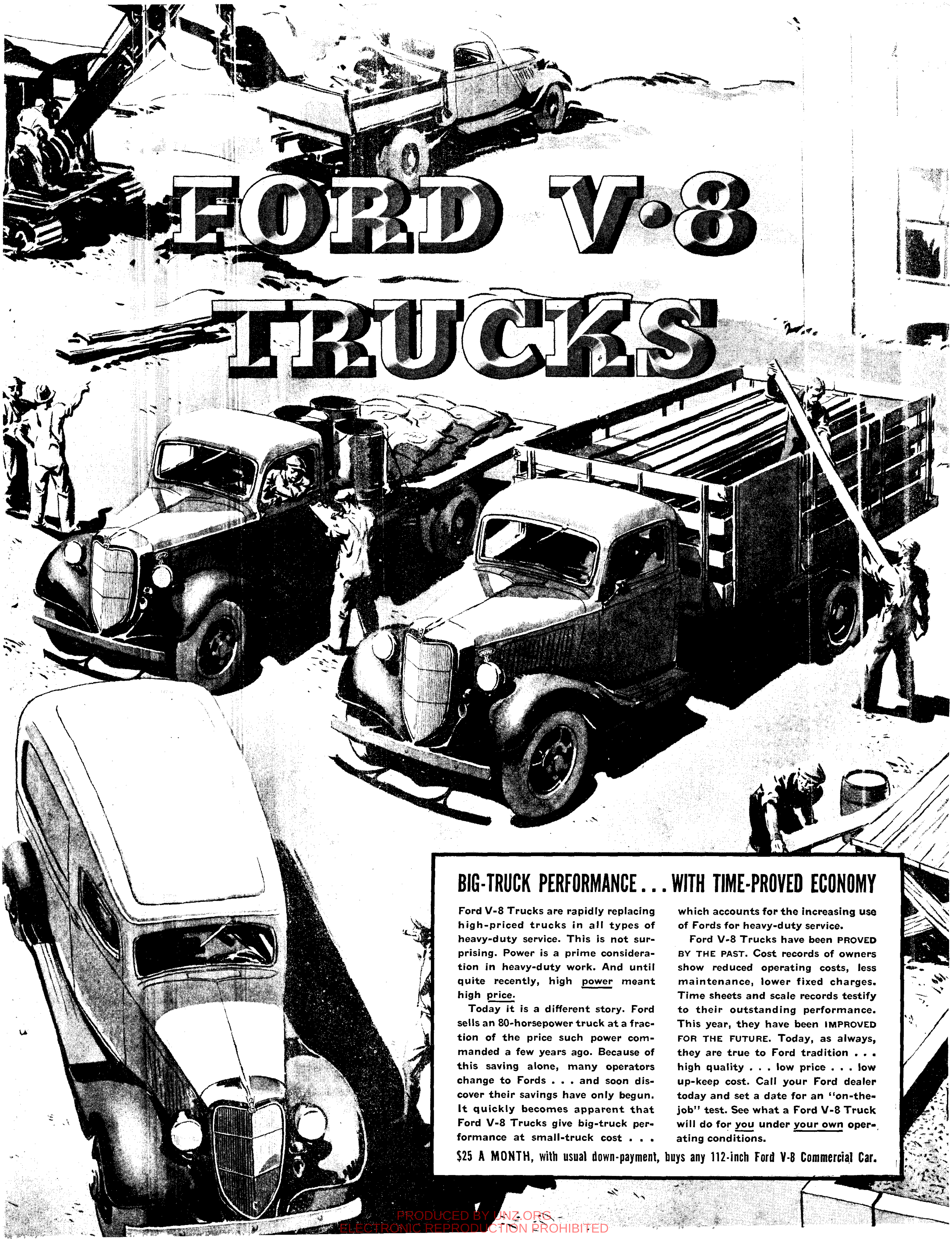
Ross, senior, dabbled in chemistry and electricity, but was convinced there was no living for young Jim in either, and carefully hid away all his books on the subjects. That is, he hid away all but one, called Natural Science, published in 1832. This one forgotten volume, however, proved to be the spark that started the boy on his road. He still has the book—sitting out on the living-room table of his home.

The boy set up a laboratory in his father's basement and went about making the usual smells and having the customary explosions. Soon after he'd finished school (he never went to college) he decided maybe his father was wrong and



"Now, now, boys! Just because there happens to be a similarity in robes—"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



BIG-TRUCK PERFORMANCE . . . WITH TIME-PROVED ECONOMY

Ford V-8 Trucks are rapidly replacing high-priced trucks in all types of heavy-duty service. This is not surprising. Power is a prime consideration in heavy-duty work. And until quite recently, high power meant high price.

Today it is a different story. Ford sells an 80-horsepower truck at a fraction of the price such power commanded a few years ago. Because of this saving alone, many operators change to Fords . . . and soon discover their savings have only begun. It quickly becomes apparent that Ford V-8 Trucks give big-truck performance at small-truck cost . . . which accounts for the increasing use of Fords for heavy-duty service.

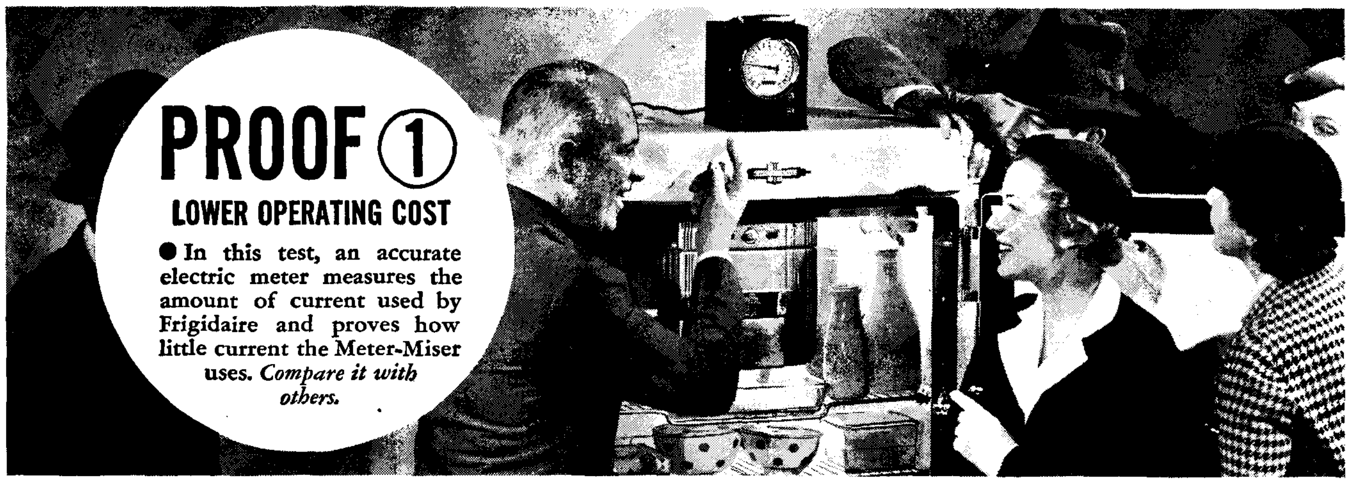
Ford V-8 Trucks have been PROVED BY THE PAST. Cost records of owners show reduced operating costs, less maintenance, lower fixed charges. Time sheets and scale records testify to their outstanding performance. This year, they have been IMPROVED FOR THE FUTURE. Today, as always, they are true to Ford tradition . . . high quality . . . low price . . . low up-keep cost. Call your Ford dealer today and set a date for an "on-the-job" test. See what a Ford V-8 Truck will do for you under your own operating conditions.

$25 A MONTH, with usual down-payment, buys any 112-inch Ford V-8 Commercial Car.

You can't beat

1936 FRIGIDAIRE WITH

MEETS ALL FIVE STANDARDS



PROOF ①

LOWER OPERATING COST

● In this test, an accurate electric meter measures the amount of current used by Frigidaire and proves how little current the Meter-Miser uses. *Compare it with others.*

FREEZING ZONE
32
SAFETY ZONE
50
DANGER ZON
FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR

PROOF ②

SAFER FOOD PROTECTION

● Frigidaire dares to build a Food-Safety Indicator into the *center* of the food compartment to prove that Safety-Zone Temperature is maintained throughout. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF ④

MORE USABILITY

● Wider, roomier, handier to use. Automatic Reset Defroster, Portable Utility Shelf, Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold Control. Saves steps, Saves work. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF ⑤

FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

● Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit—a marvel of outstanding design and engineering—comes to you protected for Five Years against service expense. *Compare it with others.*

Facts reveal amazing savings of Frigidaire's spectacula

● Proof reveals the truth. Unchallenged claims do not. Now, only Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser offers a new way to judge refrigerator value. Actual proof you can see in your dealer's store. We prove what we say and then allow you to be the judge.

We issue this challenge because of our wholehearted confidence in the new 1936 Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser that cuts current cost to the bone. For the new cold-making unit, the Meter-Miser, is directly responsible in Frigidaire for its meeting all five standards for refrigerator buying. 1. Lower Operating Cost. 2. Safer Food Protection. 3. Faster Freezing — More Ice. 4. More Usability. 5. Five-Year Protection Plan.

But more. The same Frigidaire that gives you the Meter-Miser also brings you more wonderful improvements than have ever been built into one refrigerator. A cabinet of radically new design. Wider, roomier — a regular "refrigerated pantry!" What convenience! No stooping, no clumsy reaching. Never before such beauty in your kitchen. Nor does Frigidaire's value end there! Automatic Reset Defroster, Portable Utility Shelf, Automatic Ice Tray Release, Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Double-Range Cold Control, Hydrator all add their importance to the valu you get for your money!

GET THE PROOF

Remember this. We say that the Meter-Misc will cut current cost to the bone, and we *prov* it! Frigidaire is first to build a Food-Safety Ir dicator into the cabinet as proof in your ow home that Safety-Zone Temperature is mair tained—at lowest cost. Just go to any autho ized Frigidaire dealer and get the facts — sc the proof. Ask him to show you how a Frigic aire will actually pay for itself out of th savings it makes. And while you're there, lear

Proof!

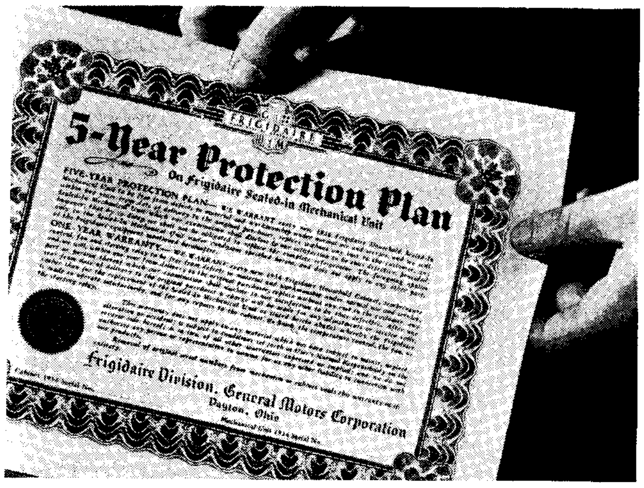
THE "METER-MISER"★

'OR REFRIGERATOR BUYING

PROOF ③

FASTER FREEZING — MORE ICE

● The Thermo-Gauge will prove to your lasting satisfaction the ability of Frigidaire to freeze larger quantities of ice — faster. *Compare it with others.*



FRIGIDAIRE

5-Year Protection Plan

On Frigidaire Sealed-in Mechanical Unit

Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation
Dayton, Ohio

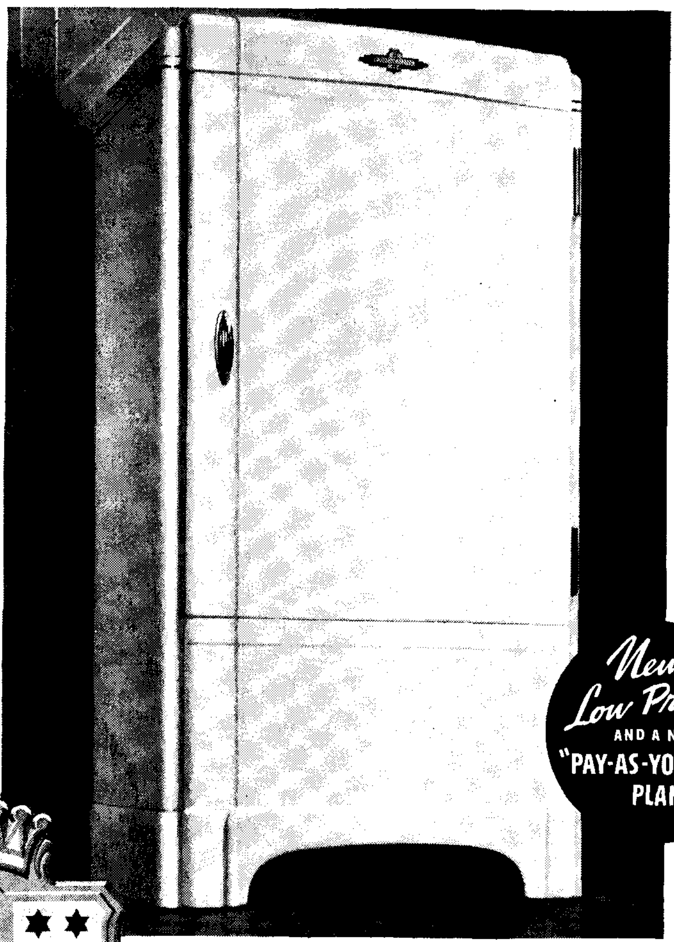
'old-making unit!

about the liberal payment terms that make Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser so easy to own.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF 1936 FRIGIDAIRE

Exclusive Frigidaire Meter-Miser • Food-Safety Indicator • New Wider, Roomier Cabinets • Portable Utility Shelf • Full-Width Sliding Shelves • Automatic Interior Light • Frigidaire Hydrator • Super Freezer • Automatic Reset Defroster • Automatic Ice Tray Release • Quickube and Rubber Grid Ice Trays • Double-Range Cold Control • Sealed Steel Cabinet Finished in Dulux or Porcelain • Stainless Porcelain in Seamless Interior • Touch-Latch Door Opener • Exclusive "F-114" Refrigerant • Five Kinds of Cold in the Same Cabinet.



New Low Prices
AND A NEW
"PAY-AS-YOU-SAVE" PLAN

Current Cost

★ MEET THE *"Meter-Miser"*

FRIGIDAIRE'S NEW COLD-MAKING UNIT THAT CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Quiet • Unseen • Trouble-Free

1936 Frigidaire's spectacular cold-making unit, hidden away where it does not mar beauty, gives more cold for much less current cost. This is because of outstanding design that makes necessary only three moving parts, permanently oiled, precision built and completely sealed against moisture and dirt. No wonder the Meter-Miser is so miserly in its use of electric current!

G M
FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Look For This Name-Plate

Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!

"I suffered from Scratchitus for years–

How I got cured for 10c"

ELMER ZILCH*

tells all in a confession interview about troubles with gritty pencils.

"IT used to come on every morning—that sudden feeling that no one could read my writing. When I got to the office, I'd have a shrinking sensation. I could hardly get through the day. Work was a bore.

"I was all right before I got to the office, but after a few minutes I became so annoyed with gritty pencils that I'd get jittery. I imagined that people pointed at me, muttering "Scratchitus". I developed an inferiority complex which handicapped me commercially and socially. I was desperate.

"Then, like a miracle, Venus Pencils made me a changed man. Now everybody can read my writing. In fact, writing with a Venus Pencil is my greatest thrill in life.

"Now when I leave the office! Ah, life just begins with me—I leave as fresh as a daisy. Everybody wonders what has come over me. And I tell them how Venus Pencils have changed my life."

*Not one cent was paid for this voluntary testimonial from Mr. Elmer Zilch editor and bon vivant member of many exclusive night clubs. Thanks, Mr. Zilch,—We hope you get as much of a kick out of this as we do.

AMERICAN PENCIL CO. NEW YORK — VENUS — DRAWING

for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING—thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS PENCILS 10¢

It Can't be Done, Can't It?

Continued from page 36

that there might be money in chemistry. So he set out, on a bicycle, for New York.

Arrived there, he succeeded in convincing a chemical firm he should have a job. But, leaving the building, he happened into the workroom, where rows of workmen were pounding pestles in mortars and not having a very good time. One look was enough. It was a routine job, and he wasn't cut out for routine. He retrieved the bicycle and pedaled back to Chatham.

Back there, he landed a job as a teacher and held onto it for some years, keeping horticulture, chemistry and electricity as hobbies. One day he decided he ought to get forty-five dollars a month for teaching. The school board decided forty dollars was enough. About that time—early in '98—his lungs gave out on him. The first glorious rumors of gold strikes in the Yukon were filtering through and a party of men was to set out from Chatham for the gold fields. Ross told his doctor he was going along.

"Okay," said the doctor. "I don't know how far you'll get, but it won't be far."

It turned out to be the Pacific Coast. The youngsters marched across Canada, up through Edmonton to Great Slave Lake. Then by boat they made their way westward. It was winter by now. Some of the party died. Ross—his lungs mended by the air and exercise—finally made his way across the coast range, sleeping in the snow, packing his few belongings on his back, until he came to the Skeena River, and so down it in a crude boat to its mouth. There, broke but healthy again, he got a job in a salmon cannery.

Wandering around, he happened into Seattle just as the city was taking its first steps in the power business. He helped design the first small plant, which, incidentally, has paid off all its bonds and is still spinning out power today. From that time on, he worked up.

When Ross is home he lives in a great rambling house like no other on earth, set on a hillside on about half a block of land, looking out over Lake Washington to the Cascades beyond. The Rosses are childless, but they have raised five children and sent them out into the world on successful careers.

For guests, Ross' favorite tricks are breaking eggs in a copper pan and cooking them by electricity, with the pan held in his hand. If that puzzles the guests, he'll set a copper bowl spinning in midair, unsupported. For him, volts, amperes and kilowatts turn over and play dead, dance hornpipes or sing songs.

"Kid stuff," he says. "After a while, power will be almost as free as the air. No wires. We'll just flood the air with it. Stick up an antenna and pull in what you need. A dollar a month, flat, will be the home rate—and use all you want."

Ignoring the Bigwigs

He has the faculty of being able to leave an experiment in his laboratory, go away for six months and come back to take it up where he left off. The laboratory is the despair of Mrs. Ross, who once tried to clean it up. When Ross is home, he's down there most of the time, smelting out rare metals miners send him from everywhere, or fussing with some new electrical gadget. He never patents anything—just turns it over to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers for public use.

Ross has enemies. He is the type of man about whom no one is neutral. They either love him or hate him. Some of them hate him because apparently he has ignored them for trivial things.

Not long ago, he was due at an important meeting of bigwigs in Seattle. Bob Beck, one of his lieutenants, was hurling him over mountain roads toward the city. Suddenly, Ross yelled: "Stop! Stop the car!" Brakes screeched and Beck queried. Ross pointed excitedly to a mountainside.

"Violets, Bob! Listen! We've got to have some of those for the Skagit gardens. Come on!"

They hiked up the mountainside for an hour, decided the violets couldn't be transplanted until later, hiked back. A few miles farther on, from the car, Ross saw some queer rocks. They'd be fine up in the Skagit gardens, too. So the pair stopped again, loaded about a ton of rocks into the back seat—and came on into Seattle. The bigwigs had long since gone home, sore at the affront to their dignity. But Ross didn't care—he had his violets staked out and some fine specimens for his public rock garden.

His Power Idea

Earlier, it was written that out of the holding company fight probably will come cheaper power for everybody and more profits for power concerns. At present, power companies are hitched together financially, without much regard for geography or economics. Most power engineers admit this; some concerns are doing something about it.

Ross' idea, if he's allowed to go ahead with it, is to rearrange the power webs on a basis of geography and economical operation. Hydro plants, for example, have periods of high and low production, depending on their water storage. If you can offset these peaks, one plant can complement another and the two can produce a steady flow of power the year around. In the West, Ross plans a supertransmission line to connect Grand Coulee, Bonneville and Boulder with smaller plants, tossing power back and forth as it is available and needed.

Tacoma and Seattle, both with public plants, have been linked like this for years and trade power back and forth continually. With new 225,000-volt transmission lines, the distance power can be thrown economically will be increased. And how many volts engineers can put onto a line no one knows.

If Ross can get holding companies rearranged into economic units he doesn't care whether they're broken up or not—as long as power rates come down. The lower you make the rates, he says, the more money you make. And power production experience proves he's right.

Roughly speaking, experience shows that if power rates are reduced ten per cent, the income will drop slightly for a little while. But very soon it will come back to normal—and then go up. In other words, a ten per cent cut in rates is followed by a twelve or fifteen per cent increase in use. As, with most plants, it costs hardly anything to double the output, the gain is clear profit. This is more true with hydro than with steam plants, because with the former the fuel costs nothing and just runs away to waste if it's not used.

In his own power empire, Ross has two dams and two power houses on the same wild river, which is put to work twice.

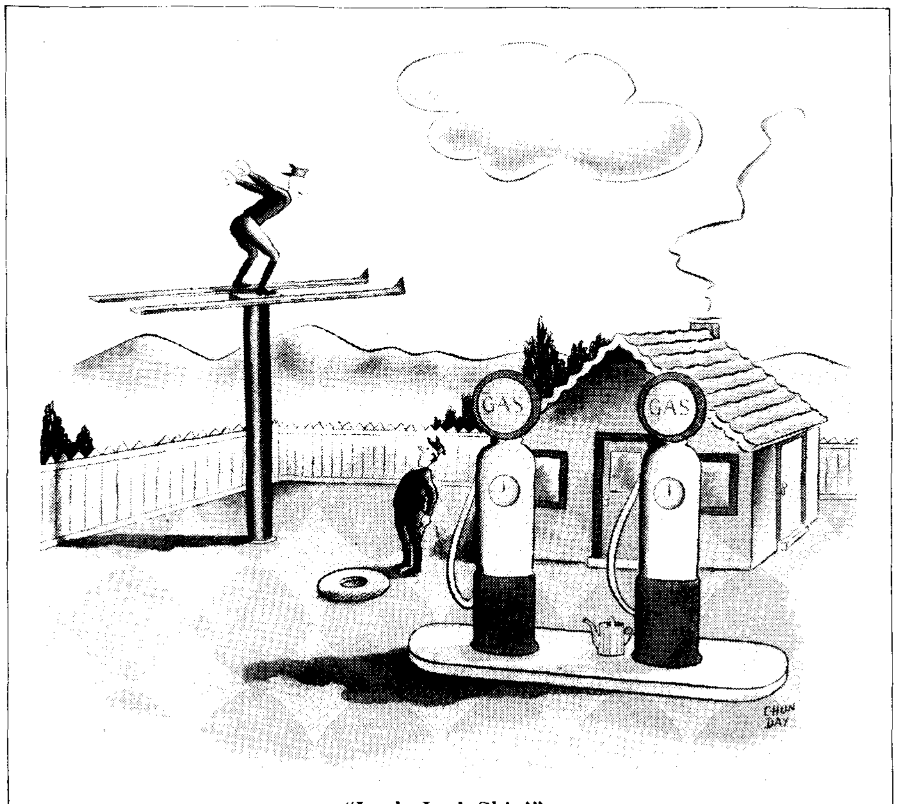
When Ross got his SEC job, he was nominated the "worst enemy" of utility holding companies. His home-town folks know what sort of an enemy he is. . . .

In one political fight, his opposition hired a spy to rent a home next to his, tap his phone lines, do everything he could to defeat what Ross was trying to do. Ross knew all about it; did nothing. Suddenly, the spy died. His widow, left alone, broke, was in despair. She faced the loss of some property; hadn't enough to eat.

Ross sneaked over to her doorstep at night, left baskets of food. Secretly, he found out about her property, saved it with his own money. She never knew. It was Ross' way of dealing with enemies.

So if, with his holding company tangle, Ross accomplishes the impossible, gets them reorganized, cheapens power and makes profits for stockholders—that'll just be normal. After that, he'd like to come back to his Skagit Empire and grow grapefruit trees where the winters hit zero.

Somebody told him, a few weeks ago, that that was impossible.



"Look, Joe! Skis!" CHON DAY

Why Four Roses bears the proud designation *"A Blend of Straight Whiskies"*

PROUDLY displayed on the label of each bottle of Four Roses is this designation: A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES.

A simple enough declaration. But how important! For it expresses our conviction—born of 70 years' whiskey-making experience—that this is the best and the surest way of producing really great whiskey.

Let us explain: Several straight American whiskies—*and only straight whiskies*—go into Four Roses. Each is a great whiskey in its own right. But each has some particular virtue. One is outstanding in aroma, another in flavor, another in body, still another in smoothness.

Then we blend these whiskies in such a way as to give to one *superlative* whiskey the virtues of *all*.

That's why, in our opinion, Four Roses is better than any one whiskey alone possibly could be. And we think your own palate will bear us out.

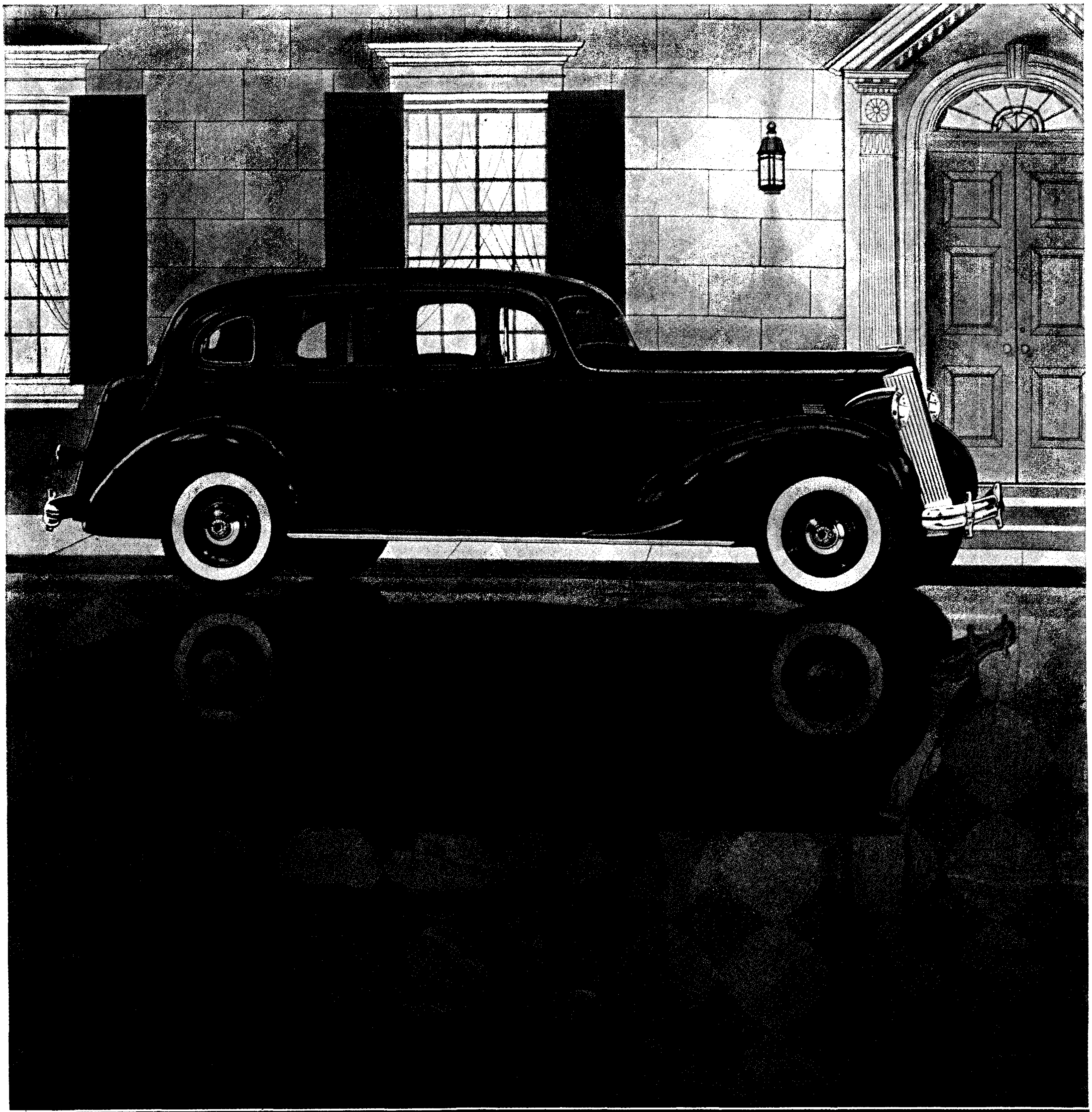
Get a bottle of Four Roses. Try it—against any other whiskey of any age or type or price. And as its surpassing flavor fulfills the promise of its rich aroma, you will realize that you have found the whiskey you had hoped existed.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of all straight, all American whiskies—blended as only Frankfort knows how

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville and Baltimore. Makers of Four Roses, Paul Jones,
Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—*all* blends of straight whiskies

AN OPEN LETTER TO



BEFORE YOU BUY FROM HABIT OR HEARSAY . . .

— match Packard 120 against the field!

THE EDITORS OF "TIME"

> With a few conspicuous exceptions, the new cars look remarkably alike. Only a slight exaggeration is Packard's claim that it is "the one 1936 car on the roads you can recognize."

TIME, November 11, 1935

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT MICHIGAN

The Editors of Time
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We are in hearty agreement with the first sentence of the above quotation. But may we take friendly issue with you on the second — even though you refer to the Packard 120's claim as "only a slight exaggeration"?

For may we point out that Packard, and only Packard, has adhered to a basic design over a period of years!

Thirty years ago Packard established the policy of protecting its owners against undue depreciation because of radical yearly style changes.

It has taken Packard these thirty years to reach a point where most residents of America, and many residents of most foreign countries, not only recognize a Packard on sight, but recognize in its distinctive lines a symbol of beauty and quality.

During these years this policy of "style insurance" has saved Packard owners millions of dollars in depreciation costs and has played a major part in building for Packard the largest fine car clientele in the world.

Today, the man who buys a new Packard 120 not only gets what we believe, sincerely, to be the finest car made at anywhere near its price — a car that is easy to buy and inexpensive to own — but, beyond this, he gets a car that stays smart as long as he cares to drive it.

Sincerely yours,

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

PACKARD 120—$990 TO $1115

AT FACTORY, STANDARD ACCESSORY GROUP EXTRA

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Invisible President

Continued from page 13

of the myriad dancing lights of New York City.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? The mist has lifted. There is the Statue of Liberty! Do you realize, Hepburn—" he turned, a man all but imperturbable moved now by the immensity of his task "—do you realize what that figure will become if we fail?"

The wild light died from his eyes. He replaced his pipe and audibly gripped the stem between his small, even white teeth.

"We are not going to fail, Sir Denis," Hepburn replied in dry, unmusical tones.

"Thank you," replied Nayland Smith, and gripped his shoulder. "Dr. Fu Manchu being a Chinese, in which quarter of the city should you think it most unlikely he would establish a base?"

"Chinatown."

Nayland Smith laughed, gleefully.

"That is exactly how *he* will argue."

IN a small room, amber-lighted through high windows, a man worked patiently upon a clay model of a Chinese head. A distant bell sounded and the room became plunged in darkness. Only the glowing end of a cigarette showed through this darkness. A high-pitched, guttural voice spoke:

"Give me the latest report from the Number responsible for covering Federal Officer 56 in New York."

"Only one other report to hand," the modeler replied immediately, "received at eight forty-five. Federal Officer 56 is occupying an apartment in the Regal-Athenian Tower. Federal Officer Captain Mark Hepburn is also located there, and engaged upon chemical experiments. A few minutes after eight o'clock, Federal Officer 56 left by a service door, and engaged one of the Lotus cabs. The driver notified the Number covering Lexington exits. A protection car was instructed, but 56 gave them the slip on the corner of Forty-eighth and reached Centre Street at eight thirty-five. Report concluded as follows: 'Presume he is still at Police headquarters as no notification that he has left is to hand.'"

Following a few moments of silence: "Inform me," the guttural voice continued, "directly any report is received from Number 38 now proceeding from Cleveland to New York City."

The distant bell rang again and amber light prevailed once more in the small, domed room. The white-haired intellectual sculptor blinked slightly as though this sudden illumination hurt his eyes. Then, taking up tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles which he had laid down at the moment that the light had become extinguished, he dropped the stump of an Egyptian cigarette in an ash tray, having ignited another from the burning end. Taking up a modeling tool he returned to his endless task.

A LOTUS cab, conspicuous by reason of its cream bodywork and pink trim, drew up at the corner of Mulberry and Bayard Streets. The passenger got out; a small man, very graceful of movement, dark, sleek, wearing a gray waterproof overcoat and a soft black hat. He stood for a moment beside the driver as he paid his fare, glancing back along the route they had followed.

His fare paid, he crossed Pell Street and began to walk east.

The driver turned his cab, but then made a detour, crossing Mott Street. He pulled up before Wu King's Bar, and went in. He came out again within three minutes and drove away.

Meanwhile, the man in the black hat continued to walk east. A trickle of rain was falling and a bleak wind searched the Chinese quarter. He increased his pace. Bright lights shone out from stores and restaurants, but the inclement weather had driven the Asiatic population under cover. In those pedestrians who passed him in the drizzle, the man in the black hat seemed to take no interest whatever. He walked on with an easy, swinging stride as one confident that no harm would come to him in Chinatown.

When he passed an open door, to his nostrils came a whiff of that queer commingling of incense and spice which distinguishes the quarters. The Chinese is a law-abiding citizen. His laws may be different from those of the Western world, but to his own codes he conforms religiously. Only a country cousin on a sight-seeing expedition could have detected anything mysterious about the streets through which the man in the black hat hurried. Even Deputy-Inspector Gregory of the branch accountable for the good behavior of Chinatown had observed nothing mysterious in his patrol of the public resorts and private byways.

Except for a curious hush when he had stopped in at Wu King's Bar for a chat with the genial proprietor and a look around for a certain Celestial, there was nothing in the slightest degree suspicious in the behavior of the people of the Asiatic quarter. This impression of a hush which had fallen at the moment of his entrance, he had been unable to confirm—it might have been imaginary. In any event Wu King's was the headquarters of the Hip Sing Tong, and if it meant anything it probably meant a brewing disturbance between rival Chinese societies.

"I said 'toast'—whole-wheat toast"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

HE WAS still considering the impression which this hush, real or imaginary, had made upon his mind, when, turning a corner, he all but bumped into the man with the black hat.

The black hat was lowered against the keen wind; the detective, wind behind him, was walking very upright. Then in a flash, the black-hatted man had gone. Momentarily the idea crossed the detective's mind that he had not seen the man's face . . . it might have been the face of a Chinese, and he was anxious to meet a certain Chinese.

He turned for a moment, looking back. The man in the black hat had disappeared.

It was a particularly foul night, and Gregory had more than carried out his instructions. He trudged on through the icy drizzle to make his report. Secret orders had been received from headquarters calling upon all officers to look out for a very old Chinese known in London as Sam Pak, and now believed to be posing as a residing alien. His description was vividly etched upon the detective's mind. The man in the black hat could not possibly fill the part, for this Sam Pak was very old. What this very old man could be wanted for was not clear to the deputy-inspector. Nevertheless, that momentary instinct would have served him well had he obeyed it. . . .

The man whose features he had failed to see turned the first corner behind the police officer. When Gregory looked back the man was watching. Seeing Gregory walk on, he pursued his way. This led him past the corner occupied by Wu King's Bar and right to the end of the block. Here the man in the black hat paused in shelter of a dark doorway, lighting a cigarette and shielding the light with an upraised hand. He then consulted a typewritten sheet which he drew from his raincoat pocket. Evidently satisfied that he had not misunderstood his instructions, he replaced the lighter and glanced swiftly right and left along the street. This inspection assured him that none of the few pedestrians in sight was Gregory (whom he had recognized as a police officer). He groped along the wall on his right, found and pressed a bell.

Then again he looked out cautiously. Only one traveler, a small, furtive Asiatic figure, was approaching in his direction. A slight sound told the man in the black hat that a door had opened. He turned, stepped forward and paused, seeking now with his left hand. He found a switch and depressed it. He heard the door close behind him. A moment more he waited; then, fumbling again in the darkness, he discovered a second switch and light sprang up in the narrow passage in which he stood. The door which had opened to admit him was now shut. Another closed door was at the end of the passage. There was a bell-push beside it. He pressed the bell seven times —slowly.

DEPUTY-INSPECTOR GREGORY had not quite reached the end of the block when he saw, heading towards him through the mist and rain, a tall, gaunt figure, that of a Salvation Army captain, gray-mustached and bespectacled. He would have passed on, for the presence of Salvation Army officials in unlikely quarters and the most inclement weather was a sight familiar enough. But the tall man pulled up directly in his path, and:

"Excuse me if I am wrong," he said, speaking slowly and harshly, "but I think you are a police officer?"

Gregory glanced the speaker over and nodded.

"That's right," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I am looking," the harsh voice continued, "for a defaulter, a wayward brother who has fallen into sin. I saw him not five minutes ago, but lost him on the corner of Pell Street. As you were coming from that direction it is possible that you passed him."

"What's he like to look at?"

"He is a small man wearing a gray topcoat and a black soft hat. It is not our intention to charge him with his offense, but it is my duty to endeavor to overtake him."

"He passed me less than two minutes ago," Gregory replied sharply. "What's he listed for?"

"Converting money to his own uses, but no soul is beyond redemption."

The harsh, gloomy voice held that queer note of exaltation which Inspector Gregory had heard so often without being able to determine whether it indicated genuine piety or affectation.

"I'll step back with you," he said tersely. "I know the corner he went around, and I know who lives in every house on that street. We'd better hurry!"

HE TURNED and hurried back against the biting wind, the tall Salvation Army official striding along beside him silently. They came to the corner on which Wu King's Bar was situated—the resort which Gregory had so recently visited; turning around it, they were temporarily sheltered from the icy blast.

"He may have gone into Wu's," said Gregory, as they looked along a deserted street, at one or two points of which lights shone out on the rain-drenched sidewalk. "Just stay here; I'll check up."

He pushed open the door of the restaurant. To the nostrils of the Salvation Army official who stood outside was wafted a breath of that characteristic odor which belongs to every Chinatown in the world. In less than a minute, the detective was out again.

"Not been in Wu's," he reported. "He must have gone in somewhere farther along, otherwise there wouldn't be any object in going that way; unless he's out for a walk. There's no other joint open back there. Do you know of any connections he has in this quarter?"

"Probably many," the harsh voice replied, and there was sadness in the tone. "He's attached to our Chinatown Branch. I'm obliged to you but will trouble you no further, except to ask that if ever you see this man, you will detain him."

Gregory nodded, turned, and walked off.

"No trouble," he said. "Hope you find the guy."

The Salvation Army official walked to

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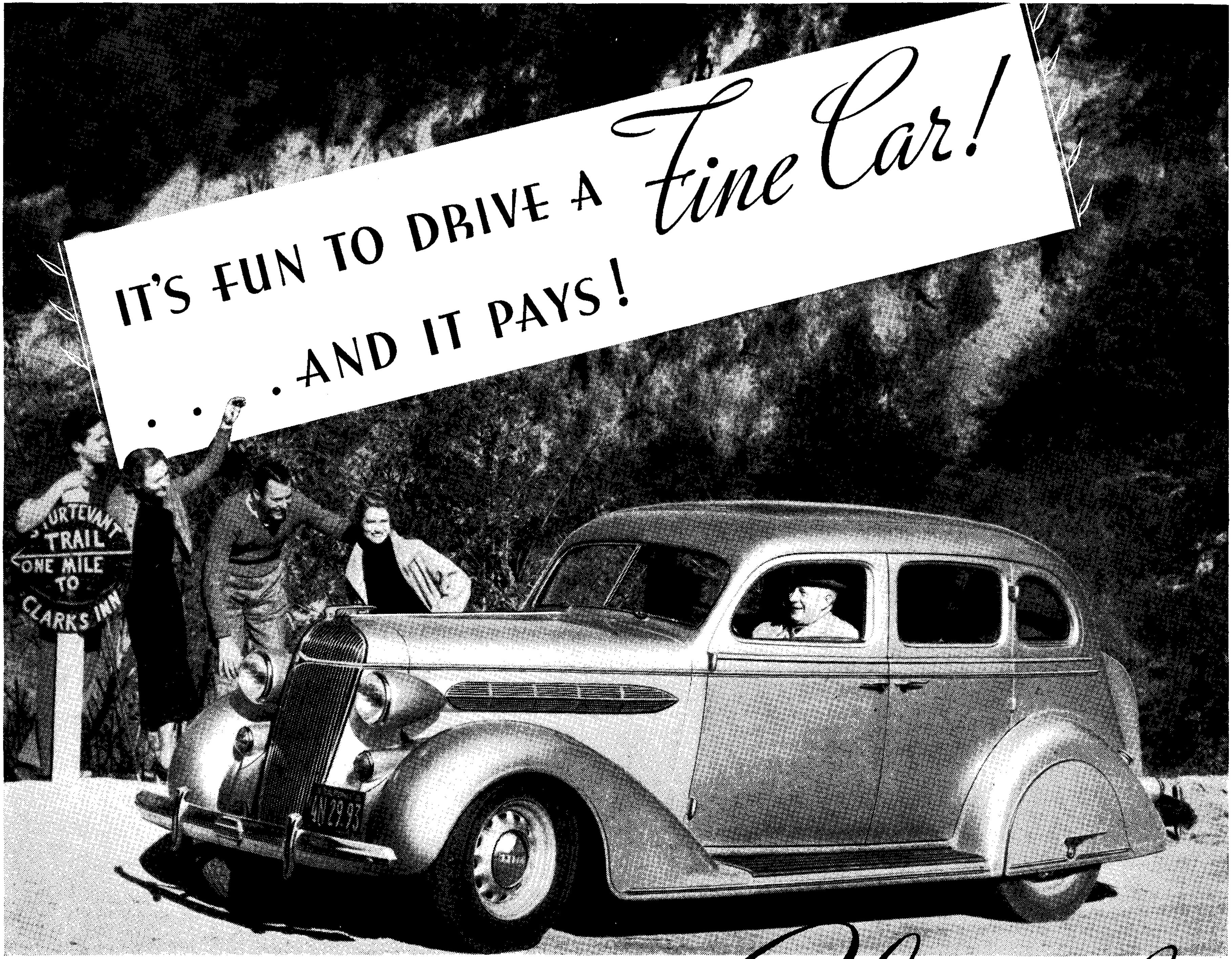

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THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE TO STOP REHEARSALS

STAGE ENTRANCE

BUT ABSORBINE JR. TOOK THE MISERY OUT OF HIS SORE BACK

WHILE right in the middle of a rehearsal, F. W.*, a New York director, fell through the orchestra pit, striking a bad blow on his back. His letter says the pain was so great he thought he couldn't go on with his work, and the play was opening in a week.

That night one of the members of the cast brought a bottle of Absorbine Jr. to the director's room and rubbed the liniment well into the sore spot.

The next morning, F. W. reports, he was able to move about freely. After two more Absorbine Jr. rubs the pain had disappeared entirely.

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*Based on actual letter from our files

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ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

The Invisible President

Continued from page 44

the end of the street, gloomily scrutinizing closed doors to right and left, seeming to note the names over the shops, the numbers, the Chinese signs. Then, turning to the right again at the end of the block, he walked on through the rain for a considerable distance, and finally entered an elevated railroad station. . . .

Salvation Army delegates from all over the United States were assembled in New York that week and a group of the senior officials had been accommodated at the Regal-Athenian Hotel. Therefore, no one in the vast marble-pillared lobby of that palatial establishment was surprised to see the tall and gloomy captain walk in. No confrère was visible in the public rooms through which he passed; the last had retired fully an hour earlier. Entering a Tower elevator:

"Thirty-three," he announced gloomily.

He stepped out on the thirty-third floor, where two deputies from neighboring states were sharing an apartment. He did not go to their apartment, however. He opened a door at the end of the long, carpeted corridor, and began to mount the stairs. He met no one on his way, but at the fortieth floor he opened a door and peered out into another deserted carpeted corridor.

CAPTAIN MARK HEPBURN, pacing restlessly from room to room of the suite at the top of the Tower, sometimes looking out of the window at rain-drenched New York below him, sometimes listening to the whine of the elevator, and sometimes exchanging glances with the equally restless Fey, Nayland Smith's man, who also wandered disconsolately about, suddenly paused in the little vestibule. He had heard quick footsteps.

A moment later, the door opened and a gloomy Salvation Army captain entered.

"Thank God! Sir Denis," said Hepburn and tried to repress the emotion he felt. "I was getting really worried."

The Salvation Army captain removed his cap, his spectacles, and, very gingerly, his gray mustache, revealing the gaunt, eager features of Nayland Smith.

"Thanks, Hepburn," he said. "I am sorry to have bothered you. But I was right."

"What!"

Fey appeared silently, his stoic face a mask.

"A whisky-and-soda, sir?" he suggested.

"Thanks, Fey, a stiff one."

A triumphant light danced in Smith's steely eyes, and:

"It looks as though you had some news," said Hepburn.

"I have." Nayland Smith extracted pipe and pouch from the pocket of his uniform jacket. "My guess was right—a pure guess, Hepburn, no more; but I was right. Can you imagine whom I saw down there in Chinatown tonight?"

"Not—"

"No—my luck didn't go as far as that. But just as I was turning out of Mott Street, right in the light from a restaurant I saw our friend James Richet—Abbot Donegal's ex-secretary!"

"Richet?"

"Exactly. One of the key men. Luck was with me. Then, suddenly, it turned. Of all the unimaginable things, Hepburn . . . a *real* Salvation Army officer came up to me! Following a brief conversation he challenged me to establish my identity, and I was forced to do so."

He pulled back the top of his tunic, revealing the gold badge of a federal agent.

"A clumsy business, Hepburn. But what could I do? In the meantime, I had lost my man. I met a detective officer as I went racing around the corner. He was unmistakable. I know a policeman, to whatever country he belongs, a quarter of a mile away. He had passed my man and he did his best. I have memorized all the possible places into which he may have gone. But one thing is established, Hepburn—Dr. Fu Manchu has a Chinatown base. . . ."

JAMES RICHET, known to the organization of which he was a member as Number 38, stepped through a doorway—the fifth he had counted—and knew he must be below sea level. This door immediately closed behind him.

He found himself in a lobby with stone-faced walls. A silk-shaded lantern hung from an iron bracket. Immediately facing him was another arched doorway, curtained. Above the curtain rod glowed a dim semicircle of light. This place smelled like a josshouse. The only other item of furniture was a narrow cushioned divan, and upon this a very old Chinese was squatting. He wore a garment resembling a blue smock; he crouched forward on the divan, his veinous, clawlike hands resting upon his knees. He was a man of incalculable age: an intricate network of wrinkles mapped the whole of his face. His eyes were mere slits in the yellow skin. He might have been a chryselephantine statue, wrought by the cunning hand of a Chinese master.

A movement ever so slight of the bowed head indicated to Richet that the man on the divan was looking at him. He raised the left lapel of his topcoat. A small badge, apparently made of gold and ivory, not unlike one of the chips used at the Monte Carlo gaming tables, was revealed. It bore the number 38.

"James Richet," he said.

One of the talon hands moved back to the wall—and in some place beyond a bell rang, dimly. A clawish finger indicated the curtained doorway. James Richet crossed the lobby, drew the curtain aside and entered.

The night out of which he had come was wet and icily cold, but the moisture which he wiped now from his forehead was not entirely due to the rain. He had removed his hat and stood looking about him. This was a rectangular apartment, also stone-faced; the floor was of polished stone upon which several rugs were spread. There were seven doors, two in each of the long walls, two in that ahead of him, and the one by which he had entered. Above each of them on an iron bracket a lantern was hung, shaded with amber silk. There were cushioned seats around the walls.

There was no other furniture except a huge square block of black granite, set in the center of the stone floor, and supporting a grotesque figure which only an ultra-modern sculptor could have produced; a goddess possessing seven green eyes, so that one of her eyes watched each of the openings. There was the same perfume in the place as of stale incense, but nevertheless unlike the more characteristic odor of Chinatown. The place was silent, very silent. In contrast to the bitter weather prevailing up above, it seemed to be tropically hot. There was no one visible.

Richet looked about him uneasily. Then, as if the proximity even of the mummy-like Chinese in the lobby afforded some sense of human companionship, he sat down just right of the opening by which he had entered, placing his black hat upon the cushions beside him.

He tried to think. This place was a miracle of cunning—Chinese cunning. As one descended from the secret street door (and this, alone, was difficult to find) a second masked door gave access to a considerable room. There was no other visible exit from this room. He realized that a police raid would almost certainly end there. Yet there were three more hidden doors—probably steel—and three short flights of stone steps, before one reached this temple of the seven-eyed goddess. These doors had been opened from beyond as he had descended.

No sound came from the lobby. Richet slightly changed his position. A green eye seemed to be watching him. But it proved to be impossible to escape the regard of one of those seven eyes; and, viewed from any point, the grotesque idol displayed some feminine line, some strange semblance of distorted womanhood.

James Richet was a qualified attorney and had practiced for several years in Los Angeles. The yellow streak in his pedigree—his maternal grandmother had been a Kanaka—formed a check to his social ambition. Perhaps it was an operative factor in his selection of an easier and more direct path to wealth than the legitimate practice of his profession had offered him. He had become the legal adviser of one of the big beer barons. Later, the underworlds of Chicago and New York held no secrets from him.

The silence of this strange stone cellar was very oppressive; he avoided looking at the evil figure which dominated it.

His former chiefs one after another had been piled up on the rocks of the new Administration. Then a fresh tide had come in his affairs, at a time when he began seriously to wonder if federal inquiries would become focused upon himself. Some new control had seized upon the broken group of which he was a surviving unit. A highly paid post was found for him as legal adviser and secretary to Abbot Donegal. He was notified that special duties would be allotted from time to time. But in spite of all his cunning—for he was more cunning than clever—he had not up to the present moment succeeded in learning the political aims of the person or persons who, as he had realized for a long time, now controlled the vast underworld network which extended from coast to coast of the United States.

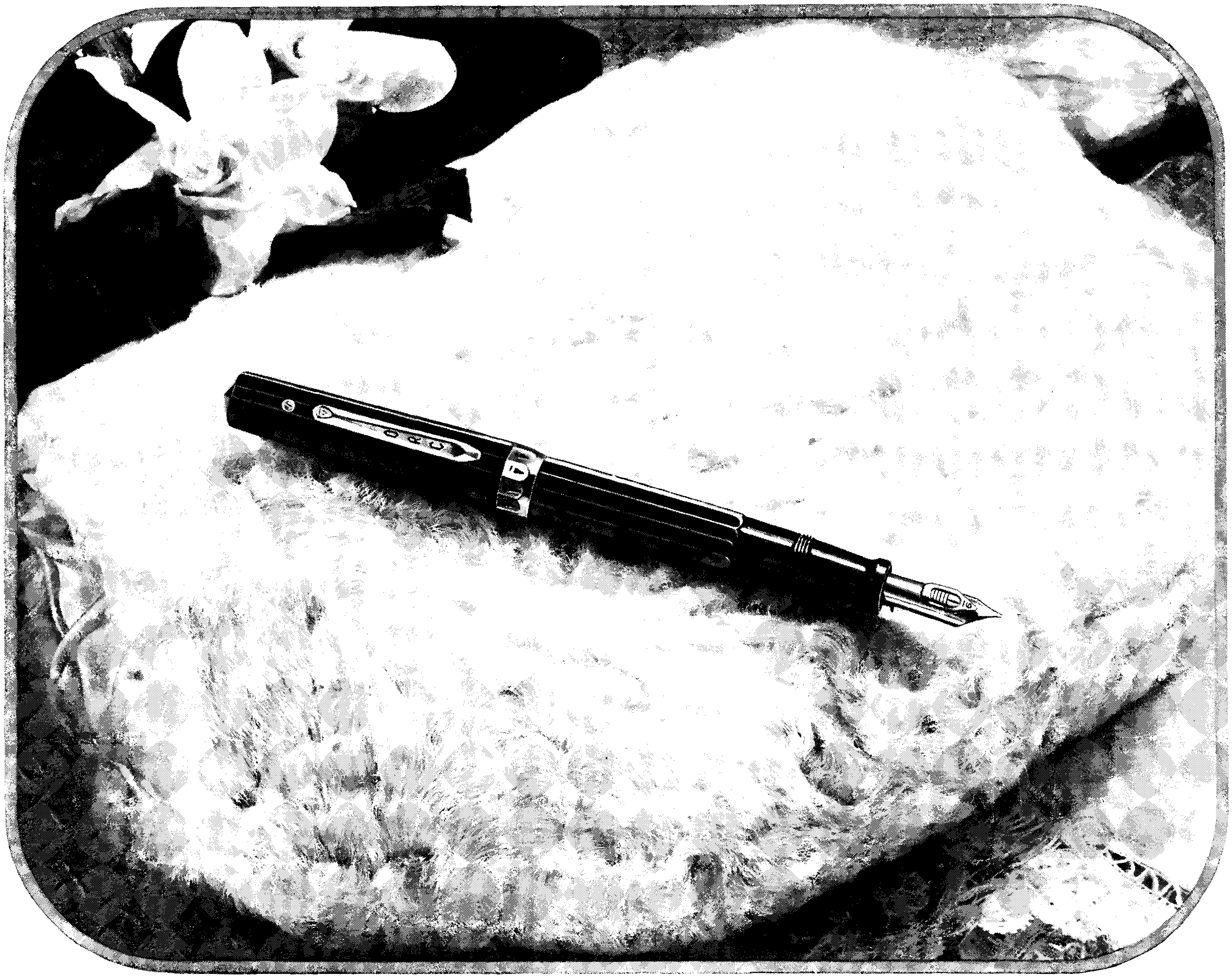
OF HIS former associates he had seen nothing during the time that he was attached to Abbot Donegal's staff at the Shrine of the Holy Thorn. Copies of the abbot's colossal mailing list he had supplied to an address in New York City; advance drafts of all sermons and lectures; and a précis of a certain class of correspondence.

Personal contact between himself and his real employer was made through the medium of Lola Dumas. His last urgent instructions, which had led to the breakdown of Abbot Donegal during a broadcast lecture, had been given to him by Lola . . . that provocative study in slender curves, creamy skin and ebony-black hair; somber, almond-shaped eyes (deep, dark lakes in which a man's soul was drowned), petulant, scornful lips . . . Lola.

Lola! She was supremely desirable, but maddeningly elusive. Together, what could they not do? She knew so many things that he burned to learn; but all that he had gathered from her was that they belonged to an organization governed by a board of seven. . . .

Hot though the place was, he shuddered. Seven! This hell-inspired figure

(Continued on page 48)



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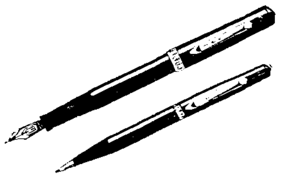

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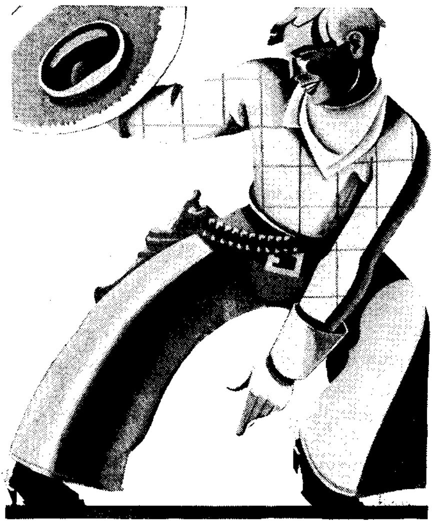

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The Invisible President

Continued from page 46

which always watched him had *seven* eyes!

From time to time Lola would appear in the near-by town without warning, occupying the best suite in the best hotel, and would summon him to meet her. It was Lola Dumas on the first day that he had taken up his duties who had brought him his badge. He had smiled. Later, he had ceased to smile. Up to the time that he had fled from the Shrine of the Holy Thorn he had never learned how many other agents of the "Seven" were attached to the staff of the abbot. Two only he had met: Mrs. Adair, and a man who acted as night watchman. Now, shepherded from point to point in accordance with typed instructions headed: "In the event of failure" and received by him on the morning before the fateful broadcast, he was in New York; at last in the headquarters of his mysterious chief!

Something in the atmosphere of this place seemed to shake him. He wondered—and became conscious of nervous perspiration—if his slight deviation from the route laid down in his instructions had escaped notice . . .

One of the doors was opened, and he saw Lola Dumas facing him from the end of the temple of the seven-eyed goddess.

MARK HEPBURN sat at the desk by the telephone, making notes of many incoming calls, issuing instructions in some cases. Nayland Smith, at the big table by the window, worked on material which seemed to demand frequent reference to one of two large maps pinned on the wall before him. Hepburn lighted numberless cigarettes. Nayland Smith was partially hidden behind a screen of pipe smoke.

Despite the lateness of the hour, Fey, the taciturn, might be heard moving about in the kitchenette.

The doorbell rang.

Smith turned in his chair. Hepburn stood up.

As Fey crossed the sitting-room to reach the vestibule:

"Remember orders, Fey!" Smith rapped.

Fey's Siouxlike, leathern features exhibited no expression whatever. He extended a large palm in which a small automatic rested.

"Very good, sir."

He opened the door. Outside stood a man in Regal-Athenian uniform and another who wore a peaked cap.

"He's all right," said the man in uniform. "He is a Western Union messenger . . ."

When the door was closed again and Fey had returned to his cramped quarters, Nayland Smith read the letter which the man had delivered. He studied it carefully, a second and a third time; then handed it to Hepburn.

"Any comments?"

Mark Hepburn took the letter and read:

Weaver's Farm,
Winton, Conn.

Dear Sir Denis:

Something so strange has occurred that I feel you should know at once. (I regret to say that my telephone is again out of order.) A man called upon me early this evening who gave the name of Julian Sankey. Before this, he made me promise to tell no one but *you* what he had to say. He implied that he had information that would enable us to locate Orwin. He was a smallish, dark man, with very spruce lank black hair and the slyly ingratiating manners of an Argentine gigolo. A voice like velvet.

I gave my promise, which seemed to satisfy him, and he then told me that he was a reluctant member of an organization which planned to make Harvard Bragg dictator. . . . He conveyed the idea that he knew the inside of this organization and that he was prepared, on terms, and with guaranteed government protection, to place all his knowledge at our disposal. He assured me that Orwin was a prisoner in New York, and that, his (Sankey's) safety being assured by you, he would indicate the exact spot.

I have an address to which to write, and it is evidently urgent. I shall be in New York tomorrow and will call upon you, if I may, at 4 o'clock.

What do you think we should do?

Very sincerely yours,
SARAH LAKIN

Mark Hepburn laid the letter down upon the table.

"The description," he said dryly, "would fit James Richet as well as any man I know."

Nayland Smith, watching him, smiled triumphantly.

"I am glad to hear you say so," he declared. "You order this man's arrest; he disappears. He is out to save his skin—"

"It may be."

"If it is Richet, then Richet would be a valuable card to hold. It's infuriating, Hepburn, to think that I missed grabbing the fellow tonight! My next regret is that our fair correspondent omits the address at which we can communicate with this 'Julian Sankey.' Does any other point in the letter strike you?"

"Yes," said Hepburn slowly. "It's undated. But my own sister, who is an honor graduate, rarely dates her letters. The other thing is the telephone."

"The telephone is the all-important thing."

Mark Hepburn turned and met the fixed gaze of Nayland Smith's eyes. He nodded.

"I don't like the disconnected telephone, Hepburn. I know the master schemer who is up against us. . . ! I am wondering if this information will ever come to hand. . . ."

A MAN who wore a yellow robe, in the loose sleeves of which his hands were concealed, sat at a large lacquered table in a small room. Some quality in the sound which penetrated through three windows, all of them slightly opened, suggested that this room was situated at a great height above a sleepless city.

Two of the walls were almost entirely occupied by bookcases; the lacquer table was set in the angle formed by these books, and upon it, in addition to neatly arranged documents, were a number of queer-looking instruments and appliances.

Also, there was a porcelain bowl in which a carved pipe with a tiny bowl rested.

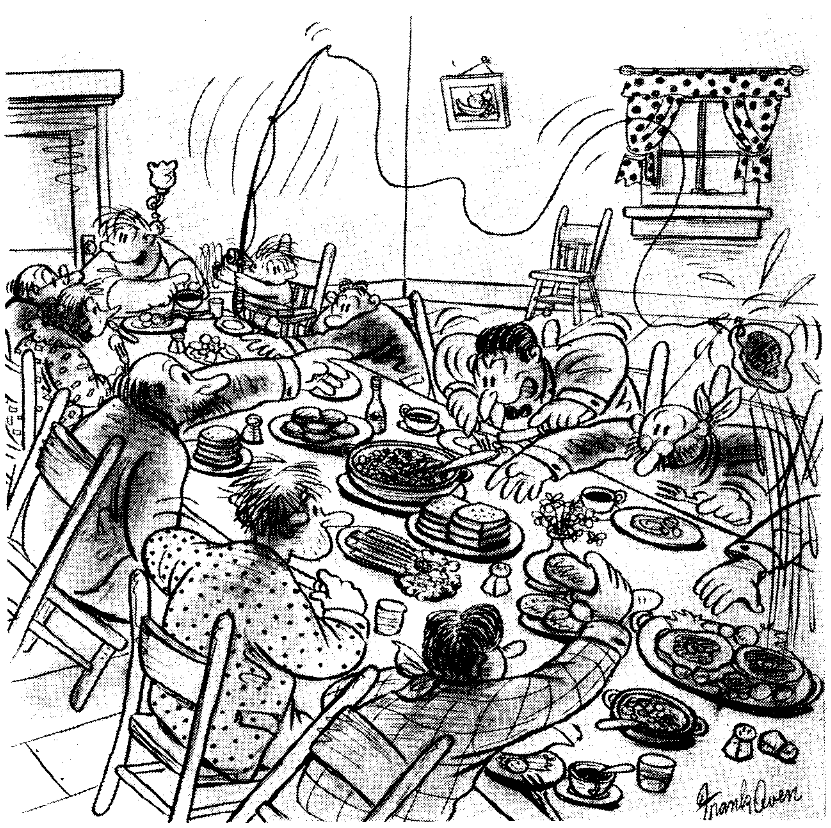
The room was very hot and the air laden with a peculiar aromatic smell. The man in the yellow robe lay back in a carved, padded chair; a black cap resembling a biretta crowned his massive skull. His immobile face resembled one of those ancient masterpieces of ivory mellowed in years of incense; a carving of Gautama Buddha—by one who disbelieved his doctrine. The eyes in this remarkable face had been closed; now, suddenly, they opened. They were green as burnished jade under moonlight.

The man in the yellow robe put on a pair of tinted spectacles and studied a square, illuminated screen which was one of the several unusual appointments of the table . . . Upon this screen, in

(Continued on page 50)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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"THAT STUDEBAKER OVERDRIVE IS CERTAINLY A GAS SAVER!" *And what a gas saver! You travel 3 miles while your engine is working 2 miles, when the Studebaker overdrive is on the job. A development of economical Studebaker free wheeling.*

YOU'LL wonder why you gave any of your time to looking over other cars, once you've gone for a thrilling, get-acquainted drive in this impressive, Helen Dryden-styled new Studebaker.

Superbly proportioned, luxuriously comfortable, it is built with a care and soundness not usual in cars any more. Yet for all its wealth of little niceties and big necessities, it costs you almost as little as a very lowest priced car.

Feather-touch hydraulic brakes! Straight line, finger-tip steering! Swift acceleration! And the further protection of a super-safe, surprisingly roomy, all steel body with the largest one-piece steel top used in any car!

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24.27 MILES PER GALLON!

And a Studebaker President Eight led its class with an average of 20.34 miles per gallon. Both records authenticated by American Automobile Association.

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AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER

This great invention keeps your car from rolling back when you come to a stop on an upgrade. Studebaker is the only 1936 car that offers it.

NEW 1936 *Studebaker*

SMART TO BE SEEN IN ... SMARTER TO BUY

WHY WE DARE SAY

"MONEY BACK IF SCALPTONE DOESN'T CHECK DANDRUFF IN 21 DAYS"

It's a doctor's formula

Scalptone contains 5 medicinal ingredients—each of which does its part in ridding your scalp of dandruff.

Look on top of the carton for list of these medicinal ingredients

It's like your own prescription

In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone you'll find a tube of oil. Pour as much of this oil into Scalptone as your hair needs. In effect, Scalptone is your personal prescription for your hair.

Only Scalptone gives you the benefits of this oil tube

Give dandruff "the works!"

Shampoo once a week with Packer's Tar Soap. Massage once a day with Packer's Scalptone. Feel your scalp tingle and glow with health. Day by day, as you continue your Scalptone treatments, notice dandruff disappear.

Keep hair neat-looking

Scalptone keeps your hair in place, without a greasy plastered-down look, because you adjust its oiliness yourself.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone, you're not satisfied, we'll return your money.

PACKER MFG. CO., 101 W. 31, New York

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Try our profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. For free money-making supplies, *write to:*
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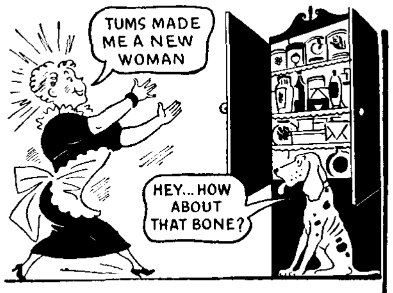

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...

Can You Finish This Jingle? $250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

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MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

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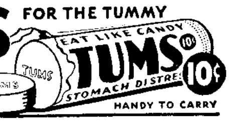

A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 26-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 48

miniature, appeared a moving picture of the subterranean room where the seven-eyed goddess sat eternally watching. Richet was talking to Lola Dumas.

The profound student of humanity seated at the lacquer table was cruelly just. He wished to study this man who, after doing good work, had seen fit to leave his ordered route and to visit the cousin of Orwin Prescott. Steps had been taken to check any possible consequences. But the fate of the one who had made these measures necessary hung now in the balance.

They stood close together, and although their figures appeared distant, but not so perhaps through glasses worn by the Chinaman, their voices sounded quite normal, as though they were speaking in the room in which he sat.

"LOLA, I have the game in my hand." Richet threw his left arm around the woman's shoulders, and drew her to him. "Don't pretend. We're in this thing together."

Lola Dumas' lithe body bent backward as he strove to reach her lips.

"You are quite mad," she said breathlessly. "Because I was amused once, why should you think I am a fool?" She twisted, bent, and broke free, turning and facing him, her dark eyes blazing. "I can play, but when I work, I quit play. You are dreaming, my dear, if you think you can ever get control."

"But I tell you I have the game in my hand!" The man, fists clenched, spoke tensely, passionately. "It is for you to say the word. Why should a newcomer, a stranger, take charge when you and I—"

"You poor fool! Do you want to die so young?"

"I tell you, Lola, *I'm* not the fool. I know Kern Adler, the big New York lawyer, is in this. And what I say goes with Kern. I know 'Blondie' Hahn is. And Blondie stands for all the useful boys still at large. I know how to handle Blondie. We're old friends. I have all the Donegal material. No one knows the inside of the Brotherhood of National Equality as I know it. What's more—I know where to go for backing, and I don't need Bragg! Lola . . ."

A slender ivory hand, the fingernails long, pointed and highly burnished, moved across the lacquered table in that distant high room.

Six of the seven lights over the doors went out.

"What's this?" muttered Richet. "What do we do now?"

He was inspired by his own vehemence.

"Go into the lighted alcove," said the woman coldly. "The President is ready to interview you."

Richet paused, fists still half clenched, stepped toward the light, then glanced back. Lola Dumas had gone. She was lost in the incense-haunted darkness . . . but one green eye of the goddess watched him out of the shadows. He moved forward, opened the door and found himself in a small, square, stone cell, possessing no furniture whatever. The door closed silently. He looked about him, his recent confidence beginning to wane. Then a voice spoke—a high-pitched, guttural voice: "James Richet, you will be given sealed orders by the Number in charge of Base 3. See that you carry out his instructions *to the letter. . . .*"

Mark Hepburn sprang up in bed.

"All right, Hepburn!"—it was Nayland Smith's voice. "Sorry to awake you; but there's a job for us."

The light had been switched on, and Hepburn, staring somewhat dazedly at the speaker, then glanced down at his watch. The hour was 3:15 A. M. But Nayland Smith was fully dressed.

"What is it?" Hepburn asked, impressed by his companion's grim expression and beginning also to dress hastily.

"I don't know—yet. I was called five minutes ago—I had not turned in—by the night manager. A taxi—perhaps a coincidence, but it happens to be a Lotus taxi—pulled up at the main entrance. The passenger asked the man to step into the lobby and inquire for me—"

"In what name?"

"The title was curiously accurate, Hepburn. It was typed on a slip of paper. The man was told to ask for Federal Agent ex-Assistant Commissioner Sir Denis Nayland Smith, O. B. E.!"

Hepburn turned, staring:

"But to everybody except myself and Fey you are plain Mr. Smith!"

"Exactly. That is why I see the hand of Dr. Fu Manchu, who has a ghastly sense of humor, in this. The man proceeded to obey his orders, I gather, but he had not gone three paces when something happened. Let's hurry down. The man is there . . . so is his passenger."

The night manager and a house detective were talking to Fey by the open door of the apartment.

"Queerest thing that ever happened in my experience, gentlemen," said the manager. "I only hope it isn't a false alarm. The string of titles means nothing to me. But you are Mr. Smith and I know you are a federal agent. This way. The elevator is waiting. Follow me; I will take you by a shorter route."

Down they went to the street level. Led by the manager, they hurried along a service passage, crossed a wide corridor, two empty offices, and came out at the far end of the vast pillared and carpeted main foyer. Except for robotlike workers busily cleaning, it was deserted and in semidarkness. A lofty, shadow-haunted place. Light shone from the open door of the night manager's room.

A MAN who wore a topcoat over pajamas was examining a still figure on a sofa. There were three other men in the room, one of them the taxi driver.

Nayland Smith shot a searching glance at the latter's pale, horrified face as, cap on the back of his head, he stared over the doctor's shoulder, and then, pushing his way forward, Nayland Smith too looked once, and:

"Good God!" he muttered. "Hepburn"— Mark Hepburn was beside him —"what is it? Have you ever met with anything like it?"

The prostrate man, whose torso had been stripped by the resident physician, probably in a vain attempt to restore cardiac action, exhibited, on his face and neck, a number of vivid scarlet spots. They were about an eighth of an inch in diameter and on the dull white skin resembled drops of blood. . . .

"Never."

Mark Hepburn's voice was husky. The doctor looked up. He was a heavily built, Teutonic type, his shrewd eyes magnified by powerful spectacles.

"If you are a brother practitioner," he said, "you are welcome. This case is outside my experience."

"The scarlet spots!" blurted the taxi-driver in a frightened voice— "That's what he called out, 'The scarlet spots'—and then he was down on the sidewalk rolling about and screaming!"

Mark Hepburn glanced at Nayland Smith.

The dead man was James Richet, ex-secretary to Abbot Donegal!

(To be continued next week)

Hello, London!

Continued from page 21

risk a handful of dividends to help me catch you a daughter-in-law?"

"I'd risk a bushel to improve your appetite."

"I've got a hunch," Johnny said with increasing discontent, "that this bird in London is responsible for some of the switchboard's glamor. If he is, I'd like Storm to see him. In fact, since it can't do him any harm, I'd like to finance his vacation, anonymously of course, and get him over here."

"How on earth would you go about it?"

"Well, I'd cable some money to London and get Bill to make the arrangements through a reliable solicitor so his name won't appear. If the captain accepts, your lawyers could privately handle his budgets over here and hold him down."

"One thing sure," Mr. Hibbs said slowly, "if he's willing to take a stranger's money, you'll know a little more about him. Had it occurred to you, Johnny, that this gentleman might conceivably be a well-born—scamp?"

"I'll keep an eye on him," Johnny said.

At midnight he cabled his cousin.

A week later, Bill cabled back:

SOLICITORS REPORT CARR GRATEFUL GRABBED CHANCE CABLE FUNDS

That night, when Storm said "Hello, London," the captain tested the ether with a bombshell.

"Hello, New York!" he said cheerfully. "I have some jolly news. I'm coming to America!" The captain pronounced it "Ameddica."

Storm gasped.

The captain's tests for the rest of the night concerned his trip.

THE captain's boat docked on a morning in May at nine o'clock. Passengers were still streaming down the gangplank when Johnny planted himself under the letter C in the Customs shed and ran a considering eye over a jumble of luggage. Unable to locate the captain's belongings, he waited impatiently until the gangplanks had emptied and then approached a middle-aged C in crumpled clothing who was unmistakably British.

"Are you Captain Carr?" Johnny inquired.

His prospect stiffened. "No," he said curtly.

A tall tanned Englishman whom Johnny had marked off earlier as thirty-six, strikingly handsome and smartly turned out in English tailoring, turned upon him a slow, amused glance. "I say," he exclaimed, "were you asking for Captain Carr? My name is Carr. Sidney Carr."

Johnny mopped his forehead with a wobbling handkerchief. It was inconceivable that a damp day when the captain was tired and his leg hurt could have bred so many misconceptions in his cousin's careless mind. "I—I'm a friend of Miss Kendall's," he stammered.

"Splendid!" the captain said and Johnny once more had an astonished and rather disagreeable impression that the captain was laughing at him.

"Part of his punch is clothes and a swell coat of tan," Johnny decided bitterly. "And I paid for the tan. Huh! He must have followed the sun around with a deck chair."

Riding uptown, Johnny looked again at the captain's clothes and the captain caught him looking. "You Americans," the captain said in a rich, musical voice, "are amazing people. Would you believe, Hibbs, that an eccentric American is financing my vacation?"

To elude the inquiry, Johnny hurriedly scanned the traffic around him and confounded a dozing stranger in a limousine by bawling heartily, "Hi, Joe, how are you?"

The captain's handsome blue eyes examined him intently. "Naturally," he went on, "since I intend to repay this philanthropic gentleman or his solicitor, I'd like to meet him. I've an idea Miss Kendall must have told him the circumstances."

That balloon and its unpredictable flights Johnny punctured at once.

"I'm quite sure," he said hastily, "that Miss Kendall knows nothing at all about it."

"It's rather dismaying," the captain said, "not to know his identity. But I'll have to accept whatever maintenance he has seen fit to arrange until I get a suitable job and settle down."

"You intend—" Johnny cleared his throat—"you intend to—remain in America?"

"Oh, rather," the captain exclaimed. "Commercially, these days, England's so frightfully crowded."

STEEPED in gloom, Johnny drove him to the Madison Avenue apartment and headed for home. He found his father in a warm blaze of sunlight on the penthouse terrace. He reported.

"If he's as good as he looks," Mr. Hibbs said, "how did he get in trouble with his uncle? And why, with his connections, couldn't he get a better job in London? Has he brought any letters to people here? Any credentials?"

"He said he had some but he lost 'em. At this rate," Johnny said, staring glassily over the roof tops, "he'll be nothin' at all but a liability! And I hope Bill Hibbs chokes."

"I never met an Adonis yet," Mr. Hibbs remarked with almost feline acidity, "who didn't need his looks to buttress him up. I'd like to have a look at him."

"I figured you would," Johnny said. "We'll invite him to dinner."

Within the week the immaculate captain, in a dinner coat, arrived with Storm and her mother.

Since the table was round, it didn't much matter where anybody sat, but Mr. Hibbs contrived to seat the captain with Mrs. Kendall. For the rest of the evening the captain modestly covered himself with glory in various parts of the world.

Johnny ached with premonitions. Even his father, he thought, looked impressed and sympathetic.

A taxi—ordered by the captain—came at ten. Johnny convoyed his guests to the elevator and came back with an eloquent look at his father.

"Viewed purely as an insolvent exposition of buttons, seams and expensive fabrics," Mr. Hibbs said cautiously, "I still find our investment mystifying."

"I don't trust that man!" Johnny burst out malevolently.

"What's troubling you?"

"Jake," Johnny began, "you won't like this, but I distrust Carr so much that I—I put a private detective on him."

"I'm glad you did," his father said unexpectedly. "I distrust him myself."

"I particularly told the detective," Johnny said irritably, "not to turn in any personal reports about Storm. Yesterday he lunched with Mr. Orme and Mrs. Kendall."

"What do you make of that?"

"Julius Orme," Johnny exploded, "is an old friend of the Kendalls. He's the president of the Coast-to-Coast Broadcasting Company. If Orme gets an earful of the captain's soapy voice and Mrs.

(Continued on page 52)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
HOW THE JUDGE LOST HIS FIRST PIPE...AND FOUND IT AGAIN
YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!
HELP! HELP!
GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!
HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —
THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE —
A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!

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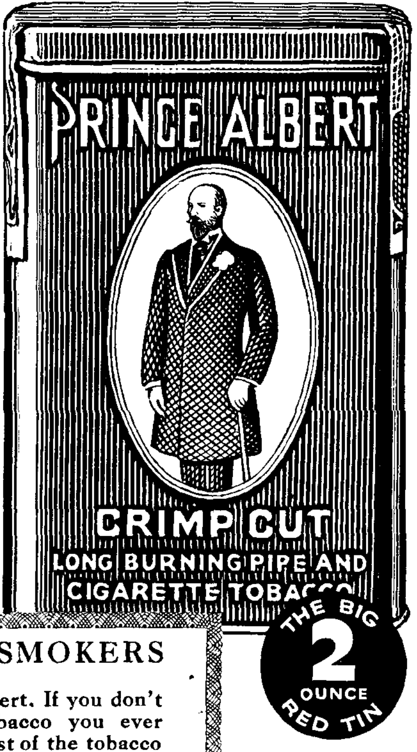
It was Prince Albert that popularized the improved, scientific style of cut—"crimp cut." And Prince Albert that brought forward the special P. A. process that banishes all harshness and bite. It is made from choicest tobaccos and recognized as the world's leading smoking tobacco. So expect mildness from P. A. and a soothing mellowness. Try Prince Albert on the trial terms given below—100% refund if you're not delighted with Prince Albert. Great for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



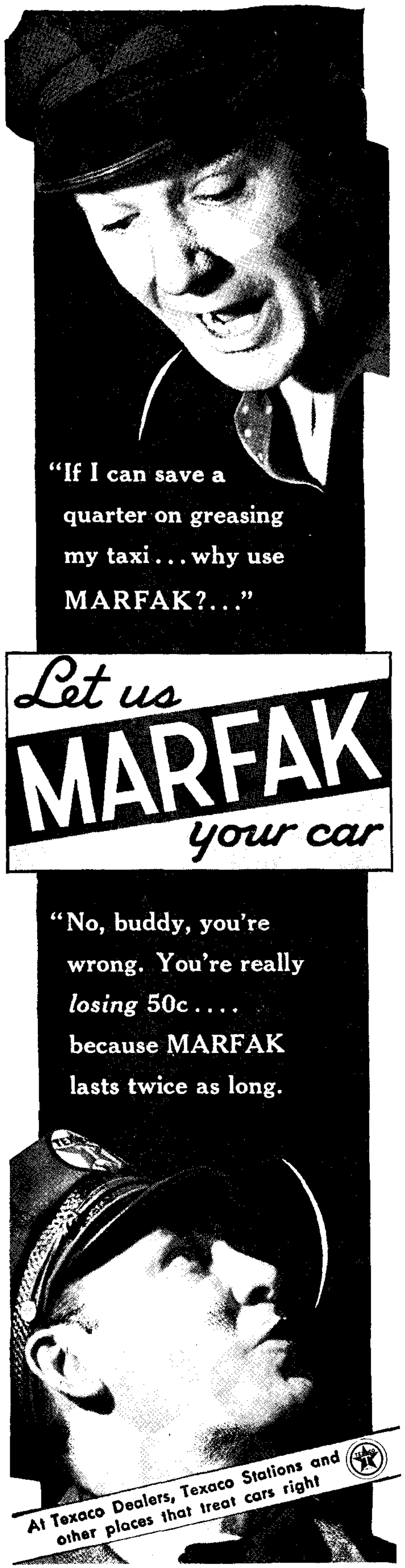
OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.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"No, buddy, you're wrong. You're really losing 50c . . . . because MARFAK lasts twice as long.
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FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. CC-150, Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from page 51)

Kendall goes into her dance about him, she'll talk him into a job!"

"Announcing?"

"Certainly. Soap and cereals and lip rouge with an Oxford accent."

"Great heavens," Mr. Hibbs said exhausted, "I'm sorry we ever got into it."

Saturday afternoon, Johnny discovered the captain, in a pale velvet chair too big for the room, comfortably drinking tea with Storm and her mother. Some small logs blazed in the fireplace. It was the only light in the room. Mrs. Kendall liked firelight.

"Hibbs—" the captain singled Johnny out of the bright dusk around the tea-table, "could you come to tea in my apartment next Friday afternoon?"

"What's the celebration?" Johnny inquired. "Have you got a job?"

"Well, yes." The captain smiled. "But the celebration is really Miss Kendall's twenty-first birthday. Didn't you know it?"

"I ought to," Johnny grumbled. "It's one of my shadiest anniversaries. On Storm's sixth birthday I upset a punch bowl on a brand-new Persian cat."

The captain chuckled.

ON STORM'S birthday, the captain telephoned the Kendall apartment at three o'clock. "So, Storm," he said gayly, "you aren't asleep. Or are you?"

"No," Storm said, "I'm waking up."

"I've just had a jolly idea. Come early and we'll have some coffee together first. I'm just getting up."

"Getting up!"

"Last night," the captain explained, "the elevator broke down and after I climbed a half a dozen stairways my leg crumpled up—"

"Oh," Storm said, "I'm sorry!"

"I've been sleeping it off. I'm sending a taxi to get you—"

"But, Sidney," Storm interrupted, "Mother's in Long Island and I'm supposed to meet her at your apartment at half past four."

"Well,' the captain said, almost with relief, "that ought to come out very nicely. Bring me some newspapers—be a nice child and hurry!"

It was impossible to hurry at first with the living-room filled with birthday bundles and flowers. Storm found Johnny's roses in a big copper jar by the fireplace and Mrs. Kendall had tied his card to one of the stems.

Storm called him up on the telephone.

"Gosh," Johnny squawked, "are you up? I've been panting around the telephone for hours ticking off the minutes until four o'clock."

"What about? Nobody pants over birthdays. Johnny, I love the flowers!"

"What about?" Johnny yelped. "Your Uncle Drew!"

"Uncle Drew!"

"JAKE'S been grousing for months because Drew Kendall left you out of his will," Johnny went on. "He says your mother told him it's the biggest estate in the Kendall family and you were always Drew's favorite."

Drew Kendall's thrifty wife, it was rumored, had dictated the will. She was the sole legatee.

"My goodness, Johnny, what's it all about?"

Johnny gasped. "Didn't you get a birthday present from your Uncle Drew's lawyers?"

"No."

"Have you looked at your mail?"

"Not since last night. I just got up."

"Christmas night!" Johnny groaned. "It's even in the papers. Drew Kendall cashed in a hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities before he changed his will and instructed his lawyers to turn it over to you in a trust fund on your twenty-first birthday— Hey, are you crying?"

"Nope," Storm choked, "I was thinking of Uncle Drew."

"The lawyers," Johnny said, "must have mailed the letter out yesterday. Otherwise the morning papers wouldn't have had it. I found it on the third page of the Times. Look at your mail!"

Storm looked at her mail and darted back to the telephone. "It—it's here, Johnny—"

"Swell!" Johnny said in a gentle voice. "Now go powder your nose and clear your throat. You sound like a torch singer."

"Aren't you coming to the captain's party?"

"Nope," Johnny said, "I don't feel international. I'll drop down tonight and let out a couple of birthday whoops in private."

STORM rode uptown in the captain's taxi. At a newsstand she bought the captain's papers and the Morning Times. Drew Kendall's name in print caught in her throat. Still shaken, she reached the captain's door at quarter of five. The door was open. The captain stood on the threshold with the president of the Coast-to-Coast Broadcasting Company, Julius Orme.

"Well, Storm," Mr. Orme said, departing, "in another week we'll have this young man on the air." He trotted away.

The captain's glance was faintly reproachful. "You and your mother!"

"Was Mother late too?" Storm followed him in.

"Even later. She isn't here yet. When Mr. Orme rang the doorbell, I thought it was you. Do you like your flowers? I had to see you get them!"

Storm stopped at the tea table. The flowers were orchids. "So many," she protested. "They're lovely, Sidney, but you're so extravagant!"

While the captain carried her coat away to his bedroom, Storm lighted the candles on the tea table. And then the captain was back, strikingly handsome in the candlelight, and standing beside her.

"Storm," he said, "didn't you guess I hoped to see you alone? This job of Mr. Orme's makes a lot of difference. I haven't felt before that I had a right to ask you to marry me—"

The telephone rang in his bedroom and Storm stammered, "It—it's probably Mother."

He went reluctantly. Storm heard him say, "Hello . . . Oh, yes, Hibbs." And then after a silence, "Just a minute." He closed the door.

Motionless, Storm remained by the table, her fingers after a time nervously moving back and forth over her necklace. The necklace broke in her hand. Small blue-green beads which Drew Kendall had bought in an antique shop in Egypt rolled over the table and dropped on the floor.

When the captain came back Storm sat on the divan, the beads in her hand.

"Sidney," Storm said, her eyes bright and dark over the blaze in her cheeks, "please sit down. No, over there. When you were in England—it's ridiculous to say that your voice nights was tender—"

"It isn't ridiculous," he said, smiling.

"It was."

"What I've been wondering," Storm went on, "is why, after we met, you grew so cautious and formal. Always Mother along—"

"But surely," he protested, "I made that clear. Without a job—"

"Of course," Storm said, "you knew, from the friends we have in England, the sort of people we probably knew here and once or twice I almost wondered if you were trying to use us—I mean, to meet girls—with more money. I was careful to see you didn't because if you were that sort of person—"

"But, Storm," the captain gasped, "that's preposterous!"

"And you didn't see this morning's papers?"

He said, puzzled, "I was asleep."

Storm lifted a cushion beside her and picked up a folded newspaper. "My beads broke," she murmured. "I looked for them with a candle and some were under the divan. This paper was, too. It had slid down between the back of the divan and the wall. It's the morning Times."

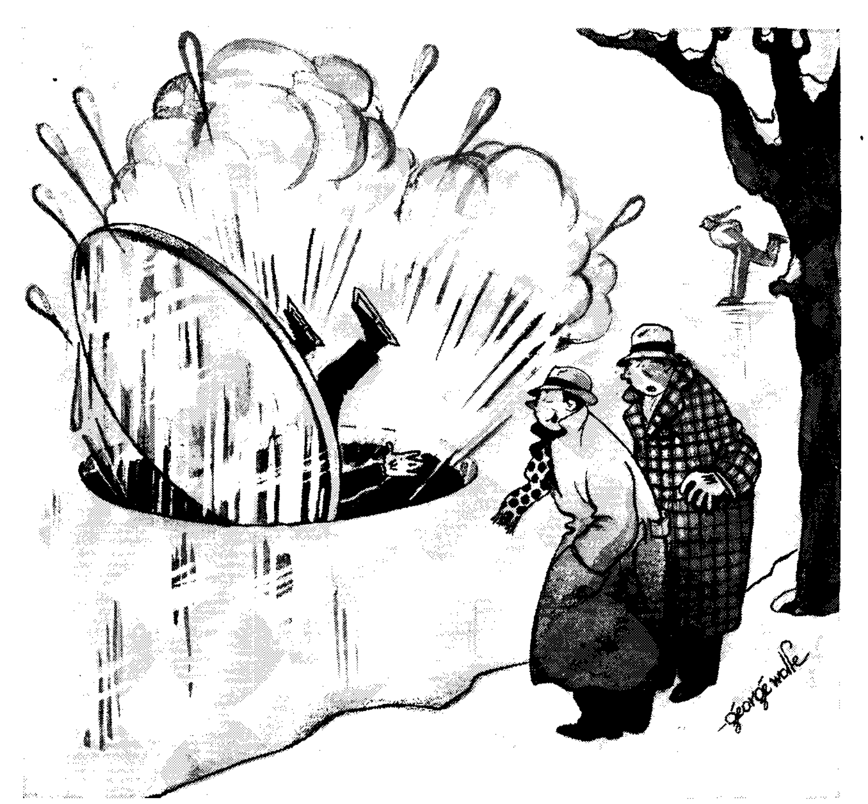
"Really? The maid has a passkey. It must be hers. Or Mr. Orme's."

"Then you didn't know that Uncle Drew Kendall had left me some money?"

"Certainly not!"

"You think the maid cut out the account of the trust fund? It's missing. Why would she want it? And if Mr. Orme had cut it out, if he'd even seen it, he would have spoken about it to me."

The doorbell tinkled playfully and the captain rose with a groan and went to



"I guess I sharpened Wilbur's skates too well!" GEORGE WOLFE answer it. Storm darted into his bedroom and found her coat.

"Captain Carr," Mrs. Kendall came in exclaiming, "have you seen the papers? Storm's uncle—"

"Captain Carr has seen the papers, Mother," Storm said in the doorway. "A hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money when there's nothing else in sight."

"If I were the kind of a bounder you seem to think I am," the captain said indignantly, "why would I hide the paper under the divan?"

"I think," Storm said, "Mr. Orme's visit was unexpected. Perhaps you were cutting the clipping out when he rang your doorbell. You thought I was arriving. You said so. And you dropped the paper behind the divan. And then I came while Mr. Orme was leaving, so what could you do?" Anger sparkled over her face in a flood of color. "I've been awfully sorry for you, Captain Carr. And I've been rotten to Johnny because he wasn't. Johnny's so decent and honest that he always lets you know what he thinks—"

"Does he?" the captain flared resentfully. "Has he been honest enough to tell you that he cabled the money to London for my trip? He still believes that I haven't found it out!"

"Johnny! I don't believe it! Mother, please don't stare at me so. And don't cry!"

THE English-blue of the captain's eyes darkened. "Nevertheless a young man by the name of William Hibbs secretly made the arrangements in London through a solicitor."

"And you—" Storm gasped—"but, of course! You bribed one of his clerks and discovered Bill's name. And Johnny met your boat and his name was Hibbs—"

"Johnny," the captain said, arching his eyebrows, "is exceedingly young and rather naïve. He accosted a slovenly old party on the pier and asked him if he was Captain Carr." His mouth twitched. "One can see what he hoped I was like."

Mrs. Kendall said, "Come, Storm, I can't permit you to get any angrier!"

"I couldn't, Mother." Storm went to the door. "Captain Carr, I'm sorry I was so much of a fool that Johnny had to go into action!"

Downstairs the Hibbs' car rolled to a stop and Johnny's long legs bounded over the sidewalk. He met Storm and her mother in the lobby. Mrs. Kendall sailed ahead.

"Johnny," Storm whispered, "I'll have to walk it off. Send Mother home in the car. She's practically unhinged. Every time she looks at me, she bursts into tears!"

"I got a letter from Bill Hibbs," Johnny sputtered. "That's why I called Carr up. Gosh, what happened?"

"Pack Mother in first."

He darted off and seized Mrs. Kendall on the sidewalk.

"Johnny," Mrs. Kendall wept, "Storm was magnificent. She was a Botticelli flame. She was Joe Kendall blowing up in a doorway!"

"Whatever it is, Mrs. Kendall," Johnny urged, thrusting her into the car, "there's no sense in crying now—"

"I know, Johnny," Mrs. Kendall replied in a wet whisper, "but she was so like her father! The captain—"

But Johnny had banged the door and vanished. Mrs. Kendall wiped her eyes and repaired her complexion. Then she reached for the speaking tube and said to the chauffeur in a tremulous voice, "Mike, I prefer, I greatly prefer Mr. Hibbs to have the use of his car. I'll go home in a taxi. You can probably overtake them somewhere on Madison Avenue."

Storm and Johnny were moving rapidly over a crossing, both talking at once when Mike pulled up at the curb. He climbed out and planted himself in their path. "Mrs. Kendall," Mike said distinctly, "went home in a taxi."

Johnny looked at him blankly. "Oh," he said. "Swell, Mike."

In the car he snapped on the domelight. "Here, Storm. Read the letter. Bill's a nut."

Bill Hibbs had written:

"DEAR JOHNNY:

"I swear to heaven I thought I told you he mightn't be so bad-looking if he had some decent clothes and wasn't so tired and how in hell could I answer anything when I was on a motor tour in Ireland and I didn't get any cables or any letters until I got back to London? Most of my information, before, I got from another operator and maybe that was a mistake. Probably anything he knew the captain had told him.

"After I read your father's last cable I went out and burned up the town looking for somebody who knew the family so I could answer his questions. A newspaperman helped me out. He knew a musical comedy star by the name of Mary Carr and Miss Carr was the captain's cousin and that took time because the English are reserved and I knew I'd have to see a lot of her before I could pry the family wardrobe open and take a look at the skeletons. Here are the answers:

"I. The captain's extravagance, his debts and his borrowing habits drove his uncle crazy. I met the uncle too. He's a grand old guy. He finally settled the captain's debts for the last time and kicked him out.

"II. The captain couldn't get a decent job in London because by the time he found out his uncle meant it he'd borrowed so much money he'd closed up all his prospects.

"III. After he got your bonanza, he turned up in his uncle's office and offered to stay out of England for a sizable amount. He got half of what he wanted, told his uncle he intended to marry some money in America and settle down but he didn't mention your investment.

"You'll like Mary. Peaches-and-cream type of girl with an English complexion, hair like the color of wheat in an August sun, feet like feathers and the voice of an angel! If things come out as I hope—"

"The rest is babble!" Johnny grunted. "Bill's out of his head, and—"

"Johnny," Storm cried, "you didn't—you didn't read the captain that letter over the telephone?"

"No?" Johnny inquired. "Fella, I read him Answers I, II and III. He said his cousin hates him. And I said, 'Okay, I'll be over to tea.' I wanted to get you out of there." He kissed her cheek, reached for the speaking tube and said to the chauffeur, "Hey, Mike, head back home."

MIKE sighed and turned the car.

"Storm—" Johnny's hand closed tightly over her fingers—"tonight, you and Jake and I will have dinner together. Jake likes to stick a bridge table up in the living-room and stir up a chickeny business in cream in a chafing dish—"

But Storm was crying, her nose in his chest. "Oh, Johnny, Johnny," Storm choked, "what if I'd lost you?"

Minutes later Johnny kissed away the last of her tears and seized the speaking tube again. "Hey, Mike," he said breathlessly, "drift around until you find a delicatessen store and then dash in and grab a cooked chicken. The bigger the better." He dropped the tube, opened Storm's handbag and dug out a powder compact. "Here," he said sternly, "powder that pan! I can't go home propping up a teardrop. If I'm going to walk in tonight waving a red-headed fiancée, I want Jake to get a kick out of it."

Jake did.

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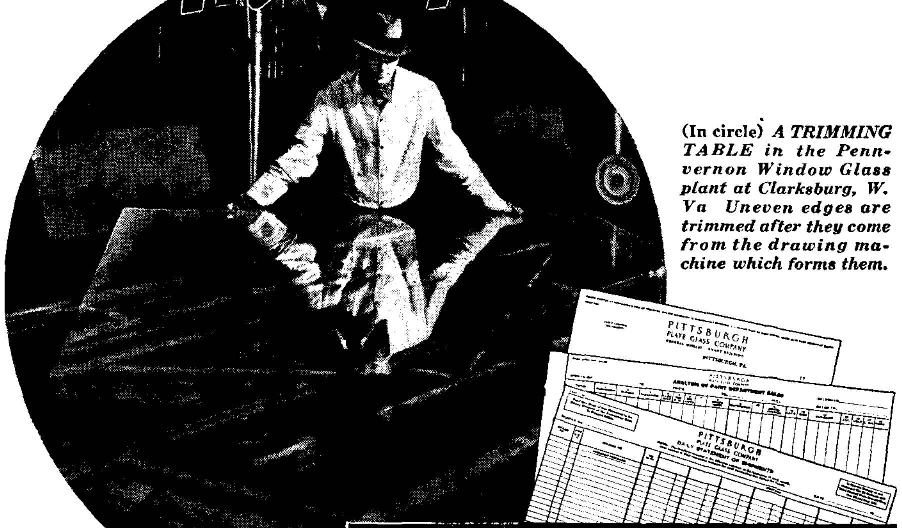
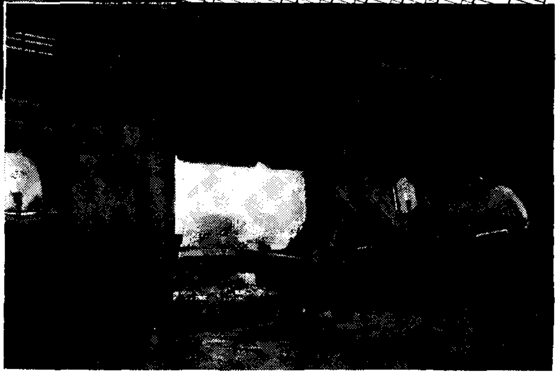


(In circle) *A TRIMMING TABLE in the Pennvernon Window Glass plant at Clarksburg, W. Va. Uneven edges are trimmed after they come from the drawing machine which forms them.*



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Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company ties together diversified interests with paper and printing

by **J. FRANK BEAMAN**
Financial Editor, Pittsburgh Press

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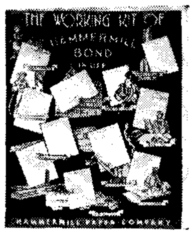

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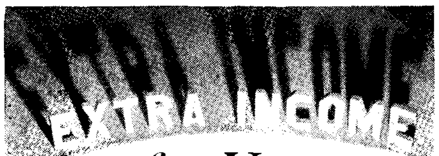
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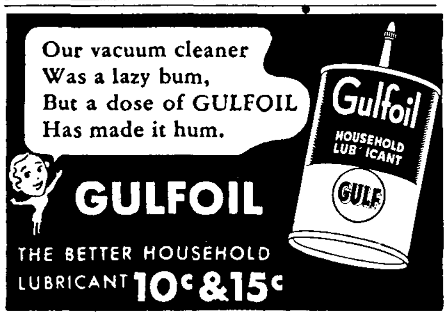
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Man of Destiny

Continued from page 9

growing together, even if we didn't know what it meant till this summer; this is the sum of everything we are. . . . And *you wouldn't be taking anything she* really wants. You know how much hell she's raised about going East and leaving her friends. She'd rather have Winnetka without me than me without Winnetka." But Agnes rose doughtily to her friend's defense.

"That's not true, Joe! She's been acting like it, but it's your job to make her snap out of that. You could, if you really tried."

"But I'm not sure she isn't right. She and I both had too much stuff for a small town, but in Winnetka she's perfectly adjusted to her environment; I don't blame her for wanting to stay. But you and I belong at the top—together!" Her tired eyes smiled at him.

"You do, my dear—and I belong with you," she added with a simplicity more convincing than any dramatics. "But it would poison everything for everybody—even for us, I'm afraid, in the end. . . . I suppose this is what you call a dilemma, isn't it? . . . And we needn't kid ourselves that we'll have another chance if we guess wrong now; if Bill takes that job in Oregon I may never see you again." She sat a long time, her chin sunken, her hands clenched in her lap, regarding the tips of her slippers; then, springing up— "Telephone Katherine," she commanded, "and then take me home."

"But not yet! You could at least stay downtown for dinner."

"If I have to be near you, sit and look at you—!" she said desperately. "Joe, we've been good, haven't we?—just meeting for lunch when I'm in town shopping. And I'm glad. We've helped each other; I don't know what could bring us closer together than that. Whatever happens, my dear, we've kept the thing that's worth most—integrity, and loyalty to each other!"

He could feel that too; and the sense of conflict and triumph, renunciation of something good for something better, buoyed him up as the car started north on Lake Shore Drive. But gradually he began to feel a sodden frustration, an infuriating impotence. Insensibly he drove faster and faster, till they were going at furious speed, the cold, wet wind rushing past them, the headlights of the passing cars an endless succession of blinking flashes. She lay limp beside him, her eyes closed; he looked down at her tired face, at her shabby coat and hat—the clothes of an assistant professor's wife.

SOMEWHERE in Rogers Park the other car came shooting in from the side street, turning north ahead of them—far enough ahead, if he hadn't been driving so fast. Brakes screeched, wheels swerved; the cars barely touched, but that grazing contact was enough to send one up on the sidewalk, the other bouncing across the roadway right in the path of the downtown traffic, with Joe Niles furiously fighting the wheel. In an uproar of squealing brakes, growling horns, cursing drivers, they stopped on the wrong side of the avenue, one wheel on the curb; miraculously, they had just missed everybody.

Ignoring the tumult, he looked down at Agnes; she lay inert, unmoved; her eyes opened, her brows lifted with an ironic smile. . . . She wasn't hurt, and to hell with explanations. He started the car, shot slantwise across the street, drove on northward. Not a word was said till, nearing her street in Evanston, he slowed down.

"A little farther on, please," she suggested dryly. "No use starting Bill to wondering at this late date."

At the second corner he turned into the side street. The lamps were golden blurs in a drizzle of rain; they walked slowly down the glistening sidewalk.

His throat was tight, his whole body was aching; it was the last time they would ever see each other—and they seemed to have nothing left to say.

"Sorry I drove so fast," he muttered at last. "I might have killed you!"

"I didn't care. . . . Have you read that book everybody's talking about—The Bridge of San Luis Rey?" He shook his head. "It was about some people," she said, "who died at just the right time—when anything else that could ever happen to them would have been an anticlimax. . . . When we bounced across the road on one wheel I thought, Well, we've just done the hardest and most decent thing we ever did in our lives; now let us die. But—" She could face him at last, could even try to smile. "But that was cowardly, my dear. I'm still needed; and you—you're just on the threshold. We can't die now, when we've made ourselves better persons than we ever were before. We've got to go on living, and use our stuff!"

She touched his hands lightly for an instant, and walked away in the misty twilight. And even in his misery he suspected that this, too, like everything that had ever happened to him, made sense; that perhaps it had needed just this final tempering of fire and chill to make the Joseph Bingham Niles who would leave his mark on his time.

THE man at the roadside was no longer conscious of the body that had been wet and weak and cold; he had nobody; he was only a discarnate memory—trying to recall when he had last thought of Agnes Hallock. Not for years; he wondered dully if there had been other men—men who had had the resolution to keep at her, but he no longer cared. Yet that had been his great emotion, or at least had seemed greater at the time than any of the others. And he never could forget one time when he had thought of Agnes. . . .

The moral exaltation she had given him had sent him to New York, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; he rented a house in Scarsdale, and set to work establishing the Council on Economic Trends in offices of a splendor that outshone anything in Chicago. His private office was like a drawing-room—paneled walls and fireplace, with flowers on the table, and no papers lying about, no sign of anything so crass as work; his secretary, middle-aged, prune-faced, incredibly competent, took care of all that. . . . There was a reception-room, too, with a blond girl at a desk who dropped a curtain of long lashes over gray eyes whenever he passed her, as if she were afraid of what he might see if he looked in; but he never really gave her a thought till he passed her one morning, and was aware of obscure relief at learning that she had got a job in Wall Street.

He loved New York and the glamor of success—more money than ever, invitations to speak at public dinners, private dinners with the great men of the nation, honorary doctorates from this university and that; he might have been almost completely happy if Katherine had played up, and let him do for her what he couldn't do for Agnes. But Katherine hated New York; after the first few weeks she declined invitations and stayed at home in Scarsdale, gradually making local acquaintances, trying to build herself a substitute for Winnetka. Her refusal to coöperate in his career infuriated him, at first; it was months before he began to understand her, even to respect her realistic appraisal of her wants and her capacities—and at last, disturbingly, almost to admire it. For he was beginning to experience a recurrent emotional throwback to childhood, a sense of being only little Joey Niles, who wasn't safe in the perilous alien world of downtown.

He had intended his Council to be a smoothly running machine, with himself at the wheel; but increasingly it failed to work as he expected; gradually he perceived that there were factions among his backers, indifferent to his objectives, struggling for control. It was all vague and shadowy—powerful men, smooth men, working stealthily behind the scenes; he had no talent for office politics; he wasn't keen enough to catch more than an infrequent glimpse of their movements, wasn't subtle enough to comprehend what they were driving at. He had lived all his life between two worlds with no secure roots in either; now he began to suspect that in the world of money and power he was beyond his depth.

He ought to have quit, of course, as soon as he discerned that—quit and gone back to Chicago where he had been adjusted to his environment; taken Katherine back to Winnetka, where (now that Agnes had gone to Oregon) they might have reëstablished something like their old relation. But the sort of man Joe Niles had been in 1928 couldn't go back to Chicago, licked; couldn't admit that his equation had been worked out, that he had gone as far as his stuff would carry him. He wasn't ready to believe it, even at the meeting of the Council early in 1929, when the leader of the triumphant faction suavely explained that Dr. Niles, who had so ably laid the foundations of their enterprise, would prefer now to turn over its active direction to other hands, so as to leave himself free for his outside interests.

Fired—Joseph Bingham Niles, Litt.D., LL.D., fired like an incompetent office boy. . . . Well, not quite that; they had to give him a farewell dinner, with eminent speakers vaguely alluding to his new work; they had to give him a year's salary, to carry him while he decided what that new work would be. Not that he, or anybody, needed to worry about money in the spring of 1929; he had his investments and so had Katherine—he'd always divided his surplus with her. No need to worry about another job, either; he was still a distinguished figure, and had half a dozen offers within a month. But he meant to wait for the right one; he knew now that he was essentially a scholar, not a man of affairs; and surely one of the great foundations would soon have an opening for Dr. Joseph Bingham Niles.

MEANWHILE he was still in love with New York, and discovering more about it. Katherine, now, had her own life in Scarsdale; while he was on the Council he had often had to spend the night in town, and he often did that still—getting acquainted with the night clubs and smart speakeasies, unlike anything in Chicago. Plenty of the best people could be found there, and other kinds of people too; one night, at a bar, he saw a blonde who seemed vaguely familiar—a girl whose long-lashed gray eyes were wide open, eyes that told him there was something there, for a man who had the spirit to look for it. Of course—the girl who used to work in his front office.

He went over and spoke to her, asked

her to have a drink. They must have had a good many—he didn't remember; but when he woke in the morning, he lay, sickened with the deepest self-disgust he had ever known—not because, for the irst time, he had cheated Katherine, but because he had done for a strange woman, an utterly irrelevant woman, what he had not done for Agnes Hal-ock.

WELL, I got out of that more luckily than I had any right to expect, mused the disembodied memory by the roadside. . . He lay there that morning wishing his car had turned over and killed him n that misty twilight in Rogers Park; wishing he had frozen to death on the raft, while he was still a young man of promise; wishing, even, that little Joey Niles had been trampled to death under the hoofs of fire horses on that summer day back in '97, before he had time to grow up and complicate lives more valuable than his own. But that was only the despondency of a hangover. Presently, after he had drunk some coffee, he snapped out of it.

She wasn't a bad sort, when he got to know her—anything but a gold digger, and she didn't pretend to be in love with him. Her husband's business had taken him to Mexico and she was willing to amuse herself while he was away, but when he sent for her to join him she went, without any hesitation. Joe Niles took her to the boat, and filled her stateroom with roses, and kissed her goodby, and went back to work thinking, "Well, that's *that*." For he had work again—a work so important and so dignified that he couldn't afford to be mixed up with rivial women.

One of the great foundations was conducting a long and extensive sociological survey, and no one was so well fitted to direct it as Dr. Joseph Bingham Niles. Once more he had an office like a drawng-room, and associated on equal terms with the great, and gave interviews to he newspapers, and spoke at public dinners; scholar and executive, he was the survey, even if other men did the detail work. But gradually, as reports came in hat he approved after long, frowning examination, without being quite sure what they meant, he experienced again hose uneasy suspicions that he was beyond his depth. He had been sure that this was his real career, discovered after that first false start; but when he talked o the specialists who were actually dong the work he knew that he was no more the survey than a glossy shirt front s the heart and lungs.

A woman gave him reassurance—flatteringly conspicuous—an actress in the lush of her first success on Broadway. He knew he wasn't the first man in her ife but he thought the others were ancient history, till he and she met one of them in a night club. He was jealous, offensive; eventually Joe Niles committed the imprudence of punching him—and found himself, a desk man nearing forty, involved in a fight with a young fellow who had played All-America football a couple of years before. He ook the licking of his life, and the story made every front page. Naturally he had to talk that over with the president of the Foundation—a shrewd, suave, able person, scholar and man of affairs as well; a man who could get what he wanted without ever getting himself in rouble. In short, Joe Niles reflected, exactly what I used to think I was. . . .

"Private lives," the president told him, are none of the Foundation's business. But a life lived in night clubs and on the ront page is hardly private. Even so, f you were a technician or a research man, obscure and indispensable— But he man who provides the front for this urvey—"

"Is not indispensable," Joe Niles concluded. "All right; I'll resign."

Katherine didn't divorce him; she merely packed up, after a few bitter remarks—more bitter than he had expected, since they had drifted so far apart—and went back to Winnetka. He was tempted to follow her, try to patch it up (the other woman had dropped him and gone back to her football player), but he was afraid she might think he wanted her money, not her; the stock crash had pretty well wiped him out, but Katherine had invested in gilt-edged bonds. Besides, he was ashamed to face his old friends in Chicago after two such disasters in New York. Once he was back on his feet—

But the years after 1930 were not years in which men got back on their feet. Those years were a blur—irrelevant jobs, irrelevant women, much more liquor than was good for him; but nothing that built up into anything, nothing that made sense. And intervals between jobs when he tried to keep up his contacts and felt that his fingers were slipping off hard rounded surfaces, when it grew harder to remember that he was Dr. Joseph Bingham Niles. It was Feldon, at last, who brought him back.

Young Feldon, who had worked under him at the Council—Joe Niles hadn't thought of him for years till he turned up, early in '35, with that astounding offer. Feldon and some associates had acquired the patent rights to an invention which might play the part in the prosperity of the thirties that radio had played in the prosperity of the twenties—if it were properly financed. Not by bankers who would want to keep all the profits, but by the public that would enjoy it; and who was so well fitted to present it to the public as Dr. Niles? Chairmanship of the corporation, at a salary that looked stupendous after the lean years; but it wasn't the money that attracted him so much as the realization that Feldon, who had worked under him, had assessed him accurately, knew what he was worth. The chance to come back, to help lay the foundations for a new national prosperity; to retrieve all his failures and become what he had been meant to be. A year or so of that and he needn't be ashamed to revisit Chicago. Katherine must be finding the children hard to handle, now that they were growing up; if he went back to her successful, triumphant—and properly repentant, ready to settle down—she would take him back. . . .

And then once more that slow dawning of suspicion; the perception that Feldon had assessed him all too accurately, had realized just what the name of Dr. Joseph Bingham Niles was worth as the front for an organization whose real workings were too deep for little Joey Niles, lost in the alien and perilous world of downtown. . . .

From another interlude of blankness he came back to a startled certainty against which all that was left of him rose up in revolt. . . . This can't happen now! When I'm trying to clear things up, it wouldn't make sense—

THE headlight shot a long beam down the wet asphalt, picked out a figure lying among drifted leaves by the roadside. The motorcycle came up; a state policeman got out of the side car, bent over the body.

"Hit-and-run case, I guess," he told the driver. "Might as well take him to the hospital—though they can't do anything for him now."

"Okay, Jim. Any papers in his pockets, to show who he is?"

"Not a paper," Jim reported. "And I guess there's good reason."

"What! Do you know him?"

"I forget the name but I know the face. He's wanted for using the mails to defraud, in a stock-selling racket. I saw his picture this afternoon, in the post office."

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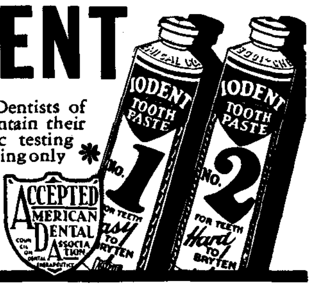

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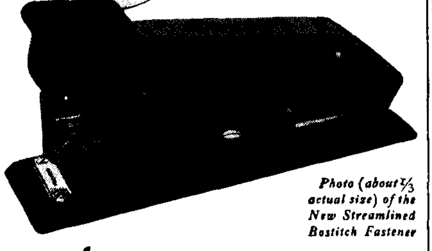

Photo (about ⅓ actual size) of the New Streamlined Bostitch Fastener

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NAME________________

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Britain Lays It on the Line

Continued from page 26

The head of the Arab skipper pops up from beside the engine of his launch.

"Want go round harbor again?"

"Not today, thank you." He turns the launch's nose landward. A few minutes later I alight on Alexandria's waterfront, dizzy from the sight of cannon, groggy from the contemplation of steel and more steel and still more steel. The British are taking no chances nowadays along their life line!

It stretches from Gibraltar across the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, and along the Red Sea, to Aden. Its total length is about 3,700 miles, rather more than the distance covered by transatlantic liners between New York and England. Besides Alexandria, it is dotted with other stations of great strategic importance—the little island of Malta; Port Said, northern outlet of the vital Suez Canal; Suez, at the canal's other extremity.

The Egyptians' Dream

Malta is British-owned. And the other three, since they are on Egyptian soil, are under British tutelage; many years ago the British, realizing that control of the short seaway to India and beyond was a matter of life and death for their empire, threw an army of occupation into Egypt and have kept it there ever since—along with some shrewd limitations on Egyptian national sovereignty—despite violent objections from Egyptians who dream of one hundred per cent independence.

At Gibraltar the life line meets the sea lanes used by Britain's great merchant fleet in voyaging to and from London and Liverpool, Southampton and Glasgow and Belfast. At Aden it welcomes or speeds on their eastward way the myriad units of that same fleet, engaged in trading with the far-flung centers of the British Empire: Bombay and Calcutta, Rangoon and Singapore, Melbourne and Auckland and Hong Kong.

Small wonder that it is called a life line! Were it severed, English ships would have to follow the wearisome course around the Cape of Good Hope, adding thousands of miles to the voyage between the British Isles and India, Malaya and China. And not only that! If the life line is ever cut, that will mean the advent, in the Mediterranean, of a foe capable of challenging the power of the British Empire at its very core. It will mean that the imperial power placed in Britain's hands by generations of daring pioneers and dauntless fighters is slipping from her grasp.

Mussolini says that it is. Others, many others, give him the lie—among them, first and foremost, the blue-jackets who man the ships guarding the British life line.

It is not only they who mount guard.

To back them up, Great Britain has established a semicircle of air bases, within easy flying distance. One is on the British island of Cyprus, in the eastern corner of the Mediterranean. Another is at Haifa, in British-mandated Palestine. Another hides modestly behind the houses and gardens of Ismailia, halfway station on the Suez Canal. Another is close to Aden, on the edge of the Arabian desert.

And there are still others at Cairo, Egypt's capital; at Damanhur, on the railroad between Cairo and Alexandria; at Aboukir, just east of Alexandria; at El Sollum, on the frontier which separates Egypt from Italy's African colony of Libya—a frontier which is now a mass of barbed wire and signal posts and quick-on-the-trigger sentries.

And the British army of occupation in Egypt, which formerly numbered a mere 10,000 men or so, is today nearer 30,000. In the hotels of Alexandria and Cairo there is ceaseless coming and going of British officers. Amid the spick-and-span suitcases of peaceful tourists with their glossy leather and boastful labels, the campaign kits and shaggy service trunks of these Britons are grimly conspicuous.

Gibraltar, nestling under her impregnable fortifications hewn out of the solid rock, and Aden, far away where the Red Sea meets the Indian Ocean, feel scarcely threatened at all in these days of war scare in the Mediterranean. Not so the other strategic stations along the life line. There you breathe the air of brooding trouble, of martial preparation.

Especially in Malta.

Malta's nose is out of joint just now. During the long years when British policy never dreamed of Italian hostility, Malta was Britain's main Mediterranean naval base. Now, however, Malta is altogether too near Italy for comfort. The little island is today a place of jumpiness, of shelters against possible air raids, of official hints as to what to do in order to thwart deadly gas. The Englishmen in charge of the island's defenses scoff at the idea of abandoning it in case of war. They can hold it, they say—let Mussolini do his worst!

But—at Malta there is no bunching of warships as there is at Alexandria. They move in and out, make a point of not staying long. As for giants like the Queen Elizabeth and Revenge and Ramillies, there was not a single one in Malta's magnificent harbor when I was there. Italy, you see, is only fifty-odd miles away!

Rumors in Alexandria

And Alexandria, behind its rampart of British warships, is nowadays a hotbed of wild rumor and nerves. At its cafés, where Greeks and Italians and Maltese in ordinary occidental garb rub shoulders with native Egyptians in red headgear with big black tassels dangling downward, the weirdest of stories are excitedly bandied about.

One Italian, bending confidentially toward an Egyptian sipping thick Turkish coffee, whispers:

"Mussolini has something terrible up his sleeve!"

"What is it?"

"In case of war with England, he will let loose a new explosive, invented by a famous chemist in Rome, which will wipe out the whole British fleet!"

So it goes, day in day out, in the busy, noisy cafés of Alexandria. Meanwhile, outside the harbor, British guns boom in target practice; and, after dark, British searchlights sweep the starry sky.

As for Port Said—well, I met a resident of that highly strategic life-line station whose feelings were typical.

"You see," he explained, "we are only a short distance away from the Dodecanese islands. There Mussolini has a big aircraft base. One of these days he may decide to send a fleet of bombers over here, to smash the Suez Canal. Whether he does or doesn't, I'm taking no chances. Over there"—he pointed to his desk, "in the top drawer, is my will. I've just brought it up to date."

Port Said is at the very center of the British life line, at the Mediterranean mouth of the Suez Canal, most vital of the life-line links. And everybody in Port Said is keenly aware of it.

At breakfast the waiter, whose bright

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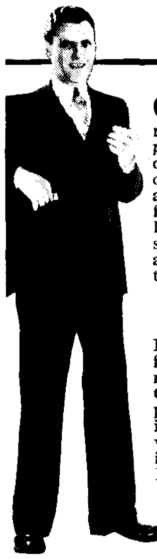

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red sash and funny sandals lend oriental glamor even to bacon and eggs, remarks: "See that?"

He points to a huge gray warship, anchored off the breakwater, just outside the entrance to the canal. The monster is studded with guns protruding from gray turrets, glistening wickedly in the sunlight.

"That," continues the waiter, "is the Barham."

Another one of Britain's crack battleships!

Steamers headed in and out of the canal nose past—a gaunt Greek freighter: a matter-of-fact English tanker; a trim Dutch liner from Java, her decks filled with big-boned Hollanders, and their blond children, under the charge of brown Javanese nursemaids.

"Ha!" exclaims the waiter. "Look!"

When Ships Meet

An Italian military transport, southward bound, comes steaming toward the Barham. She is packed with Italian soldiers, headed for Abyssinia. Hundreds of them line her rail, cheering and waving with Latin exuberance. "Long ive Italy!" shout some. "Long live Mussolini!" cry others. And a few yell: "Victory! Victory!"

From the Barham comes nothing but steely disdain.

Slowly the transport creeps past the battleship. They make a perfect picture, those two, of the two nations whose interests now clash at the Suez Canal—the one, the Italian, alive with dark youths, dashing and high-strung, puffers at cigarettes; the other, the Britsher, thronged with fair-skinned men, men of silence, cold and tenacious men, smokers of pipes.

The depression caused a drop in the canal company's princely receipts. But recently things have been picking up. During the last twelve months this has been largely due to the sensational rise n the number of Italian vessels going hrough the canal, laden with troops and war material for Ethiopia.

To get an idea of the suddenly increased importance of Italy to the balance sheet of the canal company—and, ncidentally, to the pockets of shareholders, French and English particuarly—it is necessary to look over a few igures:

In January, 1935, only four troopships passed through the canal. All were British, carrying soldiers and their families to and from British possessions n the Far East. The very next month (when Mussolini was beginning to get down to brass tacks in his Ethiopian adventure) eight Italian troopships used he canal, as against one lone Britisher.

In March, Italy sent twenty-eight of hem through; for April and May her monthly quota was thirty-six, in Sepember it was fifty-eight; and, last Ocober, it leaped to seventy-nine! The complete record, for the first ten months of 1935, shows a grand total of 372 talian troopships plying from Port Said o Suez or vice versa, as against only ineteen British.

The percentage of Italian tonnage in elation to the total tonnage of all ships sing the canal jumped from seven per cent in January, 1935, to thirty-two per cent last September—*four and one half times as much!* The number of Italian oldiers shipped through it rose from ,000 in January, 1935, to 64,000 last October. And every Italian regular, very Fascist militiaman, every ton dislaced by the troopships, every ton of he huge cargoes of war material, had o pay the big toll rate levied by the anal company. The aggregate amount n tolls paid by Mussolini's government rom the beginning of February to the nd of October, 1935, was not far from 1,000,000.

At Port Said they told me that no passenger steamer would go southward through the canal for several days. But, they added, there would be one coming up from Suez next morning, which would traverse the canal by daylight. So I caught the next train for Suez. It landed me there late that night.

The next morning my ship steamed into the narrow waterway which, before the one at Panama bobbed up, was the most famous canal in the world.

We slipped past neat bungalows of canal officials, past signal stations and buoys and busy dredgers, all very occidental indeed. But, mixed up with these, were plenty of oriental touches.

Camels moved mincingly along the banks, with arched necks and lips curled into an unchanging sneer. Beside them, with matted beards and unshod feet, plodded Arab drivers, ragged and dusty. One, as we passed, lifted both hands over his head and poured forth a stream of unintelligible Arabic. He may have been wishing us a pleasant trip. But I doubt it. Action and words, throughout his performance, suggested a flaming and unprintable oriental curse.

And, left and right, as far as the eye could see—brown, bare and brooding—stretched the desert.

My ship was English and her passengers, English people homeward-bound from China and Singapore, were full of what they had seen at Aden a few days before.

The Norfolk and Cumberland were lurking in the harbor there, they said—powerful British cruisers, both. And they had seen plane after plane plunge secretively into the strip of desolate sand fringing the town—direct evidence of activity around Aden's big British air base.

"All very businesslike," they remarked.

Knowing of my twenty-five-piastre trip across Suez harbor, they eagerly asked the name of the warship which I had passed. I told them. "Ah!" they exclaimed. "One of our newest."

"She No Like"

We crane our necks, as we pass Ismailia, for signs of the British aviation base thereabouts. But in vain; it is too well hidden. But the Britishers know that it is there, and they know that Mussolini knows. So they puff their pipes contentedly.

In a few hours I am back at Port Said.

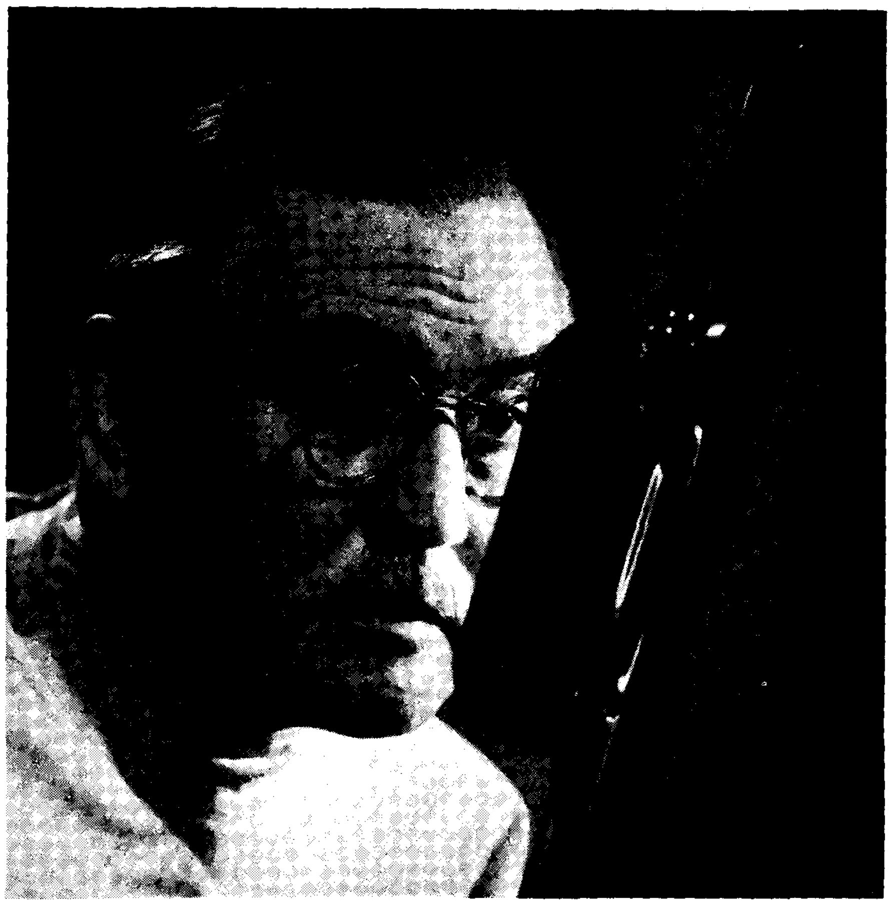
Native vendors crowd around, clamorously offering cheap trinkets and tawdry carpets and overripe fruit. Soon I am trudging again along the street fronting the canal, with its forbidding customs-house barrier of iron rails and thickly woven wire, its row of little palm trees, and—at intervals of every six or seven palms—its native policemen, squatting before their square sentry boxes.

A bit later I am back on the hotel veranda, among Italians noisily drinking coffee and Britons silently sipping tea. The Mediterranean smiles. And, at her anchorage, the Barham glowers.

"Ha!" exclaims the waiter.

A big freighter, flying the flag of Italy, is feeling her way cautiously toward the canal. On her decks are airplanes, half a dozen of them; and a big pontoon is lashed to the starboard side, looking like a gigantic dead whale; and motor trucks, ranged one alongside the other, in a pattern of military exactness; and chunky cases of munitions; and the men convoying all this machinery of modern warfare, in the khaki of Italy's regular army or the black shirt of Mussolini's Fascist militiamen.

"For Abyssinia," says the waiter. "She"—motioning, with a grin, toward the Barham—"no like."



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Youth Won't be Served

Continued from page 11

(1) Recreational projects to train boys and girls in playground leadership and club organization, (2) research projects in such subjects as delinquency and parole, biology and agriculture, (3) projects wherein boys and girls may be given part-time employment in local governmental service whereby they would acquire knowledge of government and receive incidental training in crime prevention, sanitation, delinquency, parole and the care of crippled children, (4) part-time employment in experimental farms, home economics and general community cleanliness.

When Education Pays

All of which is undeniably fine and aimful. But we were able to uncover no compelling enthusiasm for any of the incidental program of the NYA. That a child might continue in high school the government was offering six dollars a month. To keep a boy or girl in college fifteen dollars was given—to the college. Graduate students were eligible for twenty-five dollars a month, and scores of small, impoverished colleges were scrambling violently for government students—and some of the large universities too. But in particular the smaller institutions. They were going to the extent of proselyting among eligible youngsters.

Fifteen dollars a month isn't much but if you could increase your enrollment by, say, fifty the government's largesse amounts to something and visitors (especially those who might be looked to for foundations or sustaining donations and bequests) are not impressed by unpopulated halls and untenanted classrooms. Thus even colleges and universities were crowding under the bulging relief tent.

To be sure, it started out with its eyes straining at a rosier horizon. The project, long a dream of generations of socially-minded authorities, had its present birth in the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt, who has devoted so much of her industrious years to hopes and dreams that somehow the tortuous path of youth might be straightened and where necessary softened, is credited with the insistence that brought the NYA into existence. The Department of Labor, the United States Education office, the Children's Bureau and several other departments of government deluged her with statistics and information. Some of the latter might have been sounder. Some of the former were lacking in stamina.

There was so much difference of opinion, so many plans, so many innovators and new-era prophets that the NYA came very near not being born at all. It had been suspected but now there was proof that Washington harbored more shining minds who knew all about Youth and what to do about it than it did intelligences that had the formula for reviving industry and rescuing the workingman. Nevertheless, the NYA was created by President Roosevelt's executive order last June as a branch of the Works Progress Administration. Like other New Deal agencies, it aimed only at salving sore spots, not at curing anything fundamental. No new schools nor new school practices. No interference with educational policies or practices. No conflict with local school boards, no matter how unnecessary or incompetent. Simply help the youngster to stay in school and out of the ranks of the idle. Or to teach the youngster who was not in school to make better use of his idle hours. Or—somehow, somewhere get him a job.

In the beginning there was reason for the NYA to regard the future with bright eyes. Within a week or two after President Roosevelt announced the NYA a number of corporations wrote lively letters to Mr. Harry Hopkins' relief offices declaring themselves overflowing with sympathy for the motives of this, the latest of the Administration's multitudinous helpful agencies. They were all pretty much alike, even, alas, to the outcome of the investigation made into their offers. Therefore, to cite one will be enough.

This happened to come from one of the country's largest corporations. It said that it was particularly keen about the vocational training and apprenticeship features of the new National Youth Administration. For a long time, it went on, it had been wondering why the Administration did not look to the rising generation from which was to come the strength of the Republic of the future. And now the Administration was doing just this and this corporation was eager to do its part. It had room for not fewer than fifteen hundred boys and girls who would be taken in as apprentices and paid apprentice wages. In a year such apprentices would be eligible for journeymen's cards and be assured of steady and highly remunerative work. But investigation by Mr. Aubrey Williams, executive director of the NYA, disclosed a less entrancing vista.

Most of the "apprentices" thus to be taken on by this corporation were to be set to work at machines which even the least brilliant could master in a week. After that results were entirely up to the machine. Thus machines would be operated by apprentices receiving apprentice wages instead of adults drawing adult pay. Moreover, the officials of the union to which such adults belonged proved that there were more than sixty per cent of its members out of work, quite eager to take these fifteen hundred jobs. And that was the end of that effort to coöperate with the NYA—which was subsequently denounced by an official of the chagrined corporation as "socialistic or, at best, unconstitutional."

The Kids Are Practical About It

In such endeavors, then, the NYA has not been the glittering success it might be were it not dependent upon an unselfish good will of the general populace. Unhappily this unselfish good will is not prevalent. And only in a perfect state of society, when there would be no reason for this NYA, would it be available. Furthermore the NYA has not the equipment, in personnel in particular, to carry on its vocational training and allied programs. Being limited in its work project possibilities, it has stepped over into the fields of the Boy Scouts and the Y. M. C. A. and has found that both these long-established organizations were vastly more efficient.

We found that the kids themselves had a more practical viewpoint than the local administrators. At least they, as individuals, knew what they wanted to do with their lives—or try to do. And with the normal impatience of youth they were full of scorn for the over-sentimental administrator who wept over them and tried to impress them with the advantages of listening to windy speeches that weren't interesting even to their hardened elders. For example, there were the two girls, sixteen or thereabout, who had hitchhiked into town and were turned over to the NYA administrator —a woman who seemed unable to speak about juveniles for more than a few moments without weeping.

The girls were in fair condition, co sidering they had walked or hitched fi teen hundred miles. They wore summe frocks when they should have had woo Their shoes and stockings were ju about memories and only one had a ha They needed baths but both had learne a lot. Some of the car drivers who ha given them a lift had been more than trifle ardent. But they seemed to ha come through rather well and their e periences had fortified their self-relianc They told their story candidly and t administrator promptly dissolved in flood of tears. She prayed at some lengt winding up with thanks to God for t NYA, which was now about to work i salvation upon these two lambs. A then she informed the girls that the were about to be enrolled in a dome tic science class which had not exact started yet but which was to be orga ized almost any day now.

So They Took to the Road

"Nothing doing," said the hatless on "Give us a good breakfast and a coup of dollars and we'll be on our way in t morning. If you ain't got the mon we'd like some food to take along wi us."

"But, my dear, dear children," cri the administrator, "you can't take to t road again. You just can't. Think your families. Think of—"

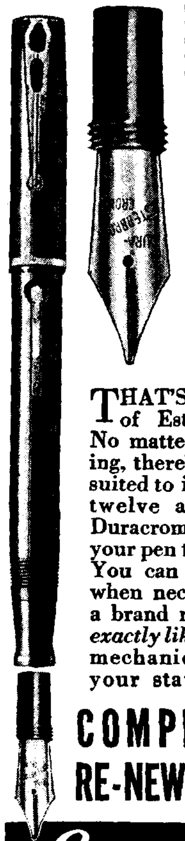
"Okay," was the reply. "Just give the carfare to Omaha. We don't like t road any better than you do."

So they took to the road again in t morning. They had come from northe Texas and were on their way to an Un Charlie in Omaha. Uncle Charlie had farm and plenty of room for them. home there were five other children a their father was apparently chronical jobless. He hadn't had a steady job sin 1926, the girls said. Somehow they didn appear to hold him in high reverenc Naturally he hadn't had the carfare f them. Neither had Uncle Charlie, though Uncle Charlie had plenty to ea plenty of land and plenty of room. the girls were on the road to Uncle Cha lie's.

As far as we were able to see, the souls were in excellent condition a their morals nice and average. All th needed was something practical a gainful to do—in decent surroundings with plenty of spare time to be abo their own affairs of the heart, mind a body. We spoke of this to an assista administrator who had just ruined hour by lecturing twenty bored brats the evils of profanity. He said we'd be very bad administrator. We agreed wi him.

Of course when you got up into t college beneficiaries of the NYA y found the girls and boys a bit more se ous. And yet many of them, too, shar with the high school kids the feeling th (call it what they would) the wh movement was more than merely ting with "Bless Ums." (Incidentally, learned at length where the kids got th "Bless Ums." One of the earlier prop gandists for the NYA went about t country explaining what wonders mig be expected of the government's fi intention of doing something for "o dear, dear children—bless um." Th as you readily may imagine, made huge hit.)

In the West, which is even readier accept innovation and quicker to tu opportunity into profit, the college-co tinuation grants were regarded mo seriously. Certainly there were mo student applications for help than in t



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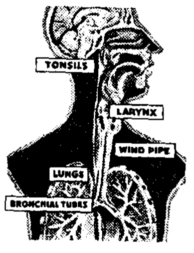

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COUGH RELIEF

iore skeptical, and certainly more Reublican, East. And yet, in the West, e heard franker criticism and analysis f the movement. And for the most part was intelligent criticism.

Without giving proper thought to the robable consequences we arranged to ieet a group of the students of one of ie largest western universities. It was ur intention merely to ask questions. /e were told that some of the lads presnt would be NYA students but that it as not thought wise to specify how iany or which. We gathered in time that ie acceptance of government bounty by ie college student was not something e was exactly proud of. His was the ride that his elders had lost a year or ago. In time he may drop his show of idependence and come out openly for ducation doles just as his elders no nger try to hide the fact that they are n relief.

At any rate, we didn't know how many YA students were in the room. Nor ere we able to discern from the answers nd questions that rained upon us who as who and which were which. And we ot along smoothly and instructively unil one of the lads, growing impatient ith the narrowness of our questions, roke in with:

"All you want to know is what we hink of the NYA. Naturally we who reard it as our chance to finish what we tarted here in college are for it. But hat we'd like to know is, what is the overnment or industry or both doing to rovide a chance for us to practice what e're learning?"

"Will the outcome of this Administraion mean the end or a radical revision f our capitalistic system?" asked anther. "If so, aren't we wasting our im studying the formulas of this sysem?"

"Wouldn't it be better to give us a hoice of continuing in school or enlisting in the Civilian Conservation Camps, vhere we might combine our studies vith practical training which would benfit us no matter what happens?"

"With the colleges steadily adding early quotas of professional men to aleady overcrowded fields, isn't it foolish or girls to take professional courses—nedicine, law, architecture and so on? ots of engineers, lawyers and archiects are on the relief lists with lots nore coming on. Isn't it impractical for he government to encourage women as vell as men to swell the unabsorbable ist?"

Questions Without Answers

"We are told," broke in the first stulent, "that at the rate the Roosevelt Adninistration is spending money, several generations will pass before the debt hus accumulated can be liquidated. How re we to pay the necessary taxes if we re to enter professions and vocations already overcrowded? How long will it be before the trained college graduate will have been absorbed by a reviving vorld and make room for us?"

"Even if President Roosevelt were deeated, would any Republican Adminisration dare abolish his relief system? And if it were abolished, what would ake its place? Could enough jobs be reated by his opposition to end governnent relief? If so, why don't they do it iow and evade the high taxes that are ure to come if this goes on?"

We didn't even try to answer. We hose the nearest refuge and pleaded hat we didn't know. But we ventured he hope that the year's campaignings night develop material from which answers might be manufactured. Whereat one youth wanted to know "whether any of the conventional politicians would be able to find the answers in the policies of either of the old-line parties."

Again we pleaded ignorance but added that we thought that it would be pretty necessary. Then we asked him whether he or any of his fellow students saw the answer in any other political system or philosophy or whether they had reason to trust any of the current Share-The-Wealth movements—The Huey Long version, The Townsend Plan, the Production-for-Use theory, Father Coughlin, or the Farmer-Labor party. Or whether they thought kindly of Communism, Socialism or Fascism.

The only definite result of the general brawl that followed was that the meeting broke up into eight or ten arguments, each going its own way. As far as we could learn nothing was decided, nothing even approximately settled. And suddenly it occurred to us that these kids were in no particular different from their fathers who asked the same questions and lacked the answers. Apparently they were neither more radical nor better equipped than their dads had been at a similar age and in like circumstances. It took us back a number of years and imparted to us the ghostly feeling of hearing ourselves when young.

Why Study to Go on Relief?

Of course they were confused. But who among their elders can help them—or himself? Certainly we didn't find a remedy in the National Youth Administration. Nor did we find any contributory element in their general bemusement that isn't largely present in the mental gyrations of the generation above them.

"We are still told," said one of the kids, "that diligent study, hard work and the golden rule are the prime essentials of success. But what's the use of study if there is no work? My father's an engineer. We're on relief."

We don't know how many times we heard these same questions and comments. But enough to convince us that they were general. There are about three hundred and seventy-five thousand youngsters in high schools and colleges under the NYA's bounty. The NYA figures had it that of the 41,500,000 gainfully employed persons in the country, 16,500,000 were less than twenty-five years old. The average wage of these young men and women was not available but we were assured that it was startlingly low. If, reasoned the NYA, two thirds of these 16,500,000 could be taken out of these low-pay jobs and sent either to school or into government training classes, the adult unemployment problem might be considerably less vicious. But there was forever the opposition by families who demanded that their juveniles work, however little their wage, by employers who said the kids were satisfactory employees and that adults would balk at the wage and create labor troubles, and by the kids themselves, who, preferring to work, refuse to return to school and sneer at training classes.

"Training for what?" demanded one of them. "For a job I ain't going to get? I got a job—seven bucks a week. And I got it myself. Where does the government get off to kid me out of it? Will the government get me another? Oh, yeah? Twenty guys are waiting to grab my job."

All of which wasn't going to be of much help to anyone who might hope to improve the situation. And it wasn't until we got to Madison, Wisconsin, that we heard anyone come any nearer to direct criticism. This came from a university student who, it seemed to us, said in a few words what all the others—high school kids, college boys and administrators—had tried to say.

"A crowd of us were talking about the NYA last night," said he. "I think I have the idea. The National Youth Administration suffers from the same trouble that ails a lot of the innovations of the Roosevelt Administration. It's a halfway measure."

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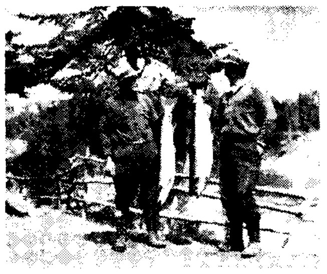

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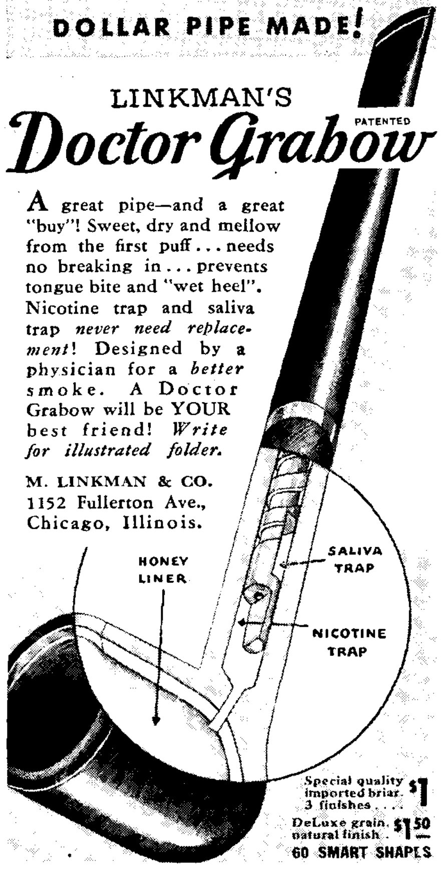

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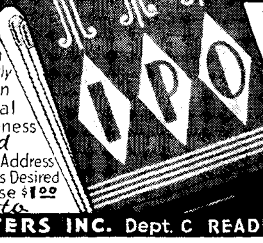

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Water over the Bridge

Continued from page 23

inconvenient getting back and forth to the club, to radio broadcasts and, later, personal appearances. Still, he was lucky Evalaine wasn't along instead of Julia. She'd be making cracks about his driving, telling him to turn back like a sensible person, ribbing him for *wanting* a farm at all, telling him he was going to get fresh-air poisoning. Evalaine wasn't along; wouldn't be, ever again.

And still the rain came. No wonder the road was a river most of the way! . . .

They turned a sharp bend at the top of a little rise, nearly foundering in the mud, and could make out Tucky's farmhouse, a low, rambling blur at the top of a neighboring hillock.

A light burned in the caretaker's cottage behind the larger house and Tucky wondered what the Lunzes were doing up at four thirty in the morning and then he grinned to himself with the remembered wisdom: farmers always got up at half past four in the morning for tasks as shadowy as the day at five o'clock.

"Do you think it's safe?" inquired Julia, shivering.

THE car lights had picked out the wooden bridge across Culley's Creek. The bridge seemed to be a sort of raft strangely sideways and stationary on the face of a small, sure-flowing river.

Tucky put the car into low.

"Here we go!" he cried gayly and sped across the bridge. There was a thump as they struck it and a deep vibration, a fraction of a second when they could feel the whole structure rock, and then they were safely across.

Julia was shivering when they pulled up in front of the house.

"I thought we were gone on that bridge. I was a nut to come out here with you." Her tone was querulous and she had pulled her chin down into hiding under a fur collar.

Tucky laughed.

"I love it."

Then Mr. Lunz came plodding toward them across the steep mucky lawn, carrying a lantern and the light on his high boots—a rustic grenadier. He came close to the car and set his lantern on the running board. The light poured up across his unshaven face, flooded his pale peasant eyes.

"You was wrong to come out here, Mister," he chided in a voice with pine cones in it. "Sure's a flood coming." He glanced incuriously at Julia. "Oh, it's you, Miss."

"How about some coffee?" Tucky asked. "D'you think your wife can stir us up some—and maybe some eggs?"

"Nope, no coffee. We ain't got none because it ain't good for you to drink. My wife can't fix you no eggs because she's sick with the misery in her back and I got to go down and git the chicks out of the henhouse in the hollow. They's probably drowned dead already. You hadn't ought to have drove out here with the flood coming."

He regarded Tucky disapprovingly.

"Let's get in the house," said Tucky. He reached over and opened Julia's door.

"This is awful," she said, pulled her coat about her and scurried for the porch.

The house was a two-story frame and cement affair, built seventy years ago by some optimistic pioneer who thought this was the veritable edge of wilderness, not a slightly unreal backdrop for New York. The rooms were small for warmth and heated by open fires in cramped grates. There had been casual additions to the original furnishings: Julia's father had bought the place ten years before. He had given it to her, along with a mink coat, as a sort of *lagniappe*, for her eighteenth birthday.

Julia settled in an uncomfortable rocker and shivered.

"A fire, my man. Quick, a fire. And then I'm starved."

Tucky, who had never kindled a fire, managed to get one started with the aid of a damp log from the back porch and a surreptitiously splintered kitchen chair.

"Now lend a hand," he told her lightly, "and we'll whip up some food."

She smiled up tolerantly at him. "Darling, I'm perfectly exhausted. Honestly I am. And I'm a terrible cook."

But of course! Did he think Julia McAllister was accustomed to cooking her own meals? It was effrontery to suggest such a thing. He went off whistling to the kitchen and reconnoitered the huge stove anxiously. Then he remembered the electric grill he had brought out day before yesterday for a sort of picnic with a bunch from the club. There were still four eggs in the porch icebox, half a pound of butter and two thin slices of ham. He found part of a loaf of bread, cut off the moldy end and in twenty minutes he had a repast ready.

Julia took one nibble and shrieked:

"I can't bear it, Tucky. I simply *can't!* It's too, too awful. I *al*-ways like my eggs beaten with cream before they're scrambled and I simply *can't* eat toast without the crust trimmed off."

She pushed the plate away in disgust. Then she saw the disappointment in his eyes.

"My poor, silly boy. I should have known you couldn't cook."

She stretched out her hand and he gave it a brief squeeze, smiling sheepishly. "Come, let's talk. I feel better about things now."

The fire was burning pleasantly. Dawn glazed the windows. Tucky pulled his chair close to hers. He took her hand, tenderly, with full appreciation of its fragile and ineffable properties.

"You and I are a lot alike, Julia."

"You think so, Tucky? But you're famous, you're a celebrity. I'm just a little nobody at all."

"You're marvelous, kid." He looked at her almost severely. "You're perfect."

HE PULLED her toward him and she turned her lips obediently for his kiss. The arm of her chair pressed painfully into his ribs, but he had never kissed a girl like this before. It was a sacrament, no less. A sacrament to inaugurate a new life. He had missed so much, living the kind of life he had.

"Listen, sweet. I told you about Evalaine going to Reno. After that's all arranged—"

She pressed a fragrant finger over his lips.

"Sh-h. Don't say that, Tucky. We scarcely know each other at all." She rose, looked back at the chair. "I want to get some sleep now, just—well, remembering *that.* Tomorrow I can think. Or rather—this afternoon."

Whereupon with a jolt of appalling memory he thought of his mattresses and bedclothes. He had told Mr. Lunz to take them all to the roof to air Thursday afternoon. He said, "Just a minute!" and vaulted upstairs three steps at a time.

The springs were bare on three of the four beds. He had a wild flash of resentment toward Lunz and then the beginning of a trapped, lonely desperation. One single bed, no more, really, than a cot, was made. Thank Heaven for that!

He went back downstairs.

"I'll sleep down here, kid." He eye the antique sofa morosely.

She wouldn't let him kiss her goo night. Later she called down and ir formed him there was no hot water. H heated some on the electric grill. At las he came down again, feeling very tire and tried, futilely, to go to sleep on th sofa.

DURING the ensuing hours he wa roused three times from what wa more a painful doze than sleep.

The first time Julia called him.

"I want a drink, Tucky. Some ry Will you bring me some?"

"There isn't—oh, yes, there's a pint i the compartment of the car. Can't yo wait till we've had a little sleep?"

"Be a good boy and bring me some. always like a nightcap."

He went out to the car, got the bottl and returned cold and damp to fix her stiff drink, which he handed around door gallantly.

An hour later, immediately after hav ing closed his eyes, he opened them agai to find Mr. Lunz pulling at his pants le

"The water's rising, Mister. Floode two of the henhouses. Sixteen sacks fertilizer I bought for the cantaloup are done washed away."

Tucky groaned.

"Let 'em wash. I got to get son sleep."

He turned his face into the hard gree baize of the sofa, pulling his knees in lik a contortionist.

The next time he regained consciou ness gradually. So he wasn't dreamin it. The sound came again from the yar a *strange* sound like the grunt of son animal in pain. A silence and then h heard it again. It was a fearful soun agonized and nerve-wracking. He go up and rubbed his eyes. There it wa again.

When he opened the front door h heard it—low, vibrant, insistent. An simultaneously he saw that he was on sort of island. Everywhere was wate flat, sullen flood water. Here and the the land raised itself above the vast lak He shook his head and marched throug mud to Mr. Lunz's cottage.

"Listen," he cautioned when Lun stepped outside his door. "Do you hea that?"

The farmer listened and sure enoug the cry of anguish came again from th sea around them.

Mr. Lunz looked at Tucky pityingl and said:

"That's a frog croaking, Mister. On of the big bulls."

Tucky said, "Oh." And started bac for the house. Then he remembered. H remembered in a panic, stopping stoc still and staring at the place across Cu ley's Creek where the bridge used to b There wasn't even a timber to mark th spot.

He turned and shouted to Lunz:

"The bridge is down! I can't get bac to New York. What'll I do? Do yo realize—"

His tenant broke in placidly: "Ain't told you you hadn't ought to have come I knowed you would be left high and dr Mister. But I thought you knowed you business."

"Have you got a telephone?"

"You know I ain't, Mister."

"But you can get through somehow the nearest town. You've got to. Wh I've got to run a show tonight and I' got a radio broadcast tomorrow afte noon!"

"Can't get through nohow. Might a well git used to it, Mister. The rain's le tin' up. Maybe 'bout tomorrer aftinoo ou kin drive yore car out way of Galty's tore."

Mrs. Lunz sent them a tray of fried ıush and bacon, two glasses of milk and eaten biscuits at half past one. Tucky ept the food hot with the aid of his rusty electric grill until half past three hen Julia finally came down.

"This is terrible food," she remarked. But I'm hungry enough to eat anyning."

Afterward Tucky paced the floor.

"Gee, oh, gee!" he mourned. "I've got radio broadcast tomorrow at two and I an't get out of this hole."

Julia smiled. She came over and put er arms around him.

"Tucky, I've been thinking. Rememer what we were talking about last ight? Well, I've just about decided ou're the most romantic man I know."

He patted her head abstractedly.

"Sure. That's fine. But don't you unerstand? I've got a broadcast. Sit own a minute." He drew his script from n inside pocket. "Listen, kid. I'm gog to read it over to you. Shut your eyes nd try to imagine you're listening in er the radio set."

"But I haven't got a radio set. Tucky, d you hear what I said?" She lowered er eyes, pouting.

He gave her a peck on the lips. "Now, want to run over this once. Here goes—

"Hi-yi-yi-yi! Folks! This is Tucky 'Dale and his beautiful hoodlums, bringg you thirty minutes of fun and olishness—"

"Tucky.'

"What?" He raised his eyes angrily om the script.

"Why are you treating me this way?"

"What way?"

"You know."

He hurled the papers in his hand to e floor in a temper. "All right, heckle e. Make a gag out of it. Wreck my ogram, I don't care. I suppose you're o much of a lady to realize this is the ost important break I ever had!"

"Tucky, don't quarrel. You know, I ver quarrel. You're just upset, but u're kind of cute when you're mad. Of urse I like your script. Read it to me."

But he didn't want to read it to anydy now.

"Let's have a drink," he said, grinning eepishly.

HEY had a drink. Tucky took two sips of his. He kept hearing the rain, eing the blank stretch of water where e bridge had been, thinking of Evaıne sweeping along on the train, Renound.

"I'm so glad, Tucky, that you're not e kind of man I thought you might be."

"What kind was that?"

'Well, you know what I mean—the nd that is always making passes at u. You've behaved so decently I really ink I might love you."

"That's great," said Tucky.

Mrs. Lunz sent up another tray at six her husband.

Lunz hesitated in the door when he d delivered it.

"Mister, we're moving out soon as the od's down enough.'

'Why's that?" asked Tucky, thinking two o'clock tomorrow afternoon—his ad whirligig of inexorable clock dials d spinning hour hands.

"Well, you see, we're poor, but we're ent folk. My wife don't approve of s sort of business.' He glanced sigicantly at Julia. "She's God-fearin'."

He turned on his heel and went out.

At eight Julia mounted the stairs a bit steadily to bed. She had sat in a ner finishing the pint for an hour, ling Tucky at intervals how happy y were going to be and what a gentlen he was, despite the fact that he was actor.

Ten minutes later he was asleep. The t thought he had was amazement that the sofa should now prove as comfortable as a four-poster.

He woke with sunlight in the room. He sat up and his body was a pretzel of pain. He rose cautiously, unwinding the cramps one at a time. Then he looked at his wrist watch. Seven-forty! He rushed to the porch.

The sky was clear and he thought the water had receded somewhat. But Culley's Creek was still a river, a hundred yards across. He stood there thinking. And then he heard it: the slow, excruciating croak of a bull frog.

That, really, was what decided him. He began to walk and then to run toward Culley's Creek. At the high-water line he removed his shoes, his coat, his shirt and made a bundle of them. And then he waded out, wondering vaguely if he had forgotten how to swim. It was three miles to the main road.

THE clock atop the Paramount Building said 2:07 when a taxi, bearing a sodden and feverish man, drew up in front of the Ellison Hotel off Broadway. Tucky was too tired and too ill now even to care about the time.

But he started when he let himself into his two-room suite to find Evalaine standing in the center of the floor.

"So you've got to be a drunk now, too, in addition to being a heel," she said, running her gaze over him.

"I thought you'd gone to Reno."

Her expression changed as she looked at him more closely. She approached and felt his forehead.

"You've got fever, bird-brain. Come on and get into bed."

She worked at him then for an hour. There was a hot bath and mustard plaster and pellets to be swallowed. He slept and woke and slept again. And when he woke once more he felt better and cooler.

Evalaine was sitting with her feet propped on the bed reading a copy of Variety.

"That's what I want," Tucky said, reaching for the theatrical paper.

She let him have it.

"Your sponsor's out of his mind," Evalaine remarked casually. "After you stood him up he telephoned and said you could go on again next week. He'll learn, when he's heard you once. And the club has been calling all day bawling me out and saying you aren't good enough to pull this on them. I agreed."

Tucky grinned.

"You really want me to take that comedian part in the Guild show—at a hundred and fifty?"

"You wouldn't have enough sense. That's out, anyhow. You missed your chance. They've hired Lew Gullick for the part."

"That ham."

There was a pause. Tucky watched a beer sign change from red to green and on and off down the street. Then he turned back to Evalaine.

"Kid." He spoke to her softly. She straightened a little, quickly, in her chair. "Kid. Come here."

She came. He took her hand. It was trembling.

"I wish we were back on the road together. Remember the time in Minneapolis in that dive they called a hotel—and how you stole nine towels when they soaked us four-fifty for the night?"

"Yeah, Tucky. I'm glad to see you're okay again. I was packed to go to Reno and then I thought I'd waited so long I might as well wait a little longer. I remembered those old times too and figured there was so much water under the bridge I might as well let a little more flow under it."

"Under the bridge," said Tucky comfortably. "And over it too." He chuckled. "Say, if we ever do crack up, I'm settling the farm on you."

"We'll see about that," said Evalaine.

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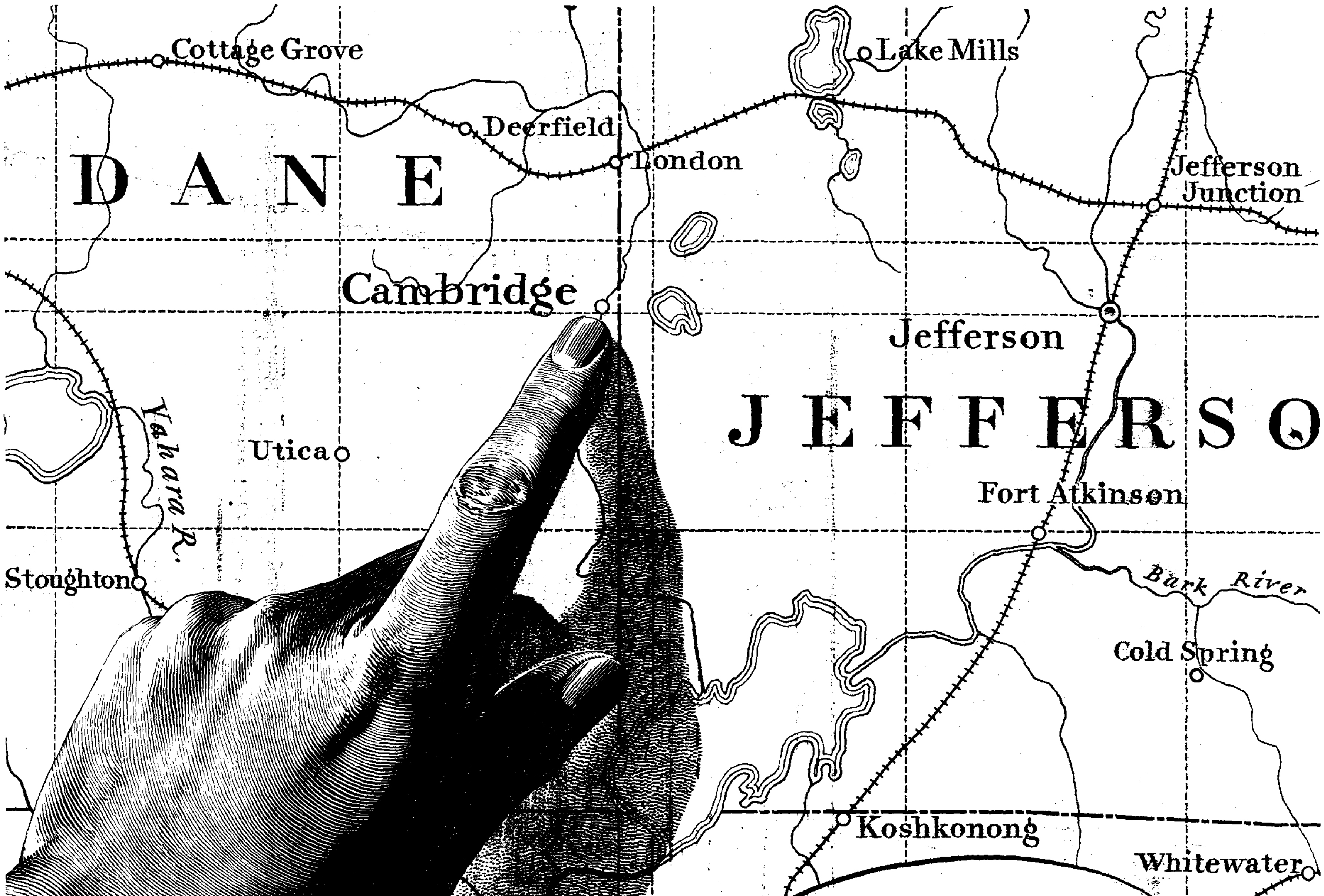

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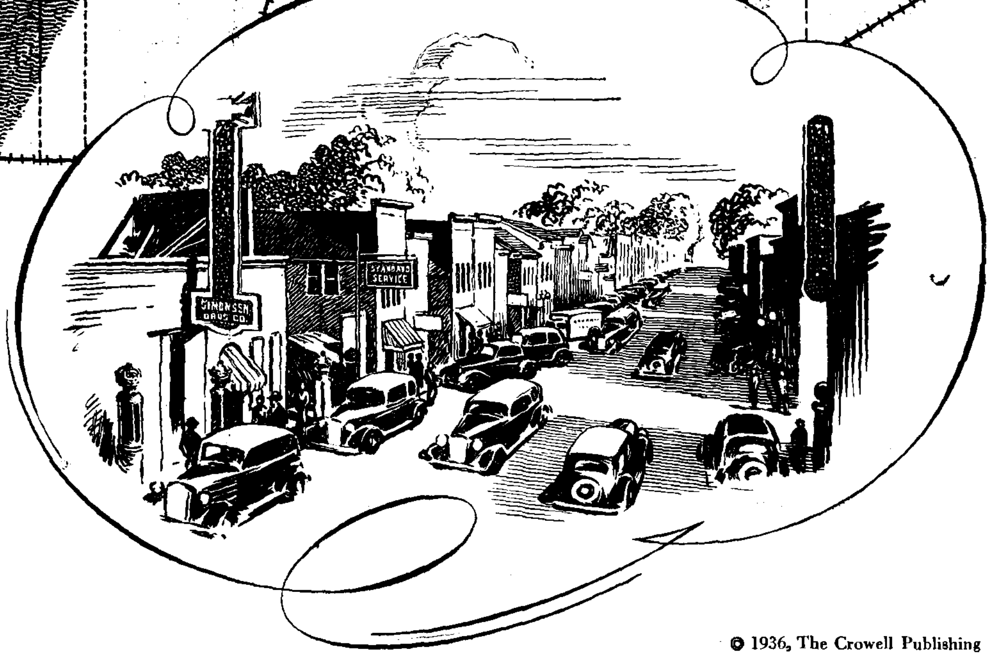
FOR EXAMPLE: 150 families live in Cambridge, Wisconsin. But one Cambridge automobile dealer sold 437 *cars in the first eight months of 1935.* Judge for yourself how many of those sales were made to Cambridgers—and how many to the prosperous farmers who do their buying in this town. That's the way sales are booming for one typical dealer in one typical small town. And it's the way they're booming in towns in every state. Farm Market A is spending big money—and bringing real profit to advertisers and dealers who sell to the top!



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POPULATION

driving on the hard highways

FARM MARKET A turns thousands of tiny dots on the map into big buying centers .... *where there are big sales waiting for advertisers who use The Country Home*

80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

There are thousands of towns that are just tiny dots on the map, *but what a whale of a business they do!* In fact, 40% of *all* retail business is done with people living in towns of 10,000 and under. Done with whom? The great substantial bulk of the customers drive in from the farms. The rich, top-third of the farmers who earn 80% of the national farm income. The farmers who had an average income last year of $3,000 apiece. They make the business in small towns. They make Farm Market A. *The richest field for cultivating today!*

Get the business of these business-men farmers. Get the business of the retailers from whom they buy. And you will get a brand loyalty, a business loyalty, a merchandise turnover that will open your eyes. Get to them with The Country Home—the magazine that concentrates upwards of 91% of its more than 1,500,000 circulation in Farm Market A. The magazine that skips the country slums and the slow-minded dollar-a-day farmers. The magazine that sells to the top—*and sells the best customers first.*

Remember, the prosperous small town merchant considers his best customers, first. And his best customers are the "A" farmers. How could it be otherwise, when they earn 7 times more than other farmers? What these smarter, able-to-buy farmers want—*he* stocks. And they want the *best*—because they have the money to afford it. No wonder the up-and-doing retailer cultivates this top-third of the farmers—confident that the rest of his trade will follow their lead.

20%
of the farm income is produced by
65%
of the farms

Today, astute advertisers are borrowing from the small town retailers' technique. Selling the top-income farmers *first.* Planting buying ideas in the minds of Farm Market A farmers *before* they go to town, through the pages of The Country Home—the "*accepted*" magazine of Farm Market A.

Salesmen, backed by advertising in this top-farmer magazine, have a real edge in getting more and better small town accounts. They can show the better dealers positive proof that The Country Home magazine goes into the homes of their best customers. And these dealers, who know their way about in their own trading areas, know that the circulation of The Country Home magazine is dollar-sound. They want the business of these better farmers—these better buyers who read The Country Home magazine. Which is why The Country Home magazine puts goods on shelves—*and moves them off*—in towns that are just tiny dots on the map!

TO SMALL TOWN DEALERS WHO ARE AFTER BIGGER SALES: *Farm Market A is the most powerful sales tie-up you can give your local advertising and merchandising. If you want further information about how to use it in your selling, write to The Crowell Publishing Company for a report of Farm Market A farms and The Country Home circulation in the county or counties in your trading areas. Address, The Crowell Publishing Company, Dept. C.H., Springfield, Ohio.*

THE
ountry Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A
MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION
Largest circulation in the rural field

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • SPRINGFIELD, OHIO • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

I'm a poor painter but I get fine results with
JAP-A-LAC
4 HOUR ENAMEL

How to Paint

Whether you're a rookie or an expert with a paint brush, you'll get amazing results with Jap-A-Lac 4-Hour Enamel. Since 1898 Jap-A-Lac has been the magic name in painting. It flows on like magic. Brush marks literally melt away. In almost the twinkle of an eye, old furniture, woodwork or walls take on a coat of gleaming color that cleans like tile.

FREE BOOK "How to Paint". Color Schemes. Painting Ideas.

You'll find Jap-A-Lac Enamels, Varnishes, and Varnish Stains at your local Glidden dealer or write

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY • *Department 23*
Cleveland, Ohio

GLIDDEN

PAINTS·VARNISHES·LACQUERS·ENAMELS

EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING

The Glidden Company, *Dept. 23, Cleveland, Ohio*

Please send me FREE Jap-A-Lac color card and booklet, "How to Paint."

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________ *State* ________

My Paint Dealer Is ________________

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10
YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

PLASTIC WOOD
2 MINUTES LATER

Plastic Wood
fastens Casters and Drawer-pulls

End those irritating nuisances around the house—**loose drawer-pulls, casters and bathroom fixtures, cracks in floors, around baseboards, broken furniture**—repair them quickly with Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it, carve it—it adheres to wood, metal, plaster—holds nails and screws. You'll say Plastic Wood is wonderful—paint and hardware stores sell 25c tubes and 35c cans.

PLASTIC WOOD

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 16

"What had happened?"

"He didn't say. I didn't even ask. I didn't care. It didn't make any difference. We'd had all that out that night—" Helen shrugged angrily, swung her legs up on the cushion, half-faced Caroline, went on witheringly, "You don't know about that big night. It was night before last—Thursday—the night I nearly gave the whole thing away to you. We had our big scene—you ought to have been there, you never saw anything better in the movies. We were the tragic lovers saying goodby. We parted forever. Then love was just too much. We said nothing mattered and all hell couldn't keep us apart. We said we'd get married any time. I thought I was being a nun, I guess—I took an oath to marry him ten minutes after he said the word. That was me, the woman who trusts. You never saw anything half as funny."

SHE brooded in silence, threw her cigarette away, demanded another one, settled down to her narrative, talking in a strangled tone. . . . Tommy had phoned her this morning. Whatever it was that was threatening him had suddenly become urgent. He had to get away from Morrison at once. That meant they had to get married at once. Helen was to pack her bags and go to Barnaby and wait for him at the Midland Hotel. He would phone ahead and reserve a room. She was to say she was Mrs. George P. Ashton and wait there till he came. He would probably be able to make it by half past three. They would go to the courthouse and get married at once. Just as they had planned it on Thursday night.

She had sneaked past the girls and got a taxi, made the driver find her bags, driven three miles out into the country. There she had taken a bus to Barnaby. It was about one o'clock when she got there and Tommy had kept his word: a room was reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Ashton. She went up to it and waited for Tommy.

At three-thirty she was all but fainting with impatience. Tommy didn't come. He wasn't there at four, or four-thirty, or five, or five-thirty, or six. Helen thought she was probably crazy for a while. All she could think of was that there'd been an accident—that the car Tommy was borrowing had got into the track-meet traffic and been wrecked. She hadn't dared to phone the hospitals and ask. Then she hadn't dared not to and had rushed out of the hotel and phoned one of them, and then gone back frantic lest he might have arrived and found her gone.

"Guess what brought me to!" Helen laughed—a single, hard, scornful syllable, compact with self-contempt. "You ought to fall in love, Caroline. Love's a *spiritual thing.* Love hasn't got anything to do with your fair white body. I found out I was hungry."

She had come away without lunch. Now, about half-past seven, she was suddenly faint and ravenous. She had the hotel send up some dinner. "I thought this was my wedding supper and I started to cry." The tears gave her release but everything she had believed in seemed to crumble, the world was altogether different. And then she emerged from the collapse—tearing mad.

One thing was bitterly clear: no one must ever know. She rejoiced that she hadn't left the dramatic note for Caroline that she had wanted to. Nobody could know but Tommy. And maybe Tommy wouldn't know. . . . So at ten-thirty she had nerved herself, called a bellboy for her bags, paid her bill and taxied to the station.

But it proved there were no trains on the Webster branch this late. And the last bus had left at ten-thirty. So there in the station, panic overcame her. Everybody would know about her; everybody would understand what had happened; there could be no hope of keeping it secret. She didn't dare find the taxi and drive back—that would be a flagrant giveaway, notification to all the world. She now understood that Caroline, if no one else, must realize what she had done. Maybe the whole house knew, maybe the whole university; maybe just Caroline was looking for her; maybe her father was by now; maybe the Dean of Women and the police. At last she was able to get to a phone booth and call Caroline. "That's all and here we are." Helen stretched out tense arms, then slumped back in the seat. "Can we get in? Caroline, nobody on earth must know—ever."

"Nobody ever will," Caroline said. Something didn't make sense yet; something which she could not yet phrase was terribly wrong; but a vast relief caught her and made her heart soar. No matter what, Helen had escaped. "Don't be afraid of that. All we've got to do now is go home."

She started the car and drove back to the highway, accelerating down the empty concrete with a rush of satisfaction. Home and sanctuary! Helen had another moment of agony, gripping Caroline's arm, crying despairingly, "What happened? Why didn't he come?"

Caroline kept her eyes on the headlight beam reaching down the road, the Barnaby road, traditional to eloping Morrison girls. "Helen," she said somberly, "we're on the way home—"

Distilled bitterness, "The elopement that misfired, the Gamma bride who didn't make good, the trustful blonde that got all pepped up for the altar and then had to use her mad money. I know. It's pretty funny. Just listen to us laughing."

"Stop it!" Caroline said shortly. "Try to be bright and quiet for a minute. And tell the truth. I want to know how you feel about Tommy now, this minute."

"How do I know?" It was a good sign that Helen had found her temper again, but it put a strain on Caroline. "All I know is I never want to see him again. I don't hate him—**much**—I just think I'm a fool. What absolutely kills me is, he knows I am. I can't stand that."

CAROLINE felt profoundly that if humiliation was Helen's deepest trouble, then the worst had been averted. What remained was terrible enough, to confront her with worse humiliation than she dreamed, but sometime, somehow, she would get over that. The night had grown wholly unreal, this flight homeward through darkness down an empty road, Helen at her side and Helen's whole world blown to bits. It couldn't possibly be happening and yet it was. No hope for it—she must get it said, get it over. And maybe now was the kindest time.

Involuntarily she let the car decrease its speed by half. "I don't know what happened today," she said stonily. "We'll find out. I could guess. One thing that's been wrong with Tommy is that he's in debt. He owes a lot of money. An awful lot. Fourteen hundred dollars to the Year Book." She heard her own voice grow painful and shrill. "That's why they kicked him off the Year Book. He stole it."

"Oh!" Helen's cry was just indignant. "Why didn't he ask me for it?"

"He couldn't." This was the hardest thing she would ever have to do. "Sometimes I've wondered if he wasn't going to. He couldn't. There was too much you might find out." Caroline stopped the car. She heard the engine running quietly and saw the headlights probing down the road. She couldn't say it. She had to say it. She took Helen's hand. "Helen . . . almost from the time you got engaged, he's been—he's been having a love affair. With Paula Traggas." She was frantically squeezing Helen's hand and saying wildly. "He was! You've got to know! Living with her. And making love to you."

Caroline's ears roared and she couldn't see anything but whirling fire. She had lived through that! Helen didn't say anything, only gripped her hand and breathed so deep that Caroline could feel her breast arching. At last she exhaled that interminable breath. She sat there, looking at the headlights, and Caroline could just see her white face in the darkness, glad that she could not see what it held.

"Let's go home," Helen said quietly, after a long time. Caroline drove on. Fences and trees and telephone poles and the corners of houses in their meaningless succession. Oh, this couldn't possibly be true; she couldn't be driving Helen home after such a day, after such frenzy. It must be the crazy, fear-clogged movement of a dream. It was simple nightmare, nothing more.

"WHY didn't you tell me?" Helen asked. That calm must be the last-ditch stand of her self-control.

"Would you have believed me?" Caroline asked.

After a long pause, still quietly, "No. . . . That makes sense. I wouldn't have believed you. You tried to and I wouldn't listen. . . . I knew you were just jealous. I knew because he told me. I'm a fool, Caroline."

The wind round the windshield had got very cold. A mile farther on, Helen said out of darkness, "Fools are just fools—I'm the worst one that ever lived." Caroline said with infinite gentleness, "No. We just do things. Nobody's to blame. It's over now. Everything's all right." Their hands touched. Caroline had to keep winking in order to see the road.

"Tell me everything!" Helen said fiercely, a little later.

But she wasn't up to that now—and Helen couldn't possibly be, either. "Tomorrow. Let's get home and get some sleep."

All along something unexplained had been troubling Caroline. She felt something incongruous in this whole tangle, something that didn't fit with the rest of it. She struggled with it, frantic for a clue. And now suddenly she had the clue, in a flash of light. She let the car coast, then accelerated again.

"Why did you have to be Mr. and Mrs. Ashton?" she asked. "Whose idea was that? When did you decide?"

"He told me over the phone this morning," Helen said drearily. "No reason. I don't know. Maybe it was romantic. If it was, you couldn't keep me away."

"But you'd be married under your own names. You'd have to be."

"I guess so. Why, is there a law?"

"And you were going to be married at four o'clock. He told you that. At the courthouse. But he'd taken a room for the Ashtons."

"Sure," Helen said. "Maybe that was to baffle the pursuers."

Caroline said decisively, "Even I know you can't get marriage licenses on Saturday afternoon. They close the place at noon. There wasn't"—she stopped.

"There wasn't going to be any wedding!" Helen said quickly. Once more that new, jarring laugh. "Well, maybe not. I'd told him there didn't need to be, if he was in a jam—if these mysterious enemies crowded him too hard. You ought to have met me, Carol; I was the noblest Gamma you ever saw. Just bursting to give all for love."

It made sense! Or rather it had an insane logic. It was as clear as could be—and yet it was impenetrable. Why? In the circumstances, remembering Paula, remembering the Year Book and Fifield, why? What was on his mind, what did he intend, what did he want?

"Why on earth—" Caroline began.

"Try guessing," Helen said, her voice bleak and dead, on the far side of bitterness. "You just said he needed money, didn't you? Well, my father's got a lot."

Yes, that simple. . . . It was grotesque, it was inconceivable, and yet quite credible and proved. He needed money. Mr. Herrick had a lot of it. A little blackmail would take care of everything. Everything—Fifield and the Year Book and Paula. . . . Quite simple and foolproof and quite mad. Caroline's breath caught. Was insanity, after all, what she had been guessing in Tommy all these months?

But the plan hadn't gone through. It hadn't happened! Helen had been spared the last humiliation. You could remember that through whatever pain the next few weeks might have for her.

Neither of them had any more to say. Caroline felt drugged or trance-bound—a kind of catalepsy made up of the unreal road flowing into the headlights, awareness of the stunned grief at her side, a dozen cross-currents of feeling which at last were beginning to lessen under sheer fatigue. She pulled up at the curb a block away from the house. The stars were beginning to dim; before long, gray would be in the east. Once more she had come home to the Gamma house at dawn, after a night of tumult. But not with Dave! . . . They crept down the alley and she held the ventilator grating for Helen. Helen said hoarsely, "Home from my honeymoon!" Caroline handed the bags to her, and wriggled through and dropped into the blackness. They fumbled for the bags. Helen sobbed. Caroline held her, whispering tense commands to be quiet, while her shoulders shook. Till they could begin their slow climb through darkness, inch by inch up the back stairs. A creaking stair seemed like a fire siren. They stopped and clung, their hearts pounding, then went on. Down the black hall to their own room. Inside. The door closed.

CAROLINE turned on a desk lamp and inverted a wastebasket over it. "We made it!" she whispered, in an extremity of relief.

For the first time she saw Helen in the light. The rakishness of that small hat slanting over the red-gold curls made a pitiful contrast to Helen's white, drawn face. She looked exhausted—hopeless—lost—she looked old! She took off the hat and suddenly held her hands over her eyes and slumped forward on the bed. Her wedding day! Caroline couldn't stand that poignant realization. She gathered the tired girl in her arms, whispering consolations she might have whispered to a child.

Helen stood up at last and opened one of the bags. She wrenched Caroline's heart again by taking out several rolled pairs of stockings and saying drearily, "You contributed these to my trousseau. It turns out I didn't need them."

"Go to bed," Caroline pleaded. "Get undressed and go to bed. You'll sleep at once." Dave had said that, ages ago!

"Sleep! I'd never get a break like that."

"You'll go out like a light."

Patiently, with a parent's insistence, she got Helen out of her clothes and into bed. A forearm across her eyes, Helen said drowsily, "You seem to be right," and fell asleep. How strange the room looked! An unfamiliar place, hostile, not the room she had shared with Helen for so long. But that was one more nightmare illusion, one more detail in this incredible night. Propped against a dictionary on Caroline's desk, a note said accusingly, "Prof. Bingham phoned you at half past twelve." Dave! Dave had phoned. And someone knew she had been out after hours. That didn't matter, she thought swiftly, if Helen had had late permission—any crime charged against Caroline could be handled. But answer Dave at once, now. Don't wait. Tell him why she had been gone. Tell him Helen was safe. Tell everything that had happened.

CAROLINE took off her shoes and dress, slipped into her pajamas, turned out the light, and with infinite caution tiptoed down the hall. She had almost reached the bottom of the stairs when her pulse stopped short, the light went on, and, turning, she saw Priscilla Farley glaring down at her. Priscilla was in her nightgown, and Priscilla was raging with the anger of one roused from sleep. She tiptoed down the stairs and into the lower hall, and every step made her a more righteous chapter president.

"Caroline!" Priscilla was trying to whisper and trying to be stern but only succeeded in being furious. "What are you doing up at an hour like this? Where have you been?"

"In bed," Caroline said curtly.

"You weren't in bed at eleven-thirty when Professor Bingham came here for you. You can't have men calling for you at midnight! You weren't in bed at half past twelve when he phoned for you and got the housemother up and she got me up! We went to see—and you weren't there! You didn't have permission to be out late tonight, Caroline. You had to be in at eleven, and you weren't."

Here Priscilla stared hard at her, gasped, and said witheringly, "In bed! Do you usually sleep in your stockings? And your underwear?"

An anger far deeper than the proprieties of a sorority president waked in Caroline. She shut down on it as hard as she could, which wasn't very hard. "I want to use the telephone, Pris," she said. "Go on back upstairs."

"The telephone! At an hour like this? Who do you want to call?"

"Let's leave that to me."

"What's going on?" Priscilla stormed. "What do you think you're doing, Caroline? It's half past three—it's nearly four o'clock. I don't like this a little bit. I've got to know what you're doing. And what you've been doing."

"Go back to your room!" Caroline blazed. She stepped forward and her face must have been dangerous, for Priscilla shrank back, muttering something about the Dean of Women. "Do you suppose I care about the Dean of Women?" Caroline said furiously. "I don't care what rules I've broken or what you do about it. But go away!"

At any other time it would have been funny to see the barefooted girl positively run upstairs, her nightgown fluttering. Caroline went into the phone closet and shut the door, her blood so tumultuous that she could hardly give Dave's number. He answered "Hello!" almost at once. As if he had not been in bed. He was waiting to hear from her! "Dave—" she whispered, her breath catching.

"Carol! For God's sake where have you been?" the question was half accusation and half immeasurable relief. Then his voice got deeper. "I thought I'd let you sleep, when I couldn't get you the last time. Carol, listen—" He hesitated. "Carol, Gene Fifield killed himself last night. At Maurice's summer camp. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

Joe Cook and one of his elaborate "inventions" which he used in the musical comedy "Fine and Dandy"

How to cure Whisker Trouble

Devious Dee-vices and Mystifying Machines Make Shaving a Pleasure

By Joe Cook

Comedian of Radio, Stage and Screen

I BELIEVE I was teethed on a camshaft. Maybe that's why machinery is my dish. And talk about inventions—they all call me "Joe" around the patent office in Washington. Yes I know my machinery—and the machinery I saw in the Gillette factory puts anything I've ever seen way behind the eight ball.

It's unbelievable, the number of dee-vices they have around the place just to make sure that there is no such thing as even a *single* sour Gillette blade.

For instance, they start out with a coil of the finest steel that money can buy, and put it through more tests than a guy trying to get his first driver's license. Metallurgists—the gents who know all about metal—"X-Ray" the steel, pop it into a furnace and burn it—take pictures of it enlarged hundreds of times. Say—there isn't a hidden flaw that can get by. These Gillette people are harder to please than the critics on opening night.

Of course the big Five-Star feature is the battery of grinding and sharpening machines which put so fine an edge on each blade that you can't even see 'em. What's more I accidentally dropped one of these blades and my guide informed me that the blade would not pass inspection. I made him prove it. We placed the blade in a magazine containing 1000 blades. We alone knew the portion of the holder we had placed it in.

The blades were then handed to an inspector in the final inspection department, who ran her eagle eye along the tightly packed mass of blades and instantly picked out the one I had dropped! That shows you how perfect a blade has to be to get by Gillette inspection.

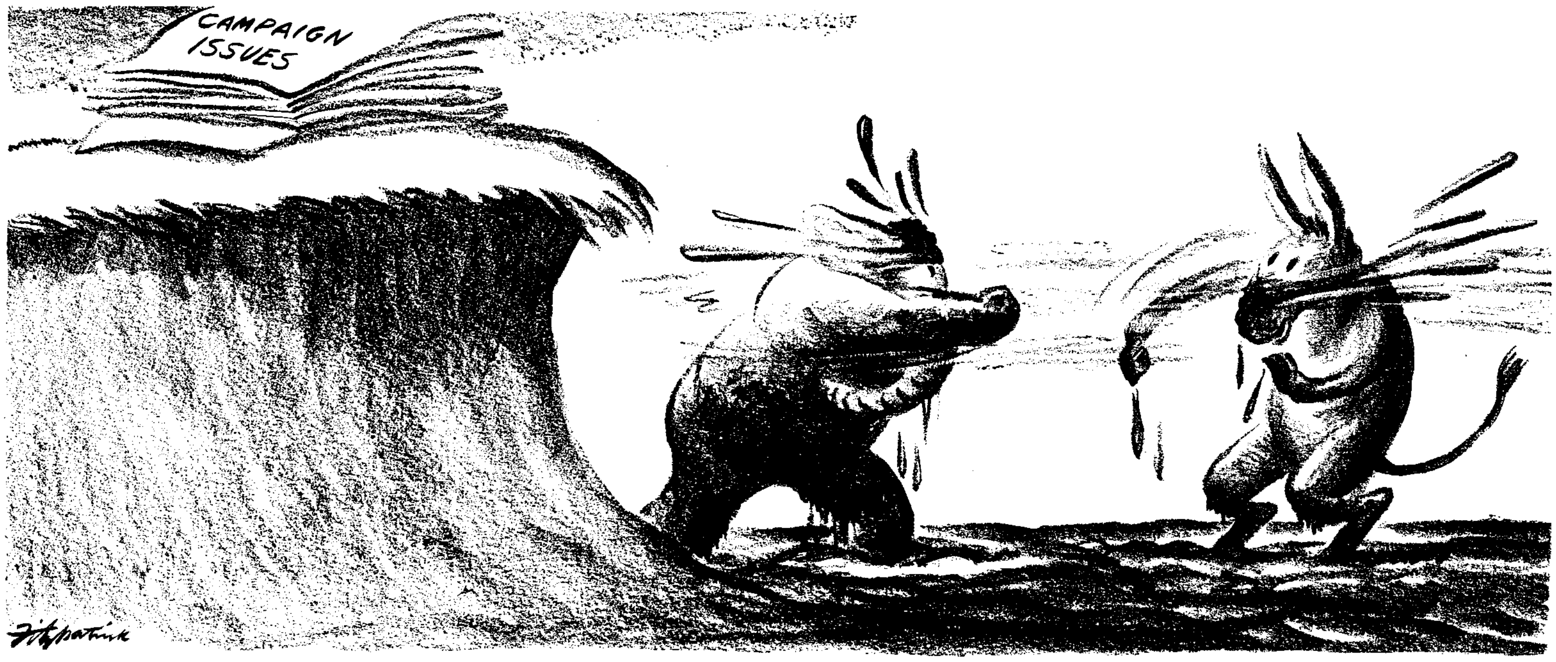
Lack of space causes me to omit many of the pains-taking processes that Gillette deems necessary in producing its blades. All I can say is—that if every whisker-troubled human could only take a trip, like I did, through the Gillette plant, nothing but a Gillette edge would ever touch his face. Yes sir—I'm keen for Gillette blades—and vice versa.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Keep It Clean

IN HIS *capacity as chairman of the* Democratic National Committee, James A. Farley predicted that the coming presidential contest will be a "campaign of defamation." He forecast "the bitterest and certainly the dirtiest political struggle any of us here can remember."

This is a large prediction in view of the bitterness and dirt which have characterized some previous campaigns. Herbert C. Hoover, who, as President, was the victim of malicious and wholly unfounded gossip, might well offer the libels leveled at him as the par for any course of defamation. Other Presidents from Washington onward have been the targets of wholly irresponsible vituperation. The record of bitterness is not pleasant to contemplate from whatever angle it may be viewed.

Mr. Farley, however, has done little to lift the tone of political discussion by his charge that the expected "assault will be financed with the largest slush fund on record, contributed for the most part by those who have neither public conscience nor private scruple, who are interested only in getting back inordinate privileges."

These words carry their own bitterness and dirt. To assert that those opposed to his party and candidate are men and women lacking both public conscience and private scruple is hardly to set an example of fair and moderate statement. Mr. Farley's own utterance is too perfect an illustration of the reckless campaigning against which he presumed to protest.

The truth is that honorable, intelligent, patriotic Americans belong to both parties even though neither is willing to concede much to the opposition. It was a Southern Whig who, as Charles A. Beard recalls, when asked if a Democrat could be a gentleman, replied: "Well, he is not apt to be; but if he is, he is in damned bad company." Prejudice on both sides runs as high today as it did at the time this remark was made.

*It is entirely possible for honest, reason*able and informed men and women to reach precisely opposite conclusions concerning every important issue to be considered and voted on this year. Republicans will differ among themselves, and Democrats in good standing will be of different minds concerning fundamental questions.

William E. Borah and Herbert C. Hoover do not think alike and yet both wear the mantle of Republicanism. Carter Glass opposed vigorously many of the Administration banking and currency ideas. Yet no one has had the audacity to challenge Senator Glass' right to call himself a Democrat.

The differences between Senator Glass and Secretary Morgenthau or between Senator Byrd and Secretary Wallace are quite as profound as any conflict in principle between Republicans and Democrats. The differences between Senator Robert M. La-Follette and Chairman Henry P. Fletcher of the Republican National Committee are at least as wide. These divisions between factions of the same party won't be bridged or closed by abuse or recrimination.

Most of the pressing political issues arise out of economic conditions. As to the economic questions opinion varies widely. Professor George Warren of Cornell, who was the Administration adviser concerning currency, expressed the opinion, before the Supreme Court decision, that the AAA was unsound economically, and of detriment rather than benefit to farmers.

Professor Warren may have been right on gold and wrong on the AAA, or right on the AAA and wrong on gold, but right or wrong, he could hardly belong in Mr. Farley's category of those who lack both public conscience and private scruple. Yet on the economic front Professor Warren is a part of the opposition.

Simple morality does not divide American political parties. The percentage of rascality in New York City Democrats will not vary greatly from that exhibited by Philadelphia Republicans. Habits, emotions, traditions, loyalties and perhaps to an even less degree economic interests have separated us into diverse political groups. Ethics has been an exceedingly minor factor in these divisions.

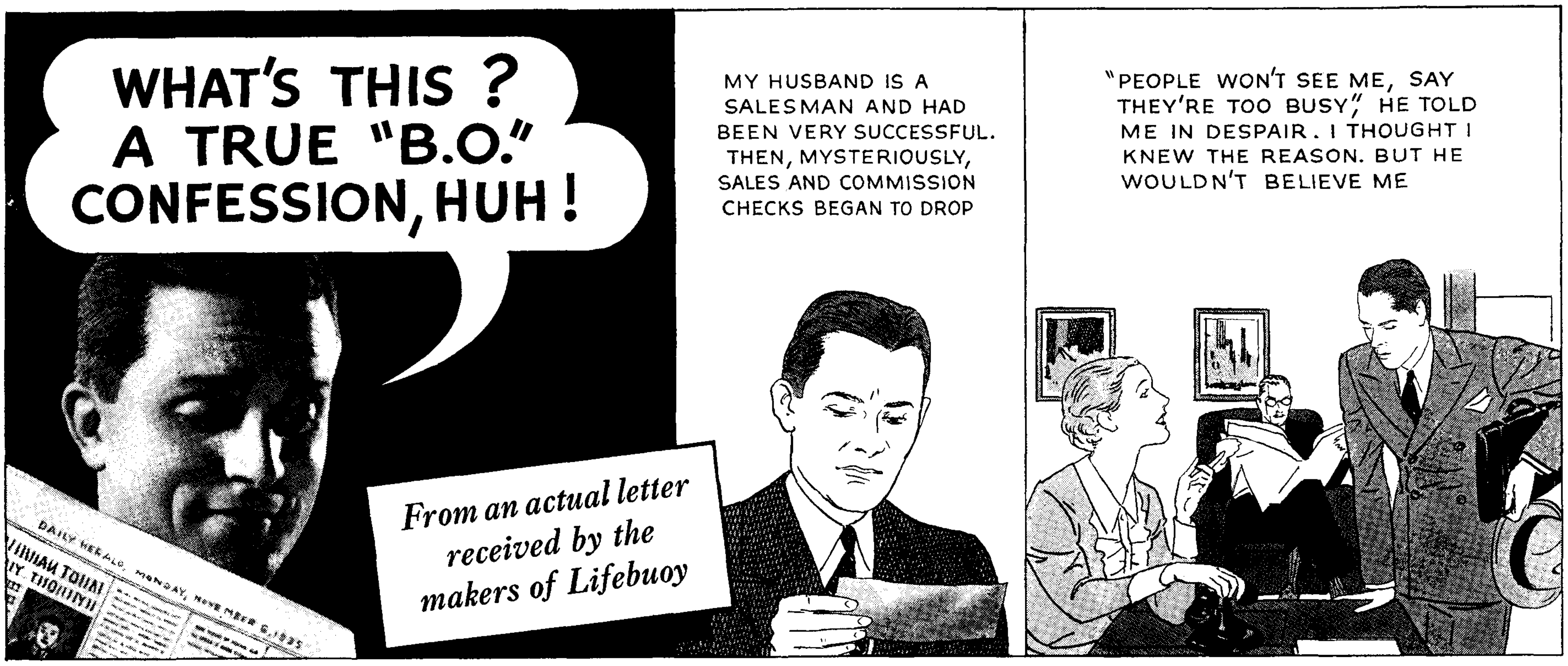
All those who vote Mr. Farley's way this year won't be angels actuated only by the impulse to do good and to shed light in the dark places. All who vote against the Administration won't be fiends in human form seeking only evil privileges in devious ways. Human nature will assay about the same percentage of good and evil in 1936 as in previous presidential election years. The good and the bad and the plain muddleheaded will be distributed about as usual among the parties. Some angels and a few knaves may even be found without any political affiliation.

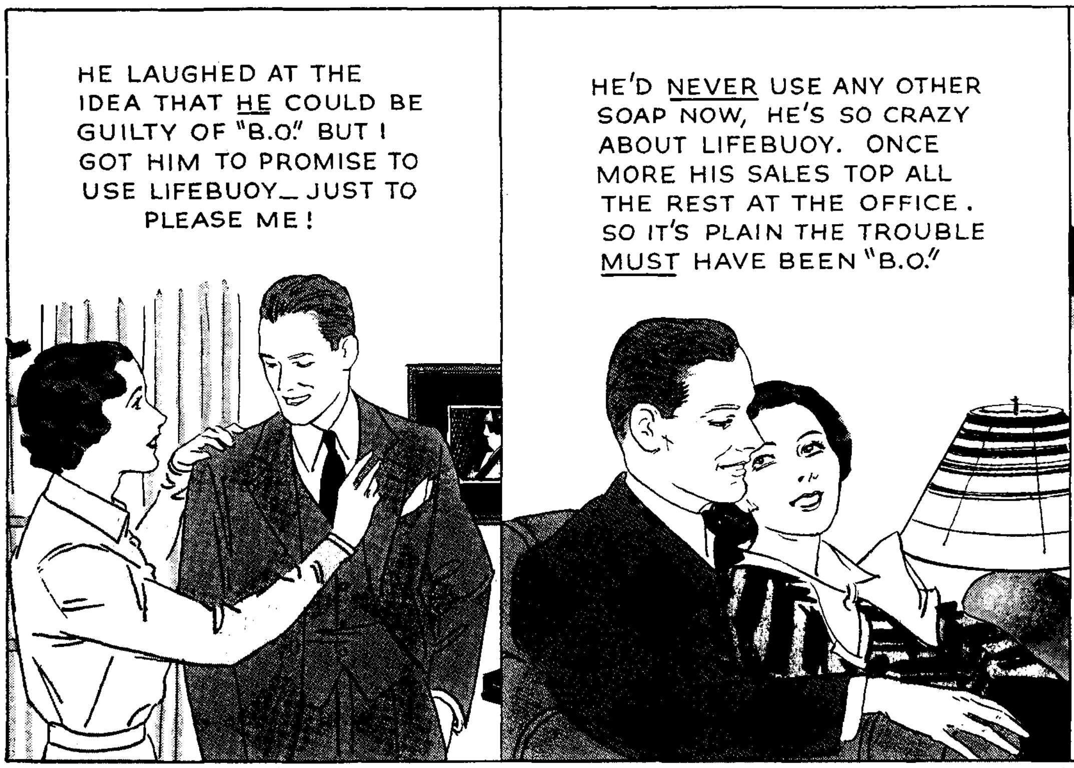
We may accordingly hope that these predictions of bitterness and dirt will prove to be unfounded. Certainly no one in either party who deplores bitterness or dirt has any occasion to use it.

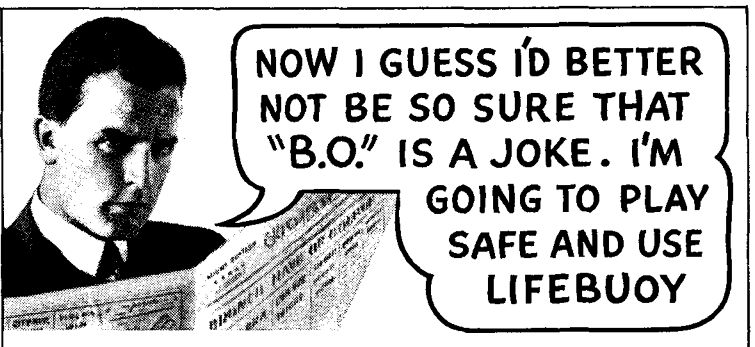
Unless all signs fail, the American people are exceedingly interested in the real issues of this campaign. Any speaker and any party which wants a hearing can get attention. There is no necessity for red-fire parades or the beating of tom-toms. The voters will listen.

All that either party needs to do is to state its case simply and honestly. The party which makes the most persuasive argument is likely to win the votes not already decided. Habitual Democrats may like to hear abuse directed at their opponents and regular Republicans may applaud sizzling tirades aimed at Democrats but the independent voters whose ballots determine most presidential elections want more reason and less lazy malice in their political discussions.

This presidential campaign doesn't have to be bitter or dirty. It won't be if the political managers have sense enough not to underestimate the decency and intelligence of the voters.


WHAT'S THIS ? A TRUE "B.O." CONFESSION, HUH !
From an actual letter received by the makers of Lifebuoy
DAILY HERALD, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1935
MY HUSBAND IS A SALESMAN AND HAD BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL. THEN, MYSTERIOUSLY, SALES AND COMMISSION CHECKS BEGAN TO DROP
"PEOPLE WON'T SEE ME, SAY THEY'RE TOO BUSY," HE TOLD ME IN DESPAIR. I THOUGHT I KNEW THE REASON. BUT HE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME


HE LAUGHED AT THE IDEA THAT HE COULD BE GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT I GOT HIM TO PROMISE TO USE LIFEBUOY — JUST TO PLEASE ME !
HE'D NEVER USE ANY OTHER SOAP NOW, HE'S SO CRAZY ABOUT LIFEBUOY. ONCE MORE HIS SALES TOP ALL THE REST AT THE OFFICE. SO IT'S PLAIN THE TROUBLE MUST HAVE BEEN "B.O."


NOW I GUESS I'D BETTER NOT BE SO SURE THAT "B.O." IS A JOKE. I'M GOING TO PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY

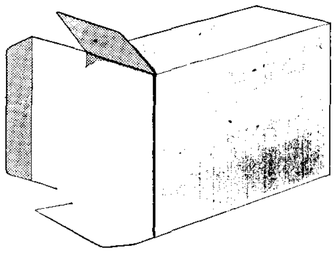
This is just one of THOUSANDS of letters we get

These real letters about real people *prove* what a common fault "B. O." (*body odor*) is. Play safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching lather stops "B. O." Its own clean scent rinses away.

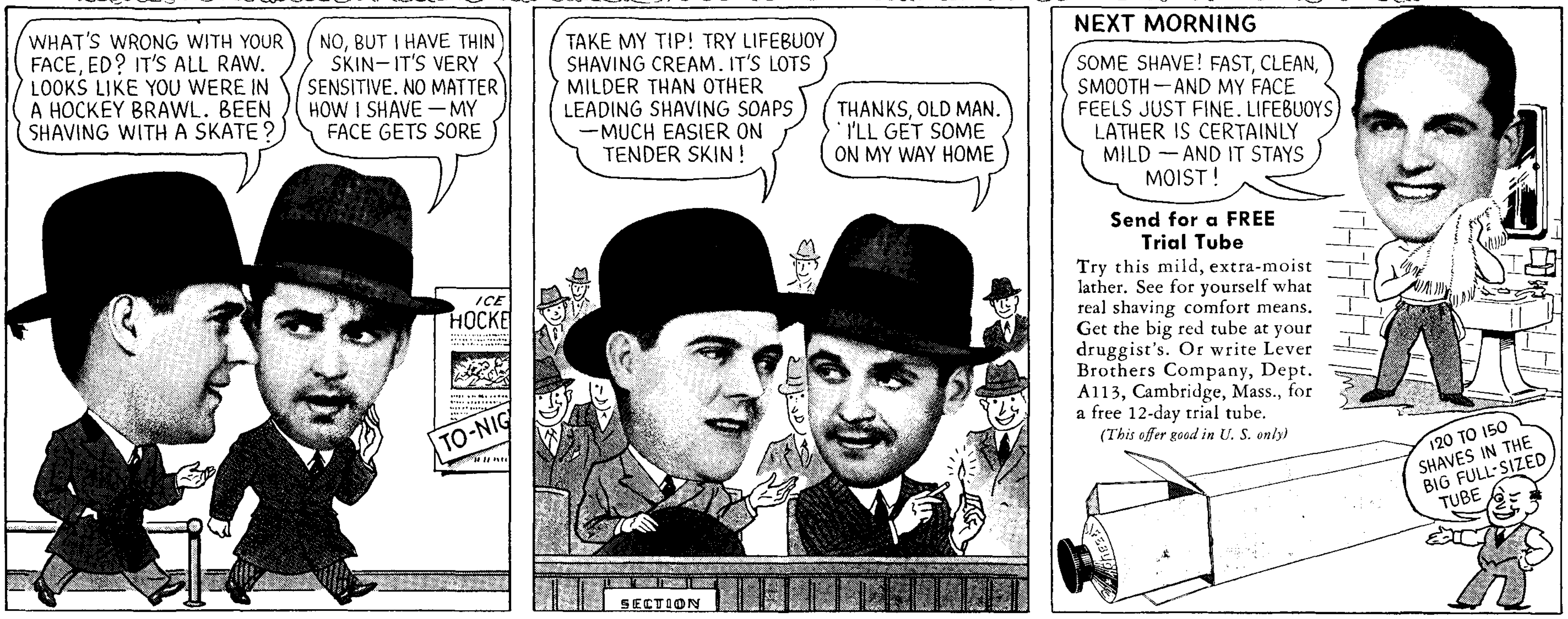
Freshens, clears skin!

Lifebuoy is ideal for complexions! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE


WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE, ED? IT'S ALL RAW. LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE IN A HOCKEY BRAWL. BEEN SHAVING WITH A SKATE?
NO, BUT I HAVE THIN SKIN — IT'S VERY SENSITIVE. NO MATTER HOW I SHAVE — MY FACE GETS SORE
ICE HOCKE
TO-NIG
TAKE MY TIP! TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS — MUCH EASIER ON TENDER SKIN !
THANKS, OLD MAN. I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
SECTION
NEXT MORNING
SOME SHAVE! FAST, CLEAN, SMOOTH — AND MY FACE FEELS JUST FINE. LIFEBUOY'S LATHER IS CERTAINLY MILD — AND IT STAYS MOIST !
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try this mild, extra-moist lather. See for yourself what real shaving comfort means. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Company, Dept. A113, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube.

(This offer good in U. S. only)

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Luckies a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

Luckies are less acid! Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%